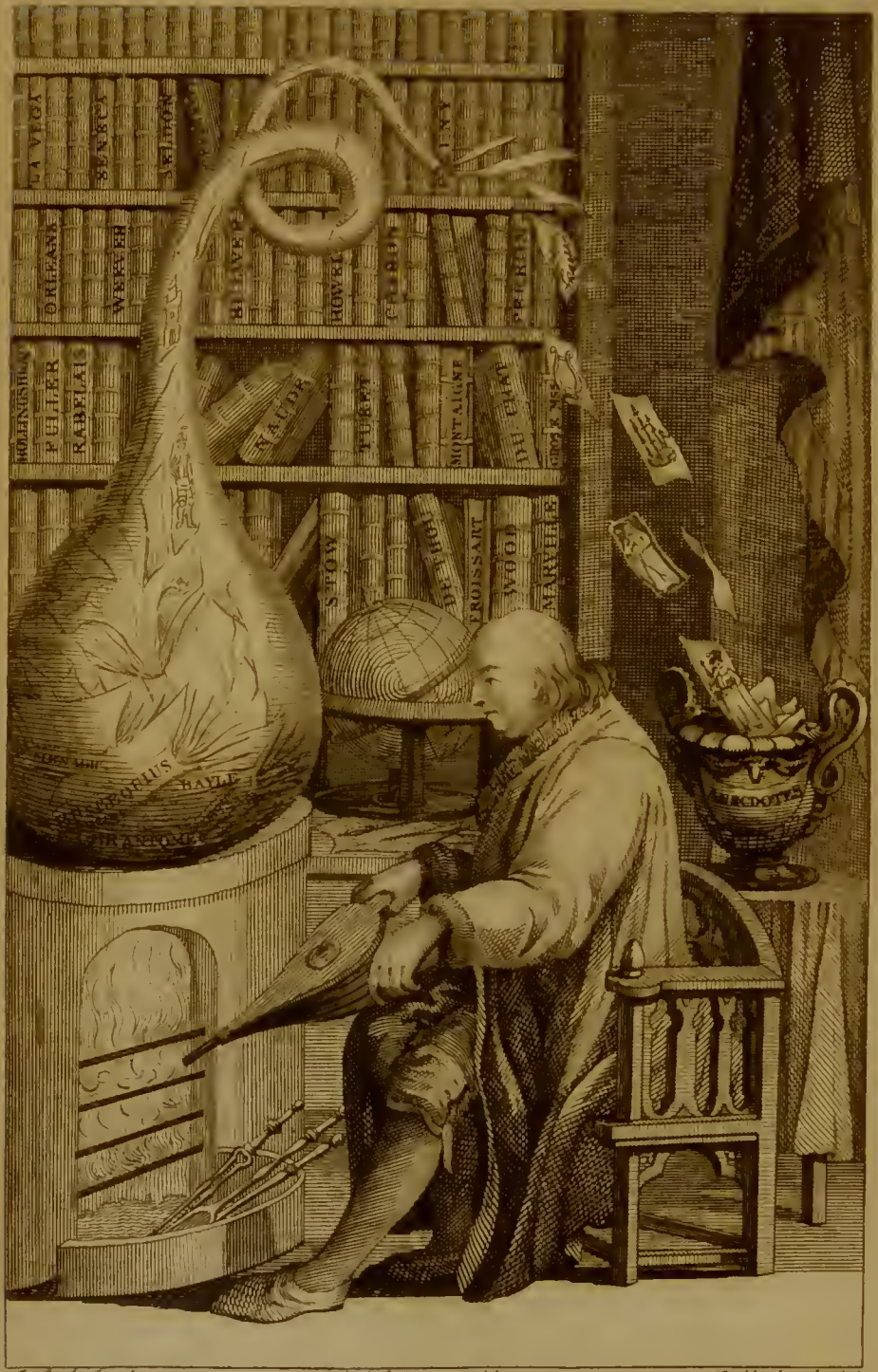

J. P. A. Inv.t H. J. Grimm Del.t J. Macky. Sculp.t

Published as the Act directs March 26. 1789 by John Stockdale

ANECDOTES, &c.

ANECDOTES,

&c.

ANTIENT AND MODERN.

WITH OBSERVATIONS.

By JAMES PETTIT ANDREWS, F.A.S.

" Il y a bien des auteurs dans leſquels on trouve des choſes
" ſinguliéres qui ne ſe rencontrent pas ailleurs. Cela me fait
" dire, qu'on pourroit faire un livre fort curieux, qui contiendroit,
" τα απαξ ειρημενα,' les choſes qui n'ont été dites qu'une fois."

MENAGE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN STOCKDALE, OPPOSITE BURLINGTON-HOUSE, PICCADILLY.

MDCCLXXXIX.

WELLCOME
HISTORICAL
MEDICAL
LIBRARY

TO

SIR JOSEPH ANDREWS,

OF SHAW, IN THE COUNTY OF BERKS, BARONET,

THE FOLLOWING WORK

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

AS A SMALL TESTIMONY

OF

WELL-MERITED AFFECTION,

AND

GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEGEMENT,

BY HIS BROTHER,

J. P. A.

PREFACE.

A RETIREMENT of ſome years, with the uninterrupted peruſal of a library compoſed chiefly of ſuch volumes as are not in the way of every ſtudent, have ſupplied the Editor with a very conſiderable ſtock of extracts and remarks. It has been ſuggeſted to him, that if theſe were connected by a few obſervations, and ranged under proper heads, they might afford ſome amuſement to thoſe readers who have neither time nor inclination to labour through ſcores of unintereſting

pages, for the ſake of two or three entertaining paragraphs. Encouraged by this idea, and by the favorable reception which his former publications (moſt of them anonymous) have met with, he has ſtept forward once more in the literary walk, in hopes of meeting the ſame candor and good humor which he has before experienced from his countrymen.

He is proud of acknowleging the kind aſſiſtance he has received. The pen of his ingenious friend, Mr. Pye *, has been employed in his ſervice, and has produced the whole article of 'Singularities,' and ſeveral other pieces. The invaluable magazine of anecdotes, collected by the

* Knight of the Shire for Berks, and author of ſeveral elegant pieces of poetry. The tranſlations ſigned P. are by that gentleman, all the reſt are by the Editor.

equally intelligent and humourous Antiquarian, Capt. Groſe, has been open to him, and thence ſome of the moſt amuſing anecdotes in the work are taken; and the article 'Sketches' was drawn up by a lady not unknown in the literary world, whoſe name, did ſhe permit the Editor to publiſh it, would confer honour on his whole performance. For theſe parts of his book he dreads not the ſevereſt criticiſm; would that he were but as well founded in confidence as to the reſt of the work, for which, *he*, *alone*, is anſwerable! On one circumſtance, however, he dares to pride himſelf. He has reſiſted with incredible firmneſs every temptation thrown in his way by the courtly waggery of Brantome, the philoſophic ſimplicity of Charron, Montaigne, and Bayle, the ſprightly wit of Perron, Menage, &c. &c. &c.

&c. &c. &c. the quaint drollery of Rabelais, Bulwer, Borde, &c. &c. &c. not to mention the ludicrous bluntneſs of Madame Charlotte Elizabeth of Orleans, to fall into indelicacies, which at the ſame time that they would have diſpleaſed that fair part of his readers, whoſe approbation he is moſt anxious to ſecure, muſt have expoſed him to the juſt and tremendous rebukes of thoſe periodical potentates, at whoſe ſignal the moſt high-ſpirited author muſt lower his top-ſails.

" *——— Parere neceſſe eſt,
" Nam, quid agas ?——"
Juv. Sat. 3.

Did the public well conſider the fatigues and diſtreſſes of mind, which a poor

" † The humbled author, ſilent, muſt ſubmit,
" And, but by non-reſiſtance, ſhow his wit.

author

author undergoes in conſequence of his well-meant endeavour to entertain them, the literary community would be treated with more regard than they generally meet. There *was* a time, when a writer had no other dangers to encounter than thoſe of neglect, and ſilent contempt; and that author muſt have been of real conſequence in the republic of letters, on whom a critic would deign to comment; nor could any one leſs witty than a Dryden, or leſs noble than a Howard, have had importance enough to have been honored by the ſarcaſms of a Rehearſal, or a City and Country-mouſe *,

The caſe is now ſeverely altered. The devoted author ſets out, like the Roman gladiator,

* Two ſatires. The firſt a well-known play, written by the D. of Buckingham. The other a dialogue compoſed by Charles Montague, (afterwards Lord Halifax) to expoſe Dryden's Hind and Panther.

—— " Uri virgis, ferroque necari
" Auctoratus."—— *

Should he eſcape the regular batteries of the " Monthly," " Critical," " Engliſh," and " Analytical Reviews," and the bombs and howitzers of the Gentleman's, the European, the Literary, &c. Magazines. It is ſtill likely that he may be mortally wounded by ſome irregular markſman, in a daily newſpaper, who with a " Dove, " Meſſer Arioſto?" will turn the laugh upon him, and diſſipate his hopes of a golden harveſt, both as to fame and profit. But ſuppoſe this danger over, there yet remains, even at the legal diſtance of a year and a day, the ſtrictures of an Old, and a New, Annual Regiſter to be dreaded. Theſe, to keep up the metaphor, we may compare to mines, which ſometimes take

* ' Bound to face every peril.'

effect,

effect, long after the appearance of danger is over.

Let not, however, this enumeration of horrors make the lover of literature tremble, leſt writing for the preſs ſhould be diſcontinued. The whole catalogue of ſtorms, ſhoals, and rocks, of bad proviſions, calentures, and wooden legs, will not prevent the quarter-decks of men of war from being crowded with young, ſpirited volunteers; ruſticks will crowd to enliſt, in ſpite of every tale of ſmall pay, hard duty, and military diſcipline and danger; and authors will ſtill abound, unappalled by the apprehenſion of awful myriads of critics, and of what perhaps is ſtill more awful, the fatal day of ſettling with their publiſher.

CON-

CONTENTS.

ADVICE.
Alchymy.
Animals.
Art.
Bathos.
Books.
Coaches.
Complaint.
Conceit.
Conjugal Infidelity.
Contradiction.
Controverſy.
Country.
Credulity.
Cuſtoms and Inventions.
Derivations.
Errors.
Family.
Fanaticiſm.
Feaſting.
Free-thinking.
Galanterie.
Gaming.
Good Old Times.
Gratitude.
Harſh Sounds.
Heraldry.
Hermits.
Jeu de mots.
Inconſiſtency.
Inhumanity.
Intemperance.
Laws.
Lazy Monks.
Liberty.
Medicine.
Names.
National Reflections.
National Character.
Natural Enemies.
Œconomy.
Parliament.
Particular Providence.
Paſſions.
Plays and Novels.
Poetry.
Pride.

Pride.
Proverbs.
Religion.
Ridicule.
Romance.
Sailors.
Scandal.
Singularities.
Sketches.
Superſtition.
Suſpicion.
Tales.
Taſte.
Tranſlation.
Tyranny.
Vanity.
Virtue and Vice.
Wagers.
Wealth.
Whims.
Women.
Wonder.

APPENDIX.

Verſes on Ana. No. 1
Account of N. Flamel. 2
Alchemic Extracts. 3
Dudley "Del Arcano del Mare. 4
Tartarian and Greek Libraries. 5
Anecdote of Good Old Times, in France. 6
Memoirs of the Rev. Mr. Patten. 7
Names of Hounds in the laſt Age. 8
Diſtich on the military roads in the North. 9

ANECDOTES, &c.

ADVICE.

WHEN really good counſel is given, we ought not to decline following it, although the example of the counſellor militate againſt his own precepts. St. Auguſtin is well known to have compared a prieſt, whoſe life diſagreed with his doctrines, to a directing way-poſt. "Would not a traveller," aſks he, "deſerve to be "reckoned inſane, who ſhould refuſe to "follow the advice written on that poſt, be-"cauſe forſooth, it ſtirs not a foot towards "the place it directs him to?" How abſurd would it be to undervalue the excellent perſuaſives to patience and fortitude which have been left us by Seneca, becauſe that great

man, in his epiſtles, after moſt pathetically exclaiming—"Quid non poteſt mihi perſua-" deri, cui perſuaſum eſt, ut navigarem * ?" confeſſes, that, during a paſſage ſhorter than that between Dover and Calais, he actually flung himſelf headlong into the waves, merely from an inability to ſupport the haraſſing ſenſations of ſea-ſickneſs, and the dread of an impending ſquall?

In a late tranſlation of Hippocrates, we read the following piece of grave advice, which, notwithſtanding the great name of the counſellor, will hardly have many followers.

In a fracture of the thigh, "the exten-" ſion ought to be particularly great, the " muſcles being ſo ſtrong that, notwith-" ſtanding the effect of the bandages, their " contraction is apt to ſhorten the limb. " This is a deformity ſo deplorable, that " when there is reaſon to apprehend it, I " would adviſe the patient to ſuffer the

* "What may I not be perſuaded to do, ſince I have " actually been perſuaded to go on the ſea?"

" other

" other thigh to broken alſo, in order to " have them both of one length." Ignatius Loyola, who, to preſerve the ſhape of his boot, had a conſiderable part of his leg-bone ſawed off, would have been a docile patient to the ſage Hippocrates.

THE hint given to Thales, the Mileſian philoſopher, was a ſtrong one, and well intended, though roughly executed. A girl, of dubious character, ſeeing him gazing at the heavens, as he walked along, and perhaps piqued at his not caſting an eye at her attractions, put a ſtool in his path, over which he tumbled and broke his ſhins. The excuſe ſhe made was, that ſhe meant to teach him to look at home, before he indulged himſelf in ſtar-gazing.

THE conſolatory advice of Plutarch to the wretched, if not effectual, is certainly ingenious. " Conſider," ſays the philoſopher, " you equal the happieſt, in the one half " of your life at leaſt; that half, I mean, " which you ſpend in ſleep."

MENAGE ſays that, one day, the Cardinal de Retz deſired to be favored by him, with a few lectures on poetry, "for," ſaid he, "ſuch quantities of verſes are brought to "me every day, that I ought to ſeem at "leaſt, to be ſomewhat of a judge."—"It "would," replied Menage, "be difficult to "give your Eminence many rudiments of "criticiſm, without taking up too much of "your time. But I would adviſe you, in "general, to look over the firſt page or two, "and then to exclaim, Sad ſtuff! wretched "poetaſter! miſerable verſes!" And ninety-nine times in an hundred you will be ſure you are right."

WHILE Louis XIV. was beſieging Lille, the Spaniſh governor politely ſent him, from the town, freſh ice for the uſe of his table, every day. M. de Charoſt, a favorite of the King, happening to be near him when one of theſe preſents arrived, ſaid to the meſſenger, with a loud voice, "Do "you be ſure to tell M. de Brouai, your "governor, that I adviſe him not to give "up

" up his town like a coward, as the Com-
" mandant of Douai has done." " Are
" you mad? Charoſt," ſaid the King, turn-
ing to him angrily. " No, Sir," ſaid
Charoſt, " but you muſt excuſe me, for
" the Compte de Brouai is my near rela-
" tion*."

THE advice given by Sir Robert Dudley, ſon to the celebrated Earl of Leiceſter, under the title of " A Propoſition to ſecure " the State, and to bridle the Impertinency " of Parliaments," might perhaps, if purſued with caution and perſeverance, have been the ruin of Britiſh liberty. It is to be found in Ruſhworth's Collection, and is brought under ſeven heads.

1. To have a fortreſs in every conſiderable town.

2. To ſuffer none to wear arms, but ſuch as are enrolled.

3. To cauſe the high roads to run through the fortified towns.

* Mem. de Louis XIV. par L'Abbé Choiſy.

4. Not to let the ſoldiers of ſuch fortreſſes to be inhabitants of ſuch places.

5. To let no perſon paſs through ſuch fortreſſes without a ticket.

6. To have the names of all lodgers taken by all inn-keepers.

7. To impoſe an oath of allegiance on all ſubjects.

Sir Robert then proceeds to "Means to "increaſe his Majeſty's Revenues." For which purpoſe he lays down fifteen different ways. Several of which have been adopted by ſucceſſive miniſters, particularly a tax on legacies, one on proceedings by law, and another on alehouſe licences.

ALCHYMY.

THE awful veil of myſtery with which the writers concerning the Elixir of Life, the Philoſophers Stone, the Roſicrucian Fraternity, &c. have contrived to cover their rhapſodies, has probably contributed more than any other circumſtance to that reſpect

reſpect which the whimſical ſcience of Alchymy retains, even to this day, in the breaſts of perſons, whom one would not judge capable of ſuch credulity. The following anecdote, though it *proved* nothing, has had its weight with Amateurs.

In 1687, a ſtranger, naming himſelf Sig. Gualdi, profited of the known eaſe and freedom of Venice, to render himſelf much reſpected, and well received there. He ſpent his money readily, but was never obſerved to have connection with any banker: he was perfectly well bred, and remarkable for his ſagacity and powers of entertainment in converſation. Enquiries were made about his family, and whence he came, but all terminated in obſcurity. One day a Venetian Noble, admiring the ſtranger's pictures, which were exquiſitely fine, and fixing his eye on one of them, exclaimed—"How is this, Sir! Here is a "portrait of yourſelf, drawn by the hand "of Titian! yet that artiſt has been dead "one hundred and thirty years, and you

" look not to be more than fifty !" " Well, " Signor," replied the ſtranger, " there is, " I hope, no crime in reſembling a portrait " drawn by Titian." The Noble found that he had been too curious, and withdrew; but before the next morning's dawn, the ſtranger, his pictures, goods and domeſtics had quitted Venice. This incident is related in Dr. Campbell's " Hermippus redi- " vivus."

THERE lived, in the reign of Edward VI. one Sir James, ſuppoſed to be a vicar choral of Saliſbury cathedral, who, as his ſcholars report, attained to great perfection in the ſtudy of chymiſtry. Of him Thomas Charnock, another, but a minor adept, thus ſings, or rather ſays, in his " Enygma " Alchimæ."

" I could find never man but one,
" Which could teach me the ſecrets of our ſtone ;
" And that was a prieſt in the cloſe of Saliſbury,
" God reſt his ſoul in heaven full merry !"

ANI-

ANIMALS.

In 1468, the Pariſians, were by an order of their King, Louis XI. deprived at once of all their domeſtic animal-favorites, their tame deer, goats, kids, and, above all, of their jays and magpies. That prince had been exaſperated by the very great imprudence of thoſe citizens, who had taught every thing which could be made to ſpeak or ſquall, to repeat the word "Peronne," in ridicule of Louis, who had been ſhamefully overreached at that town, through his own want of caution, and the craft of the Duke of Burgundy. Cruel as the character of Louis was known to be, it ſeems aſtoniſhing that he contented himſelf with a ſpecies of revenge which was rather vexatious, than barbarous.

Procopius acquaints us with a moſt uncommonly ridiculous ſpecies of divination, uſed by Theodatus, a perfidious and cowardly

cowardly King of the Italian Goths, at the period when Juſtinian attacked his dominions. Three diviſions of hogs, ſtyled Goths, Romans and Greeks, were, according to the advice of a Jewiſh magician, ſhut up in different ſtyes, for a certain portion of time, and from their ſtate when that time had expired, the fate of the war was to be judged. The event of this rational experiment being adverſe to the Gothic pigs, Theodatus, deſpairing of ſucceſs, ſuffered his troops to be repeatedly vanquiſhed, and at length was depoſed and put to death by his own people.

When Charles V. failed in his attempt on Algiers, in 1541, his fleet and the troops which were embarked on board the ſhips, ſuffered hardſhips almoſt incredible. Brantome, who heard the relation from the mouth of a ſufferer, ſays, that although the officers were obliged to throw overboard all their clothes, baggage, and valuables, yet nothing diſtreſſed them ſo much as the parting with their horſes, which were in general,

general, fine Spaniſh and Neapolitan "genets and courſers, ſo well choſen, ſo "gallant-ſpirited, and ſo high prized, that "there was not a heart which could de- "fend itſelf from feeling anguiſh, and the "deepeſt pity, at ſeeing theſe fine horſes, "ſtruggling in vain, to ſave themſelves by "ſwimming through the raging ocean. "And the more diſtreſsful was the ſight, "as the poor animals, deſpairing to reach "the land, it being ſo far off, followed with "their utmoſt powers, as long as their "ſtrength laſted, the ſhips and their "maſters, who ſtood on the decks pite- "ouſly lamenting the fate of thoſe noble "creatures whom they ſaw periſh, before "their eyes."

The foregoing ſtory, although it commemorates a moſt extraordinary, and melancholy inſtance of ſagacity in animals, is yet exceeded by that which follows, which is told by an Italian author of credit, and is affirmed to be ſtrictly true.

A FRENCH

A FRENCH officer, more remarkable for his birth and ſpirit than his riches, had ſerved the Venetian republic with great valor and fidelity for ſome years, but had not met with preferment adequate, by any means, to his merits. One day, he waited on an "Illuſtriſſimo," whom he had often ſolicited in vain, but on whoſe friendſhip he had ſtill ſome reliance. The reception he met with was cool and mortifying; the Noble turned his back on the neceſſitous veteran, and left him to find his way to the ſtreet, through a ſuite of apartments magnificently furniſhed. He paſſed them, loſt in thought, till caſting his eyes on a ſumptuous ſideboad, where ſtood on a damaſk cloth, as a preparation for a ſhewy entertainment, an invaluable collection of Venice glaſs, poliſhed and formed to the higheſt degree of perfection: he took hold of a corner of the linen, and turning to a faithful Engliſh maſtiff who always accompanied him, ſaid to the animal, in a kind of abſence of mind, "There! my poor old

"friend!

" friend! you ſee how theſe ſcoundrels en-
" joy themſelves, and yet how we are
" treated!" The poor dog looked up in his maſter's face, and wagged his tail, as if he underſtood him. The maſter walked on, but the maſtiff ſlackened his pace, and laying hold of the damaſk cloth with his teeth, at one hearty pull, brought all the ſideboard in ſhivers to the ground, and deprived the inſolent Noble of his favorite exhibition of ſplendor.

THE extreme attachment which the fair ſex have ſometimes ſhown to domeſtic animals, has ſeldom produced an odder advertiſement than the following, which appeared in the Daily Advertiſer, during the courſe of the month of November, in the year 1744, and which is now in the Editor's poſſeſſion.

" An Exceeding SMALL Lap Spaniel.

" Any one that has (to diſpoſe of) ſuch
" a one, either dog, or bitch, and of any
" colour,

" colour, or colours, that is very, very
" SMALL, with a very *ſhort round ſnub noſe*,
" and good ears;

" If they will bring it to Mrs. Smith, at
" a coach-maker's, over againſt the Golden
" Head, in Great Queen Street, near Lin-
" coln's Inn Fields, they may (if ap-
" proved of) have a very good purchaſer.

" And to prevent any farther trouble, If
" it is not exeeeding SMALL, and has any
" thing of a longiſh peaked noſe, it will
" not at all, do.

" And nevertheleſs, after this advertiſe-
" ment is publiſhed no more, If any per-
" ſon ſhould have a little creature, that an-
" ſwers the character of the advertiſement,

" If they will pleaſe but to remember
" the direction, and bring it to Mrs. Smith,
" the perſon is not SO provided, but that
" ſuch a one will ſtill at any time be, here-
" after, purchaſed."

A beautiful little " barbet," being very ill treated by a large cat, the following Epigram, by way of warning, was made extem-

extempore by a relation, to the owner of both :

Notre Chate ! Qu'il vous ſouvienne,
Que ſi vous battez not' Chienne,
Vous ſerez bientot le Manchon
De notre petite Fanchon.

Mark my words, Grimalkin gruff!
Leave that pretty dog at peace,
Elſe your ſkin ſhall make a muff
To adorn my little niece.

ART.

THE two following inſtances of laudable art are taken from Fuller's Worthies of England. When Mary Queen of Scots was in cuſtody of George Earl of Shrewſbury, the Counteſs, knowing the ſuſpicious temper of Elizabeth, contrived a method of relieving her Lord from a truſt both odious and dangerous. "Madam," ſaid ſhe to the Queen, "I begin to grow jealous, my "huſband is ſo familiar with his Royal "Priſoner." This hint ſucceeded, and Mary was ordered to another keeper.

THE

THE great Sir Edward Coke was dreaded by the court of Charles I. as a powerful oppoſer in the houſe; and to prevent his ſtanding to be choſen in Parliament, he was marked down to ſerve as ſheriff of his county, (Buckingham). Coke objected that he could not in conſcience take the uſual oath, which binds the ſheriff to deſtroy and root out all *Lollards*. His objection was over-ruled, and he was made to ſerve.

THE deſire of gain will ſometimes inſpire with diſhoneſt cunning the illiterate ſavage. After a ſucceſsful attack on the Royal party in 1745, a highlander had gained a watch, as his ſhare of the ſpoils of the vanquiſhed. Unacquainted with its uſe, he liſtened with equal ſurpriſe, and pleaſure, to the ticking ſound with which his new acquiſition amuſed him; after a few hours, however, the watch was down, the noiſe ceaſed, and the diſpirited owner, looking on the toy no longer with any ſatisfaction, determined to conceal the miſfortune which had befallen it, and to diſpoſe of

of it, to the firſt perſon who offered him a trifle in exchange. He ſoon met with a cuſtomer, but, at parting, he could not conceal his triumph, and exultingly exclaimed, "Why, ſhe died laſt night."

CHRISTINA of Sweden is reported to have been never better pleaſed with a ſtory, than with that of a Norman Curé's artifice to ſave the reputation of his Seigneur, who had the misfortune to be broken alive on the wheel, at the "Greve," for two or three robberies, and a murther. "We pray "thee, O Lord, (ſaid the cunning eccle-"ſiaſtic) for the ſoul of ——, Seigneur of "this pariſh, who has lately died *of his* "*wounds* at Paris."

WE are told by Buſbequius, that while he was apparently, an ambaſſador, but really, a priſoner at Conſtantinople, he made an exceeding artful, though juſtifiable, uſe of the Turkiſh averſion to every thing of the hog kind. His narrative ſhall appear in the words of the tranſlator. "This

" humour of theirs being known, we put " a pretty trick upon them. When any " body had a mind to ſend me a ſecret " meſſage, he would include it in a little " bag, together with a roaſting-pig, and " ſending it by a youth, when my chiaux* " met him, he would aſk, what he had " there? Then the boy being inſtructed " before, would whiſper him in the ear, " and ſay, that a friend of mine, had ſent " me a roaſting-pig, for a preſent. The " chiaux thereupon would punch the bag " with his ſtick, to ſee whether the boy " ſpake truth, or no, and when he heard " the pig grunt, he would run back as far " as ever he could, ſaying, "" Get thee in "" with thy naſty preſent."" Then ſpitting " on the ground, and turning to his " fellows, he would ſay, "" 'Tis ſtrange to "" ſee how theſe Chriſtians do dote on this "" filthy, impure, beaſt! They cannot for- "" bear eating it, though their lives lay at "" ſtake."" Thus he was handſomely

* A guard ſet over Buſbequius, by the Turkiſh government.

" chouſed,

" chouſed, and the boy brought me what
" ſecret meſſage was ſent me."

THE Editor begs leave to cloſe this article with an inſtance of the effect of ardent, juvenile, curioſity, in producing extempore addreſs. Two comrades of his early days, chanced in a vacant hour to ſtray into the kitchen of a public houſe. They found a large, blazing fire, and a box containing, as appeared by the inſcription, a Welch-fairy, but no living creature beſides. The boys, eager to view the dwarf, but by no means willing, or probably, able, to pay for the ſight, laid their heads together how to unkennel her. Had they poſſeſſed the ſtrength and agility of Phædrus's eagle, they would probably have taken *his* method of opening incloſures. But they had no wings. The lock too being on the inſide, they could not force the door. What could they do? They hit on a ſtratagem which might have done honour to Polyænus. By joint efforts of ſtrength, they ſhoved the box ſo very near to the fire, that the dwarf,

from the increaſed heat of the climate, was obliged to open the door, and favor them, gratis, with her wiſhed for preſence.

BATHOS.

When Achilles, in the laſt book of the Iliad, moved by the diſtreſs of Priam, endeavours to give him conſolation; in order to tempt him to partake of ſome refreſhment, he tells him,

——" νυν δε μνησώμεθα δ'ορπȣ,
" Και γαρ ηυκομος Νιοβη ερυησατο σιτȣ,
" Τηπερ δωδεκα παιδες ενι μεγαροισιν ολοντο." *

Had Ovid introduced this ſupper of Niobé between the death of her children and her own metamorphoſis into ſtone, he

* " Now let us think about ſupper, for the fair-haired " Niobe did not forget her meals, although ſhe had a " dozen children lying dead in her palace."

Our favorite noveliſt, Henry Fielding, has a humorous diſſertation in his Tom Jones, tending to ſhew the neceſſity of eating heartily, notwithſtanding the utmoſt energy of the tender paſſions.

would

would have furniſhed us, with a compleat inſtance of the Bathos, and might have quoted the Prince of poets as his authority.

DECIMUS BRUTUS, one of the chief conſpirators againſt Julius Cæſar, preſents us by his conduct, in his laſt moments, with a ſtriking example of the ſame figure: he was betrayed into the hands of the oppoſite party, and the Executioner, after having made many attempts to cut off his head, (which had been all fruſtrated by his unmanlineſs, in withdrawing his neck,) was obliged to remonſtrate with him, on the uſeleſs cowardice of ſuch behaviour. "Let me die," ſaid the confuſed Roman, "if I will not, *this time*, ſtretch out my "neck." * Thus far Valerius Maximus. But Seneca adds a groteſque circumſtance, which, if delicacy permitted it to be told, would render the Bathos ſtill more perfect.

IN an account of the ſiege of Gibraltar, written by a French officer, and publiſhed at

* "Ita vivam! dabo."

Cadiz, 1783, the author thus expreſſes himſelf, when ſpeaking of the honors conferred on General Elliot and on Lord Howe:

" Je ſuis loin de reclamer contres ces " honneurs accordée à deux grands Gene- " raux, par un Roi & par un Peuple. Je " ſais que Elliot ſe defendit bien, incendia " deux foix les lignes, & brula 13 " prames; Je ſais que Hove ravitailla Gib- " raltar, & combattit l'armee combineé. " Tous deux eurent de grand ſucces, & le " dûrent à leur talens; mais qu'on y re- " flechiſſe, l'un employa des boulets rouges, " & l'autre avoit des vaiſſeaux doublées de " cuivre! Tels furent les inſtrumens de " deux hommes celebres."* What can

* " I mean not to leſſen the merit of two heroes, who " deſerved ſo well of their King and country, and who " have received great honors in conſequence. I acknow- " ledge, that Elliot defended himſelf well, ſet fire twice " to his enemies works, and burnt the fireſhips ſent " againſt him; and that Howe relieved Gibraltar and " fought the whole combined fleet of France and Spain. " But then we muſt conſider that the one made uſe of " red hot balls, and the other of copper bottomed ſhips. " Such were the inſtruments which contributed to the " glory of theſe great men!"

this

this ſingular Hiſtorian have in his imagination? He probably would have thought it more heroic, had Elliot cooled his furnaces previous to the grand attack. And he would have wiſhed Howe to have put in at Liſbon, and there to have ſtripped his ſhips of their copper ſheathing!

An unlucky name will ſometimes leſſen, if not annihilate the effect of a well deſerved eulogium. Cambden in his Annals of our great Elizabeth, ſpeaking of a gallant officer (who alone of all the Engliſh periſhed in that ſea fight, which is ſaid to have coſt every noble family in Spain, either a ſon, a brother, or a nephew,) praiſes him nearly thus, "In ſuâ, inter "hoſtes, naviculâ, cum laude periit ſolus "Cockus, Anglus. *"

* "The only Engliſhman, of any diſtinction who per-"iſhed, was Cock, who, gallantly fighting in his little "bark, was ſurrounded by the enemy, and loſt."

BOOKS.

MENAGE tells us that the tutor of a young French nobleman, as he was playing at tennis one day, at an eſtate near Saumur, caſting his eyes on the racquet in his hand, ſaw ſome writing on the parchment which covered it, and having peruſed it with attention, found it to be part of one of the loſt books of Livy. He immediately enquired for the racquet-maker, but found, to his great mortification, that what he had ſeen, was the laſt remain of a collection of manuſcripts, which were all made up for racquets, and diſperſed all over the kingdom.

THERE are wanting, of the works of Cicero, two books, "De Gloria," and two "De Legibus." As to the latter, we know of our loſs only by the means of Macrobius, who quotes the *fifth* book "De "Legibus," (in the ſixth of his Saturnalia,) although

although we have but *three*. As to the treatiſe on Glory *, Franciſcus Philelphus, is accuſed by Menage of having found the MSS. and deſtroyed it, after having tranſplanted into a book, which he publiſhed as his own, as many paſſages as he thought he might venture without being diſcovered. But Varillas, that French hiſtorian ſo famous for his blunders †, from whom Menage copies this accuſation, deſtroys his own evidence, by afterwards charging Petrus Alcyonius, an Italian phyſician with the very ſame piece of literary treaſon. That worthleſs paraſite, he ſays, being obliged to write ſomewhat for the conſolation of the Proveditor Cornaro, (who was in exile for having been, though not diſhonorably, beaten by the Turks) compoſed a book, which he entitled "De fortiter toleranda exilii fortu-" nâ," and into which he introduced many ill-adjuſted ſentences from Tully's treatiſe

* Cicero in his 27th Epiſtle to Atticus, ſays "Librum " tibi celeriter mittam "De Gloria."

† See Dr. W. King's "Reflections on Varillas," wherein, with great humor, he expoſes his almoſt incredible ignorance of hiſtory.

De

De Gloria, which MSS. he afterwards burnt, to prevent the diſcovery of his plagiariſm. Nothing however, ſeems certain concerning this much wiſhed for work, except what Petrarch tells us, in one of his epiſtles, viz. That Raimond Sorenzo, a celebrated lawyer at Avignon, gave the two books "De Gloria" to him; that he ſtudied them perpetually, but that having lent them to an old man, who had been his preceptor, want had tempted the borrower to pawn them; and, after his departure from the country, Petrarch could never diſcover them.

M. Le Duchat aſks this ſingular queſtion. What is become of the book on "The admirable Power of Art and Na-"ture," attributed to Bacon, in the Dedicatory Epiſtle of the 14th book of Amadis? Qu. Has this query ever been anſwered?

Those who have collected books, and whoſe good nature has prompted them to accommodate their friends with them, will feel the ſting of the anſwer which a man of

of wit made to one who lamented the difficulty which he found in perſuading his friends to return the volumes which he had lent them. "Sir," ſaid he, "Your acquaintances find, I ſuppoſe, that it is much more eaſy to retain the books themſelves, than what is contained in them."

THERE is reaſon to believe from what Machiavel has ſaid, and Cardan has ſupported, that Pope Gregory the Seventh deſtroyed many MSS. of the Claſſics, which were ſtored in the Vatican Library. The reaſon which has been given for this moſt illiberal conduct, ſeems as uncouth as the deed itſelf. Among the pieces which ſuffered, were many books of Varro. Now Gregory having a great reſpect for St. Auguſtine, and knowing the free uſe of that Roman author, which the Saint had made in his moſt celebrated work, choſe rather to deſtroy Varro, than to have the good father convicted of groſs plagiariſm. Should this ſtory be true, one muſt have a farther

farther intimacy with St. Auguſtin's works than what one can gain from Lipſius, * or from Gabriel Naudé, before one can allow that either his decency or his delicacy merited ſuch a ſacrifice.

SENECA, in his conſolation addreſſed to Helvius, makes mention of a treatiſe on Virtue, by Brutus. Menage doubts whether this be not the ſame with one that is ſpoken of by the grammarian Diomedes, under the title of a book "De Patientia;" however, it is utterly, and probably irrevocably, loſt to our age.

BRANTOME aſſerts that the Emperor Charles V. wrote a Commentary (in the French language) of his own actions. His Commentator adds, that among the printed "Lettres de Belle-foreſt," there is one from Ruſcelli, who aſſerts that he has ſeen the work in queſtion, tranſlated into Latin by Guillaume Marindo.

* Note on Seneca de beneficiis, Lib. 4. Cap. 8. De nomine Dei Liberi.

POPE

Pope Sixtus IV. although he encreaſed the Vatican Collection with many valuable MSS. and though he encouraged the hiſtorian Platina, by making him its librarian, had, yet, very little taſte for ſcience. His ambition to be ranked with the Medicis family, among the encouragers of learning, ſupplied the place of the love of literature. The following ſtory will juſtify this ſentiment. Theodore Gaza, one of thoſe literati who had fled from the barbarous conquerors of Conſtantinople, preſented to him a tranſlation of Cicero's works into the Greek language. The Pope, who, having been a Cordelier full fifty years, had more pleaſure in the queſtions of Scotus, than of Tully, received the books coldly, caſt them careleſsly into a corner, and ordered his chamberlain to give the author a ſum by way of reward, which would ſcarcely reimburſe him for the money he had laid out in the parchment his work was written on. "Fool that I was," ſaid the irritated Greek in his own tongue, "to think that ſuch "an aſs had a reliſh for any other food "than

" than thiſtles." Luckily for the proverbialiſt, the good Pope knew nothing of the Greek language.

THE library at Florence, collected by Lorenzo de Medicis, was ſo great and valuable, that after it had been pillaged and diſperſed by the army of Charles VIII. of France in 1494, (when its owner Pietro ſcandalouſly abandoned his party, by a precipitate flight,) its relicks, collected by the infinite pains of Catharine de Medicis, ſtill form the moſt reſpectable part of the " Bi- " bliotheque du Roi," at Paris.

THERE is ſaid to be in the Bodleian library, a Treatiſe by Sir Robert Dudley, entitled, " Del Arcano del mare." It abounds with ſchemes, plans, and uſeful projects *.

SIR W. MONSON'S " Naval Tracts," which are printed in Churchil's Collection of Voyages, are very little known, or noticed, in compariſon of their merits.

* Some account of this work will be given in the Appendix.

IN

In the days of our great Selden, the ſources of literary intelligence ſeem to have been few, in compariſon to their preſent ſtate, if we may reaſon from his own words—"Popiſh books teach and inform; "what we know, we know much out of "them. The Fathers, Church-ſtory, "ſchoolmen, all may paſs for Popiſh books. "And if you take away them, what learn-"ing will you leave?"

Dr. Warton, in his Eſſay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, obſerves, that the dialogue in the Eſſay on Criticiſm, between the Dramatic Poet and the Mad Knight, is not taken from the Don Quixote of Cervantes, but from one that is commonly called a continuation of that inimitable romance, and which was in fact written *after* the publication of the firſt part, and *before* the ſecond part appeared. For this reaſon, and ſome others which will be mentioned, this performance, though infinitely inferior to the work of Cervantes, deſerves more attention than is uſually given

given to it. It is ſaid to have been written by a perſon named Alonſo Fernandes d'Avellanada; but Don Gregorio Mayanſiſcar, in his life of Cervantes, ſuppoſes this to be a fictitious name. This book was tranſlated into French by the celebrated Le Sage, a proof that he thought it not deſtitute of merit: there is likewiſe an Engliſh verſion by one Baker; and Cervantes himſelf alludes to it, ſeveral times, in the ſecond part of his own Don Quixote, particularly in chapters LIX. and LXXII. One circumſtance, indeed, renders this book a literary curioſity, viz. The great probability that it cauſed Cervantes to make his Don Quixote a different character in his ſecond part, from what he was in the firſt. In the firſt part, it is true, he is not drawn as an abſolute maniac, when he is not diſcourſing of knight errantry; but all his converſation is tinged with ſingularity, and the pertinent things he ſays are incoherently arranged, and themſelves out of place; as for inſtance, his long ſpeech to the goat-herds on the golden age; but in the

ſecond

ſecond part he is made a man of ſound judgment, and elegant literature, when the ſubject of his madneſs is not immediately touched upon. Now this ſeems to have ariſen from a deſire of Cervantes to ſhew he could, in every mode of writing, excel his rival, who had made the character of his Don Quixote a vehicle to convey his own learning to the public, a circumſtance, of which the paſſage quoted by Pope is a ſtriking inſtance. We may add to this, that Cervantes would not perhaps have ever written a ſecond part, had he not been provoked to it by finding the ſubject taken out of his hands by one ſo much inferior in the art of novel-writing; and he certainly killed his hero at laſt, for the ſame reaſon which moved Addiſon to ſlay his amiable Country-Knight, Sir Roger de Coverly, viz. that he might not be made a fool of, by getting into other hands.

COACHES.

HACKNEY coaches were firſt introduced into Paris by Nich. Sauvage, in 1650. They obtained the name of Fiacre, either from the inventor reſiding at a hotel of that name, or from the image of that Saint (a favorite one with the people) being painted on the pannels.

But by a letter in Strafford's Collection, dated April 1, 1634, it appears that hackney coaches were then to be hired in London at their ſtand, at the Maypole in the Strand, or elſewhere, it is added, "Every body is much pleaſed with it. "For, whereas before, coaches could not "be had but at great rates, now a man "may have one much cheaper."

Logicians hold that the minor is included in the major; our legiſlators, in forming the hackney-coach laws, ſeem to have determined the contrary.

The fare of a coach from any of the inns at court to Weſtminſter-hall, is one ſhilling;

ling; and four attorneys or barriſters, with their bags, may be transferred from Gray's or Thavie's Inn, to that place, for three-pence each, but ſhould theſe good people attempt to convey themſelves from Gray's Inn to Great George-ſtreet, the driver of the coach would levy eighteen-pence on them, although the diſtance be leſs. All other diſtances, except theſe, which the gentlemen of the long robe took under their peculiar care, are determined by menſuration.

A coachman is expoſed to a penalty for not having a check-ſtring; but it was not till long after that regulation, that a law was made to oblige him to take hold of ſaid check-ſtring. A driver may have, with impunity, broken windows, that admit the wintry blaſt to the neck of an invalid, or a ſtep inſufficient to ſupport the weight of a corpulent man, and liable, by giving way, to fracture a leg or thigh.

If then hackney-coaches are thus badly regulated, how much worſe are thoſe, travelling the ſhort ſtages near the metropolis,

which are neither by law or intereſt, ſubject to any regulations at all? The coachman, more abſolute than the Great Turk, thruſts into his carriage as much live lumber as it will hold, and, at his diſcretion loads the outſide, till the centre of gravity riſes ſo high as to render the coach liable to overſet on the ſlighteſt inequality of ground. Being thus critically balanced, if that great man ſhould chooſe to get blind-drunk, who ſhall prevent him? Or, if in conſequence of ſuch drunkenneſs he break the legs and wings of half-a-ſcore paſſengers, how is he to be puniſhed? Or indeed, what recompenſe for their anguiſh and coſt, will it be to the ſufferers, if he were to be chaſtiſed? It would be much better to prevent ſuch misfortunes. But all folks think not ſo; for although ſome years ago, two or three odd, fuſty, country-gentlemen in parliament, (who abſurdly conceived it improper that a ſtage coachman ſhould without aſking leave, riſque the lives and limbs of a ſcore of his Majeſty's liege-ſubjects, at his will and pleaſure, and for his profit,

profit,) brought a bill into the houſe for reſtraining in ſome meaſure, the power and avarice of that haughty Lord of the Whip, that uſeful law was ſo much enervated as to be robbed of every effective ſting, before it was permitted to paſs; for what ſignified it how many of the canaille were crippled? No *gentleman* rides in a ſtage. Beſides the uſual paſſengers conveyed in theſe vehicles, the coachman ekes out his profits by carrying down in a hamper, the body of ſome executed criminal, for the uſe of the young ſurgeons of the village, a felon from Newgate under the eſcorte of a couple of thief-takers, to his trial at Kingſton, Croydon, or ſome of the neighbouring aſſizes, or an inoculated patient covered with puſtules. It ſignifies nothing to object, or to remonſtrate. From the authority of the coachman, there lies no appeal.

We have heard of an itinerant ſhowman who contrived to convey a ſick tyger-cat as an inſide paſſenger, in the ſtage-coach from Conway to Holy-head. But ſince this was done with the conſent of the

paſſengers, fraudulently obtained for ſaid tyger-cat, under the denomination of "Miſs "Jenny," it muſt not be inſiſted on as an inſtance againſt the driver *. G.

* The Editor takes the liberty to illuſtrate the foregoing complaint, by an incident which really fell out in an Eſſex ſtage-coach a few years ago. Two paſſengers ſet out from their inn in London, early on a December morn. It was dark as pitch; and one of them, not being ſleepy and wiſhing for a little converſation, endeavoured, in the uſual travelling mode, to ſtimulate his neighbor to diſcourſe. "A very dark morn, Sir." "Shocking cold weather for "travelling." "Slow going in theſe heavy roads, Sir." None of theſe queſtions producing a word of anſwer, the ſociable man made one more effort. He ſtretched out his hand and feeling the other's habit, exclaimed—"What a "very comfortable coat, Sir, you have got, to travel in!" No anſwer was made, and the enquirer, fatigued and diſguſted, fell into a ſound nap, nor awoke until the brighteſt rays of a winter's ſun accounted to him for the taciturnity of his comrade, by preſenting to his aſtoniſhed view a huge bear, (luckily for him, muzzled and confined) in a ſitting poſture.

COM-

COMPLAINT.

In the 8th of Edward III. there was a petition of Wm. de Sperſholt, ſheriff of Oxford, and warden of Oxford caſtle, ſtating, that the Chancellor of the Univerſity committed ſo many clerks, priſoners to that caſtle, on account of diſputes with the Univerſity, that ſaid caſtle was greatly ſurcharged, and endangered, and praying that no clerks might be committed thither by him, but ſuch as were felons, or diſturbers of the peace.

Anſwered—"It was not matter for a "parliamentary petition."

In the Rolls of Parliament, A. D. 1445, is a petition from the Commons of two counties, ſhewing that the number of attorneys had lately increaſed from 6 or 8 to xxiiii, whereby the peace of thoſe counties had been greatly interrupted by ſuits. The Commons therefore petition, that it may

be ordained that there ſhall be no more than ſix common attorneys for Norfolk, ſix for Suffolk, and two for the City of Norwich. Any other perſon acting as an attorney, to forfeit twenty ſhillings.

The King granted the petition, provided it were thought by the judges, reaſonable.

THE whimſical lamentations of M. de Sorbiere deſerve to be recorded. Clement the Ninth having been his intimate friend before his elevation to the papal chair, continued, after that event, to behave to him with politeneſs and great conſideration, but took no ſtep towards aſſiſting his private fortune. "He ſends," ſays the irritated Gaul, "ſweet-meats to one who wants ſolid "food! Ruffles, to a man that has never "a ſhirt! I wiſh to heaven that he would "but allow me bread, to eat with the "butter which he preſents me with!"

THE amuſing Diderot thus bewails the loſs of his old Robe de Chambre—"What "could tempt me to diſmiſs that good old "ſervant!

" ſervant! It was made for me: I was made
" for it. It fitted every turn of my body
" with its pliable folds. I was eaſy, and
" even appeared graceful in it, while my
" new cumbrous garment renders all my
" motions ſtiff and awkward. My poor
" old friend was ready in a moment, to
" ſupply all my wants. Indigence is al-
" ways ſo obliging! If a book was covered
" with duſt, one of its ſleeves was ready
" in a moment to wipe it: if my pen was
" clogged up with ink, how handy was a
" ſkirt of my old gown to cleanſe it!
" Abundant were the jetty tokens of its
" frequent ſervices: thoſe tokens evinced
" the man of learning, the writer, the
" laborious author. I have now the air
" of an opulent idler. I ſcarce know my-
" ſelf now. Enveloped in my old gown,
" I defied my own or my ſervants awk-
" wardneſs; I dreaded neither ſparks of
" fire, nor drops of water. Poor thing!
" over it I was abſolute monarch, but am
" myſelf become the humble ſlave of my
" *new* habit. Heavens! what ravages has
" luxury

" luxury cauſed in my apartment! There
" *was* a time when the furniture of my
" chamber correſponded well with my
" good old domeſtic. A ruſh-bottomed
" chair, a deal table, a long ſhelf for my
" books, together with a few dingy old
" prints, formed, in concert with my vene-
" rable gown, a moſt harmonious groupe
" of indigents. Now the ſober and edify-
" ing retreat of a philoſopher is made to
" reſemble the gaudy cabinet of a Nabob.
" Nothing of my laudable mediocrity re-
" mains, except a venerable mat, which
" agrees indeed, but ill with the newer
" part of my furniture: but I have vowed,
" and here I do vow again, that I never
" will permit it to be removed. The feet
" of Diderot were not made to trample on
" the beautiful pictures of the Gobelins *.
" No, I will preſerve my poor old ragged
" mat, as the Perſian peaſant, who, when
" elevated from his hovel, to the palace of
" his Sovereign, kept, with care, his original

* The place where the moſt elegant carpets are woven.

" wooden

" wooden ſhoes, to remind him of his firſt
" humble ſtation."

CONCEIT.

WHERE it has not pleaſed Providence to beſtow wiſdom, wit, or beauty, it ſometimes vouchſafes to allow a portion of conceit; and in ſuch caſe, the parties concerned are far happier than if they actually *owned* thoſe qualities of which they *fancy* themſelves poſſeſſed.

The real ſage may ſuffer uneaſineſs by being foiled in debate; the wit, by being baffled at repartee; and the beauty may find in her looking-glaſs heart-felt agony, in the ſhape of a freckle or a pimple. But not one of theſe calamities can appal him who is wiſe, or her who is lovely only in conceit. None can diſpute with him, none can ſhine with her. As *his* wiſdom is not actually exiſtent, it is not open to any common method of attack; and as no arguments can have weight with

with a fool, his ſyſtem, be it ever ſo abſurd, is impenetrable. He ridicules ſound reaſoning, and frequently, by dint of impudence, actually gets the laugh on his ſide. The beauty in conceit, is equally happy, the ſlights ſhe meets with among men, proceed from ill-taſte, among women, from envy; and the pimple or the freckle only add grace to her complexion.

An acute Frenchman has remarked, that the modeſt department of really wiſe men, when contraſted to the aſſuming air of the young and ignorant, may be compared to the different appearance of wheat, which while its ear is empty, holds up its head proudly, but as ſoon as it is filled with grain, bends modeſtly down, and withdraws from obſervation. He might, however, have added, that when the ears are filled with conceit, inſtead of wiſdom, which too often happens, the head is ſtill borne up with all the pride of emptineſs.

CONJUGAL INFIDELITY.

" Come on, if you dare, Cuckolds of " Abbeville," cried a man of Amiens, who had been driven to the gates of his own city, " Come on, we are *here*, four to " one."

M. du Belley wrote thus on a lady's dog.

Latratu, fures excepi—mutus, amantes.
Sic placui Domino—Sic placui Dominæ.

The epigram was thus turned into Italian.

Latrai a i ladri—A i amanti tacqui.
Coſi a Meſſere e a Madona piacqui.

It may run thus, in Engliſh.

At thieves I bark'd and made a fuſs,
To beaux I wag'd my tail;
My maſter, and my miſtreſs thus
To pleaſe, I could not fail.

The humourous Brantome, tells us an odd tale of a preacher, who having before a very

very elegant audience, ſeverely inveighed againſt ſuch as from motives of ambition or profit, were mean enough to wink at the infidelity of their fair wives, ſtarted forward, and with both his hands extended, each as aiming at a certain mark, cried out, "And now, with theſe two ſtones, I mean "to ſtrike the two moſt abandoned of the "wretches, againſt whom I have been ex-"claiming." On this, ſays Brantome, "Il n'y eut homme du ſermon, qui n'y "baiſſaſt la teſte, ou miſt ſon manteau, ou "ſa cappe, ou ſon bras, au devant, pour ſe "garder du coup." In ſhort, every one in the church tried to ſecure himſelf from the impending blow, and the Preacher with ſome drollery, withdrawing his arms, addreſſed his congregation, "I have indeed "been told that I had *two or three* cuckolds "among my hearers, but, for what I can "find, there is *nought elſe* to be found "among you!"

'ONE day,' ſays the Dutcheſs D'Orleans, in her letters, 'The Mareſchal de Villars 'came

'came to ſee me. As he was eſteemed a 'connoiſſeur in medals, and wiſhed to 'examine my collection, I ſent for Bau- 'delot, a worthy man who takes care of 'them for me, and bade him ſhew them 'to the Mareſchal. Baudelot is no cour- 'tier, is utterly ignorant of the tales of 'the day, and of conſequence knows 'nothing of M. de Villars's domeſtic un- 'eaſineſs. He began with acquainting the 'Mareſchal that he had written a diſſerta- 'tion to prove a certain antique, horned, 'buſt, was not meant for Jupiter Ammon, 'but for Pan. "Ah, ſir," ſaid he, next, "This is one of our moſt curious coins; "it is the triumph of Cornificius; he has "all ſorts of horns; he has the horns "of Jove and of Faunus; obſerve him, "Sir; he, like you, was a great general." 'I would fain,' ſays the Dutcheſs, 'have 'turned the converſation, but Baudelot 'perſiſted in it, till all the company were 'forced to leave the room, that they might 'indulge their propenſity to laugh; nor 'was it without difficulty, that, after

'Villars

'Villars was gone, I could convince my 'medaliſt of his impropriety in talking of 'horns before ſo celebrated a cuckold.'

CONTRADICTION.

A MOST eccentric path to the temple of Fame has been attempted more than once within the memory of man, by the road of paradox and contradiction.

Pere Hardouin, a Jeſuit, ſtrove, about the middle of the preſent century, to gain immortality by diſpoſſeſſing the *Latin* poets, in particular, of their ſeats on Parnaſſus. The idea which he wiſhed to propagate was this, that about 300 years ago, when learning was reviving in the north of Europe, a ſet of literati, all proteſtants, united to form a body of fictitious poems, congenial to a few which were really extant; to theſe they prefixed the reſpectable names of Virgil, Ovid, &c. In ſhort, the good father only allowed as genuine, the Georgics of Virgil, the Epiſtles of Horace, and a very few more frag-

fragments. Some looked on this ſtrange treatiſe as the effort of a phrenetic brain; while others, perhaps too refinedly, ſuppoſed P. Hardouin to have been encouraged by his brethren in this attack on the pillars of literature, in order that, ſhould he ſucceed, and introduce again into the world the obſcurity of former ages, the clergy might reſume that ſuperiority, which the learned will ever be able to ſupport among the ignorant. The cry was, however, ſo loud againſt this wild ſyſtem, that the author was abandoned, and even cried down by his very brethren.

LAUDER, a learned but petulant North Briton, aſſaulted the reputation of Milton, nearly about the ſame period, and with the ſame ſucceſs; but his motive for the attack, was, avowedly, envy at the preference given by Pope, to that great bard above "one Johnſtone," whoſe works Lauder was concerned in publiſhing.

At a very late period, an ingenious, eccentric writer, (a North Briton too,) has attempted to gain two ſteps towards the ſteep aſcent of Glory, by placing his feet on the *ſtyle* of Scripture and the *taſte* of Virgil. His feet however have ſlipped, and his exertions have been damped by oblivion, a fate which there is reaſon to believe, he looks upon as much more ſevere than if they had been refuted by argument, or perſecuted by deteſtation.

Indeed the peculiar pleaſure of the eighteenth century, ſeems to have been a conſtant oppoſition to the ſyſtems, and received opinions of its predeceſſors.

In medicine.—We have treatiſes written by eminent phyſicians, to prove that a ſalt-meat diet is good for the gout.

That colds do not proceed from damps or moiſt clothing.

In horſemanſhip, we are told, that inſtead of the ſteed's ſweeping the ground with his noſe, as recommended by the Duke

Duke of Newcaſtle, he ſhould exalt it to the ſky.

But in the article of hiſtory, it is that we meet with the boldeſt aſſertions. Our darling, cradle, prejudices are cruelly aſſailed and put to the rout. A northern antiquarian utterly denies the exiſtence of our beloved Achilles and Hector, completely reverſes the intereſts of the warring parties, and finally expreſſes his ſolemn doubt whether the ſiege of Troy had any actual exiſtence. Another paradoxical hero attacks the fame of Alexander the Great, and diminiſhes his conqueſt over Darius, to a ſucceſsful plundering expedition, againſt ſome petty prince, too inſignificant to have been heard of at the court of THE GREAT KING. A bold puſh was actually made, not many years ago, to eradicate the whole ſyſtem of the Heathen Mythology; but thanks more (perhaps) to our prejudices, than to our reaſoning, that plan failed, and Jove ſtill poſſeſſes Mount Olympus in ſecurity.

WHAT but the true ſpirit of contradiction could poſſibly tempt the philoſophic, the acute and learned Selden, to ſtand up in defence of the moſt ridiculous of all laws, "The Witch Act." His argument, however, is ſo ingenious, that it would tempt one to excuſe the abſurdity of the attempt.

"The law againſt witches does not "prove there be any, but it puniſhes the "malice of thoſe people that uſe ſuch "means to take away men's lives. If one "ſhould profeſs, that by turning his hat "thrice and crying *buzz*, he could take "away a man's life (though in truth he "could do no ſuch thing) yet this were a "juſt law made by the ſtate, that whoſo-"ever ſhould turn his hat thrice and cry "*buzz*, with an intention to take away a "man's life, ſhall be put to death."

CONTROVERSY.

NOT being deeply read in Polemic writings, the Editor is not certain whether the

the remarkable conceſſion of the great controverſialiſt, Cardinal Perron, has ever been cited on the Unitarians ſide, "Nous "ne ſcaurions," ſays he, "convaincre un "Arrien par L'Ecriture. Il n'y a nul moyen "que par l'autorité de L'Egliſe." "We "muſt not pretend to convince an Arian of "his errors by Scripture-evidence. We "muſt have recourſe to the authority of "the Church." This prelate was ſo well ſkilled in theologic lore, that one day, having been thanked by Henry III. of France, for having in an eloquent oration refuted every argument which could be alleged in favor of Atheiſm, he was ſo much off his guard as to tell the King that if his majeſty would attend to him the next morning, he would engage to convince him that the Atheiſt had the truth on his ſide *.

For

* It cannot be expected that much ſtrength can accrue to either ſide from the ſentiments of the "Parſon Patten," whoſe ſudden effort of honeſt gratitude is recorded under the article GRATITUDE; but it did happen that he was ſo much averſe to the Athanaſian creed, that he never would

For the light troops of an anecdote-writer to make incurſions into the grave and well defended province of theology, may ſeem an abſurdity in terms. Yet ſurely, one who though unſtudied in controverſy has his ſhare of common diſcernment, may at leaſt lay claim to the honor of being heard on a ſubject in which he is as much intereſted as any beneficed divine, diſſenting teacher, or methodiſt demagogue.

THERE never was a period when ſo many enemies ſurrounded the Chriſtian faith, and with ſuch refined malice, as the preſent. *Some* ſtep forward as affectionate friends, and, by painting her doctrines as painful to be followed, and her commands, as impracticable to be obeyed, diſcourage, and force into Deiſm, all ſuch as deſpair

read it. Archbiſhop Secker, having been informed of his recuſancy, ſent the arch-deacon to aſk him his reaſon. "I "do not believe it," ſaid the prieſt. "But your metro-"politan *does*," replied the arch-deacon. "It may be ſo," rejoined Mr. Patten, "and he can well afford it. He "believes at the rate of SEVEN THOUSAND a year, "and I, only at that of FIFTY."

of

of attaining to a ſtate of perfection. Others, with a feigned delicacy and reſpect, trace chriſtianity from its ſource, and purſue it from its tendereſt age to its maturity with cautious ſarcaſms, and maſqued ſneers. But the moſt effectual foes to revealed religion, are a ſet of Polemics, whom it would be cruel to ſuppoſe apprized of the miſchief they are doing. Heated by the conteſts in favor of Trinity or Unity, of Socinianiſm, Arianiſm, ſubſcription or non ſubſcription, they ſcruple not, like Count Julian, King Vortigern, &c. to call in any barbarians to their aſſiſtance, rather than give up a ſyllable of argument, and to permit the empire of Faith to be ravaged by high-flying methodiſts on the one ſide, and obdurate Jews, on the other, to the infinite ſatisfaction of the ſneering Deiſt, who thinks that he gains a great advantage on the ſide of *natural* religion, as he ſtyles his own ſyſtem, by merely expoſing the various and almoſt innumerable diviſions, perſecutions, ſcurrilities, and anathemas, of thoſe

who have taught and do now teach the precepts of Revelation *.

Were it true that, as Juvenal ſarcaſtically ſings—

" —— Obtritum vulgi perit omne cadaver
" More animæ———,"

Which may be tranſlated, " The body and " ſoul of blackguards periſh at the ſame " moment." Were it ſo, indeed, it would be of little conſequence that a few philoſophers ſhould have their ſyſtems of religion for ſome time as it were in abeyance; but ſurely, ſince the loweſt human beings have ſouls to be ſaved as well as their ſuperiors, they ought not to have their

* If Montaigne is right in his quotation from St. Paul, (although, by the bye, the exact words are not to be found in our teſtaments) controverſy was not like to meet encouragement from that clear-ſighted Apoſtle. " Les ſim-" ples," dit St. Pauli " & les ignoranss'elevent & ſe ſaiſiſſent " du ciel, & nous, a tout noſtre ſcavoir, nous plongeons " aux abyſmes infernaux."

" The ſimple," ſays St. Paul, " and the ignorant riſe " and ſeize the kingdom of Heaven, while we, with all " our knowledge, plunge into the abyſs of Hell."

happy

happy native prejudices in favor of the eſtabliſhed doctrines of their country, ſhaken, and unſettled, by thoſe very preachers who ought rather by a unanimity of doctrine to confirm them in their belief.

Without entering into a controverſy which he has juſt now condemned, the Editor hopes he may be permitted to remark, that every attempt to dive, as it were, in the counſels of the Supreme, to inveſtigate a myſtery which is wrapped up in darkneſs, and which, were it laid open, would be of no concern to our future happineſs, ſeems an effort not of reſpectful inquiry, but of petulant curioſity, and as ſuch muſt probably be diſpleaſing to that Being, who, had he meant the preciſe nature of his government to be perfectly underſtood, would certainly have precluded all neceſſity of the diſpute.

COUNTRY.

THIS awkward, ungrammatical *adjective*, is ſeldom uſed unleſs by the lower order of tradeſmen, when pointing out the formal beauties of their villas to the attentive viſitor, "Le tapis de verdure, coupé d'e- "troits rubans de ſable *;" he cloſes each ſeparate deſcription by his favorite queſtion, "Is not this quite country?"

THOSE whoſe ideas are unimproved by education, and unopened by reading, are no way capable of forming any idea of what a man of literature means by the *country*. It is not woods, water, or lawns alone. It comprehends them, indeed, in the general idea, but it comprehends alſo, the manners of the inhabitants: it requires a ſpecies of elegant ſolitude, utterly uncon-

* "Carpets of turf, interſected by narrow ribbands of "gravel."

NOUVEAU VOYAGE DE LONDRES.

nected

nected with that dulneſs which is often miſtaken for ſolitude. It demands a certain gaiety, which is by no means to proceed from noiſy mirth, but rather from the "riante" aſpect of the ſurrounding ſcenery. The neighbourhood of the metropolis moſt certainly affords enchanting gardens, and even parks; but no place can deſerve the appellation of the country, in the ſenſe above pointed out, unleſs the owner can ſtep beyond his garden-walls or park-pales, without the dread of being waked from his dream of rural happineſs, by vollies of St. Giles's oaths, wafted by gales impregnated by gin, and interlarded with the forcible tropes of Billingſgate.

THE following Apologue, which appeared in an obſcure periodical paper about twenty-five years ago, ſeems to the Editor worthy of being reſcued from oblivion.

"The Happy Illuſion.

"POLLIO, a gentleman of taſte and "learning, and poſſeſſed of an ample for-

"tune,

" tune, a few years ago, quitted the court
" and town, with all their ſplendid vices
" and follies, and retired, with his lady,
" to one of the fineſt villas in Europe.
" *Pollio* was led by inclination and good
" ſenſe, to exchange the ſcenes of ambi-
" tion, hypocriſy, and madneſs, the regions
" of duſt, ſmoke, and confuſion, for the
" tranquil pleaſures of a rural life; but
" *Flavia*, (for that is the name of the
" lady) was compelled by fate, and cruel
" neceſſity, to forſake every object that
" her ſoul was enamoured of, and to re-
" tire to the lonely ſeat of gloom and
" melancholy.

" The ſpring was ſomeway advanced
" when they reached the country; and
" *Pollio* was quite enraptured with the
" beauty, cheerfulneſs, and elegance of
" every thing around him: he thanked
" heaven, for the happy exchange he had
" made; and determined, in himſelf, never
" more to return to London. Whilſt
" *Flavia* ſickened at the ſight of all that
" is deſirable, or lovely, in nature; ſhe

" repined

" repined at her hard fortune, which had,
" at one ſtroke, robbed her of all her joys;
" and curſed her cruel fate, which had for
" ever baniſhed her to the manſions of
" ſolitude and ſadneſs.

" Nothing but this wayward humour
" in *Flavia*, could poſſibly have given her
" huſband a moment's uneaſineſs; and
" not all the regard and tenderneſs of the
" moſt indulgent man on earth, could, in
" any degree, leſſen the chagrin and diſ-
" content of *Flavia*;—when, lo! at length,
" either by the force of a diſtempered ima-
" gination, or by the powers of magic,
" the whole face of nature appeared, in
" her eyes, to be changed in a moment:
" every object, which had before given
" her ſo much diſguſt, vaniſhed in an in-
" ſtant, and gave place to ſuch engaging
" ſcenes, as could not fail to charm the
" breaſt of *Flavia*; for now, the pure ſtream,
" which ran through the garden, de-
" lighted her with the lovely appearance
" of Fleet-ditch; the ſwans, and ducks,
" which ſailed and ſported on its ſurface,

" were

" were transformed, in her imagination,
" to dead cats and puppies, rolling with
" the muddy tide: the flowers, and ſhrubs,
" with which its banks were adorned, ap-
" peared to her as ſo many heaps of dirt,
" aſhes, rotten cabbages, and filth of every
" hue; and ſhe bleſſed the fragrant ſcent
" of honey-ſuckles, roſes, jeſſamine, and
" violets, when they ſaluted her noſtrils in
" the form of thick clouds, and foggy
" ſteams, iſſuing from the tallow-chandler's
" ſhop.

" The jets and fountains, which played
" from a fine baſon in the garden, and
" from which *Flavia* was wont to turn
" away, now charmed her very ſoul; for,
" by a ſlight and eaſy inverſion, they ap-
" peared as ſo many ſpouts, and gutters,
" ſhooting from the houſe-tops.

" The green-houſe was no longer odious
" in the eyes of *Flavia*, for it ſeemed, at
" once, transformed into a millener's ſhop;
" the temple, into a round-houſe; and
" all the little arbours, grots, and ſummer-
" houſes, into watch-boxes.

" The

" The lofty pines, roſe up in the form
" of ſpires; and the tops of all the foreſt-
" trees, appeared as ſo many ſtacks of
" chimneys; whilſt the fruit-trees, in full
" bloom and verdure, cheered the very
" heart of *Flavia*, with the exact reſem-
" blance they bore to painted ſigns.

" When ſhe beheld the oxen and kine
" grazing in the meadows, and the ſheep
" and lambs feeding and ſporting in the
" fields, ſhe ſmiled: for, ſhe took the
" herdſmen and ſhepherds, for black-
" guards; and fancied herſelf driving
" through Smithfield-market.

" *Flavia* was no longer diſguſted, at
" the blooming health of the country
" laſſes; for, now they all appeared to her,
" embrowned with duſt and aſhes, and
" ſhe took them for cinder-pickers; the
" harveſters, were duſtmen; and the gar-
" deners, kennel-rakers.

" Nor was ſhe any longer offended, at
" the little ſongſters of the grove: for now,
" the blackbird, ſeemed to cry—*ſweep*; the
" ſong-thruſt—*oyſters*; the ſky-lark—*knives*

" *to*

" *to grind*; the linnet—*matches*; the " nightingales, were *ballad-ſingers*; the " cuckoo, *talked ſlander*; the magpies, " rooks, and daws, were, *agreeable com-* " *pany*; and the owls—*watchmen*.

" When the ſtars ſhone out in all their " beauty and ſplendour, ſhe took them " for goodly rows of lamps, and viewed " them with the greateſt pleaſure.

" The glory of the ſun, no longer of- " fended the eyes of *Flavia*: ſhe no longer " repined and fainted, at the ſweetneſs and " ſerenity of the air; for now, ſhe ſeemed " for ever wrapt in one impenetrable cloud " of ſmoak, duſt, and fog.

" Surrounded with ſo many agreeable " objects, *Flavia* could not fail of being " in conſtant raptures: in ſhort, ſhe fan- " cied herſelf in London; and thus hap- " pily deceived, ſhe reſumed all her wonted " ſprightlineſs and good-humour: whilſt " *Pollio*, who knew himſelf to be in the " country, was doubly bleſt."

CRE-

CREDULITY.

Sir John Reresby in his memoirs, gives a ſtrong inſtance that good ſenſe is not always incompatible with an attachment to the moſt groſs abſurdities which can be gleaned from the nurſery.

After he has ſpoken of a witch, of whoſe perſon, he, as governor of York, had the the cuſtody, he modeſtly hints that he was not fully perſuaded of her guilt, although the court had condemned her, but at the ſame time thinks it right to tell a ſtory which appears to have ſtaggered him, and which he recites upon the credit of a centinel, who was on duty before the door of ſaid witch's dungeon. "One of my ſol-"diers," ſays Sir John, "being upon "guard, about eleven at night, at the gate "of Clifford Tower, the very night after "the witch was arraigned, he heard a great "noiſe at the caſtle, and going to the "porch, he there ſaw a ſcroll of paper

" creep from under the door, which, as he " imagined, by moonſhine, turned, firſt, " into the ſhape of a monkey, and thence " aſſumed the form of a turkey-cock, which " paſſed to and fro, by him. Surpriſed at " this, he went to the priſon, (where the " witch was confined) and called the under- " keeper, who came and ſaw the ſcroll " dance up and down, and creep under the " door, where there was an opening of the " thickneſs of half-a-crown." Here, Sir, J. Rereſby breaks off his narrative, leaving this extraordinary ſtory, as he juſtly calls it, and which, he ſays, he had from the two parties who were preſent, " to be believed " or to be diſbelieved as the reader ſhall " be inclined this way or that."

CUSTOMS AND INVENTIONS, ANTIENT AND MODERN.

IT was ſomewhat ſingular, although not unjuſt, that formerly by cuſtom, the river Meander in Ionia might be indicted (as we are

are informed by Strabo) for all miſchief done to the neighbouring lands by its floods, and particularly when its banks were undermined and fell into the ſtream. If any damages were granted againſt the river, they were paid by thoſe who rented its ferries.

THERE cannot be a ſtronger proof that the bulk of mankind have had nearly the ſame ideas in all ages, than that Idyllium of Theocritus, adapted to modern times, by the ingenious Robert Lloyd *. Whoever will take the pains of comparing the two poems, will find that the chit-chat of two Grecian women of a middling rank, the adventures they meet when in purſuit of a fine ſight, their diſtreſſes, eſcapes, obſervations and return homewards, are, with hardly any alteration, the ſame in London in 1788, that they were in Egypt ſome hundred years before the Chriſtian æra.

* St. James's Magazine. 1762.

IT was the cuſtom of Charlemain to affix to the treaties which he conſented to, a waxen ſeal impreſſed by the pommel of his ſword. "And with the point," added the Emperor, "I will ſupport it."

To ride a white horſe was formerly an emblem of dominion. Manuel, Emperor of the Eaſt, and Sigiſmond, of Germany, who viſited Paris, in the reign of Charles VI. although they were treated with reſpect and munificence, yet had only black horſes allotted them to ride on. Charles the Fifth was mounted in the ſame manner when, in 1539, he was hoſpitably entertained by Francis. And we are told by Froiſſart, that our Black Prince when he entered London in triumph, after the glorious battle of Poitiers, gave a white courſer to his Royal captive, King John, while himſelf rode "a little black hobby," beſide him.

IN the Iſle of Minorca, we are told by Armſtrong, that it is uſual, during their dances

dances, for an inhabitant to ſay to a dancer—" Why do you not ſay ſomething " gallant to your partner?" To which the polite reply always is this—" What ſhould " I ſay to her, but that ſhe has the face of " a roſe?"

It is remarkable enough that the cuſtom of placing groteſque figures like the Chineſe Mandarins, with ductile heads on chimney-pieces, ſhould have prevailed among the Greeks, yet the following quotation from Alciphron's Haleuticon ſhews it. Ὥσπερ τὰ πρόσωπα τὰ κώφα ἁ ἔπι τὰις κὰμιναις ἱςάμενα ὁρῶμεν προτφιλῶς ἐπινευοντες. ' As ' we ſee the figures placed on chimneys, ' though they cannot hear what we ſay, ' nod to us in a friendly manner.'

Neither Pancirollus, in his Treatiſe on Loſt Inventions, nor Dutens, in his ingenious work on the Ancients acquaintance with many of thoſe arts which are ſuppoſed to be modern, have mentioned hot-houſes and conſervatories. Yet that theſe

were uſed by the Romans is evident from two epigrams of Martial.

Pallida ne Cilicam timeant pomaria brumam
Mordeat et tenerum fortior aura nemus
Hibernis et objecta Notis, ſpecularia puros
Admittunt ſoles, et ſine face diem.
L. viii. Ep. 14.

Leſt wintry froſts ſhould blaſt the ſhrinking fruit,
Or winds too piercing nip the tender ſhoot;
Thro' lucid walls that check cold Eurus, play
Sol's pureſt rays the genuine warmth of day.

Invida purpureus urat ne bruma racemos,
Et gelidum Bacchi munera frigus edat
Condita perſpicuâ vivit vindemia gemmâ,
Et tegitur felix, nec tamen uva latet.
L. viii. Ep. 68.

On Bacchus' gifts leſt envious winter prey,
And blaſt the purple produce on the ſpray,
Beneath the cryſtal roof the vintage glows,
And ſkreen'd, not hid, the happy cluſter grows. P.

The oath uſed among the Highlanders, in judicial proceedings, contains a moſt ſolemn denunciation of vengeance, in caſe of

of perjury, and involves the wife and children, the arable and the meadow-land, of the party who takes it, all together in an abyſs of deſtruction. When it is adminiſtered, there is no book to be kiſſed, but the right hand is held up while the oath is repeated.

To prove the ſuperior idea of ſanctity which this imprecation conveys to thoſe who have been accuſtomed to it, it may be ſufficient to relate the expreſſion of a Highlander, who, at the Carliſle aſſizes, had ſworn poſitively, in the Engliſh mode, to a fact of conſequence. His indifference during that ſolemnity, having been obſerved by the oppoſite party, he was required, to confirm his teſtimony by taking the oath of his own country to the ſame. "No, no," ſaid the mountaineer, in the Northern dialect, "Ken ye not thar is a "hantle o' difference, 'twixt bla-ing on a "buke, and domming ones ain ſaul?"

THE puniſhments uſed in the early ages were ſavage as the people. Maiming,

putting out of the eyes, &c. were ſo common, that it uſed, during the reigns of the ſucceſſors of Charlemain, to be a part of each vaſſal's duty, and of his oath of allegiance, "To defend the perſon of their "Lord, and never to conſent that he "ſhould be maimed as to any part of his "body."

THE horrid cuſtom of tying a criminal to an unbroken horſe, who was then driven, full ſpeed, through brakes and foreſts, was actually inflicted on Brunehaut or Brunechild, a very wicked Queen of France *, ſomewhat earlier than the æra above-mentioned.

This ſtrange event was confirmed by the examination of her tomb, in the Abbey of St. Martin, at Autun, in 1632; one thouſand years after her death. In it were found the remains of her bones, and the rowel of a ſpur, which it was formerly the

* Wicked as ſhe was, ſhe might boaſt of being the daughter, ſiſter, aunt, wife, mother and grand-mother, &c. of kings.

cuſtom to fix on the ſides of horſes uſed in ſuch executions, in order to render them more furious *.

THE puniſhment of breaking on the wheel was uſed in Paris, as early as the year 584, when Fredegonda, the wife of King Chilperic I. obliged many perſons, and thoſe of her own ſex, too, to ſubmit to this dreadful manner of execution, on pretence of their having bewitched to death the Prince Thierri, ſon to Childebert II.

GONTRAN, one of the Princes of the Franks, having, in 585, overthrown the army of a Duke Mummol, found among the plunder, a large quantity of plate, appropriated to houſehold uſes. This he ordered to be broken to pieces and to be diſtributed to the poor, reſerving for the ſervice of his palace, only two ſilver diſhes, "which," he obſerved, "were as many as "could well be wanted."

* Mod. Univ. Hiſt. Vol. 23.

THERE

THERE were, as early as the year, 634, Improviſatores *, who attended on princes and great men, for the reward of their talent. One of theſe, chancing to meet King Dagobert, of France, juſt as he was on the point of mounting his car, which was drawn by two oxen, the King promiſed him both his beaſts, provided that he would expreſs what was going forward, in verſe, before he ſhould be placed in his ſeat. In a moment, the Bard ſecured his prize, by repeating,

" Aſcendat Dagobert! Veniat bos unus & alter.

Let Dagobert his lofty car aſcend!
And let each docile ox his King attend!

THE firſt mention of an organ which we find (in our Northern hiſtories at leaſt) is in the annals of 757, when Conſtantine Cupronymus, Emperor of the eaſt, ſent to Pepin King of France, among other rich

* Extempore poets, ſuch as abound in Italy, and, according to Baretti, in Spain.

pre-

preſents, a muſical machine, which the French writers deſcribe to have been compoſed of pipes and large tubes of tin, and to have imitated ſometimes the roaring of thunder, and ſometimes the warblings of a flute. A lady was ſo affected by hearing it played on for the firſt time, that ſhe fell into a delirium, and could never afterwards be reſtored to the uſe of her ſenſes.

IT was uſual in time of war, formerly, for each party to have what was called "a cry," on the hearing of which, the ſoldier either advanced, or rallied, according to circumſtances. Five of theſe national "cries," are reported by Menage from an old romance.

Francois crie, "Montjoie," & Normans "Dex-aie"
Flaman crie "Arrai," & Angevin, "Rallie."
Et le cuens Thiebaut, "Chartre & Paſſavant" crie.

BRANTOME ſays, that it was cuſtomary, about his time, for every great commander to have his favorite execration.—La Trimouille was called, from his beloved oath, "Le

" Le vraye *Corps Dieu.*" Bayard ſwore " Feſte-Dieu Bayard." Bourbon called on Ste. Barbe. Orange on St. Nicolas. M. de la Roche ſwore " Teſte Dieu, pleine de Reliques!" " Où diable," ſays Brantome, " avoit il trouvé celui là?"

BEFORE gunpowder was brought into common uſe, all ways of annoying an enemy, whatever, ſeem to have been permitted. When Charles of Durazzo beſieged the celebrated Joan of Naples, in the Caſtella Nuova, he was in great haſte to poſſeſs the fortreſs, and to reduce it the ſooner, made uſe of a ſpecies of ammunition which would now appear extraordinary. He cut to pieces his priſoners of war, and having kept their fragments ſomewhat longer than in a hot climate was pleaſant, he flung, by means of catapults, whole barrels full of limbs into the beſieged place. Theſe, burſting by their fall, diſcloſed to the defendants, objects equally hideous and offenſive to two of their ſenſes.

THE

THE laws and cuſtoms of war muſt have been very different, even ſo lately as the middle of the ſixteenth century, from what they are at preſent, ſince Brantome, in his "Vies des grands Capitaines," tells the following ſtory, without paſſing any cenſure on what we now ſhould call a moſt infamous murder. "The gallant Mara-
"moldo, as ſoon as his general* was ſlain,
"had Ferrucci, a Florentine, (the leader of
"the enemies party which had done the
"deed) brought into his preſence, and
"after having cauſed his perſon to be diſ-
"armed, he ran him through the body
"with his ſword, and left the affair to be
"finiſhed by his people, looking upon it
"as improper that he ſhould outlive the
"prince, and that it was but reaſonable
"that he ſhould be ſacrificed as a me-
"morable victim to the manes of that
"gallant commander."

* Philibert, de Chalons, prince of Orange, killed fairly in a ſkirmiſh with the Florentines.

CARDS

CARDS are ſaid to have been invented in the year 1390, to divert the melancholy of Charles VI. of France. The four ſuits are ſuppoſed to repreſent the four orders of the ſtate. *Hearts*, cœurs, which ſhould be *chœurs*, choirmen, the church, the Spaniards repreſent copes, or chalices inſtead of hearts. *Spades*, in French, piques, pikes; in Spaniſh ſwords, *ſpada*, the military order or nobility. *Diamonds*, carreaux, on Spaniſh cards *dineros*, coins, the moneyed or mercantile part. *Clubs*, trefoil in French, in Spaniſh *baſta*, a club or country weapon, the huſbandman or peaſantry.

It is a little odd, that in the days of modern refinement, no embelliſhment has been added to the figures on cards.

BY a letter from Sir John Paſton to his brother, written April 30, 1466, it appears that oil was at that period uſed in eating ſallads, as it is now*.

* Paſton's Letters. Vol. I. p. 288.

DWARFS

DWARFS too, (and probably giants) were to be viewed as ſights, at the ſame æra. A little Turk * is ſpoken of in particular. He is ſaid to be forty years of age, but his ſtature is only deſcribed by compariſon with the letter-writer's children. He was viewed by the King, and told him, "that he had children, as hyghe, and as "lykly, as the kynge himſelfe."

THEY boaſted in that age too of "Bucks "of the firſt head," for the pranks recorded of "Yonge William Brandon †," would make our modern bloods "hide "their diminiſhed heads."

FRUIT ſeems to have been very ſcarce in the time of Henry the ſeventh. In an original MSS. ſigned by himſelf, and kept in the remembrance office, it appears that apples were paid for at a high rate, not leſs than one or two ſhillings a piece; that "a red roſe," coſt two ſhillings, and

* Paſton's Letters. Vol. II. p. 32.
† Vol. II. p. 271.

that

that a man and woman had eight ſhillings and four-pence for ſtrawberries. At the ſame time the gay arts were not neglected: as for example:

To "a ſtrange taberer," were given 66s. 8d.

To "a ſtrange tumbler," 20s.

And to "Maſter Barnard, the blind poete," 100 ſhillings.

THE cuſtom of our admirals always engaging in the largeſt ſhips, and mixing in the battle themſelves, inſtead of attending ſolely to thoſe under their command, as is the practice by land, puts them exactly in the ſame ſituation with Homer's heroes, who are all repreſented not only as the braveſt, but the ſtrongeſt men in the army, and who act indeed as generals, by arranging the troops previouſly to the commencement of the battle, but afterwards mingle in the combat, and by their own perſonal exertions contribute chiefly to decide the fortune of the day.

NAUDE'

NAUDE' affirms that linen was ſo rare in the reign of Charles VII. (who lived about the time of our Henry VI.) that the Queen, alone, could boaſt of *two* ſhifts.

POWDER was firſt uſed for the hair, towards the cloſe of the laſt century, and then, for ſome time, it was only worn upon the ſtage.

THE firſt padlock was invented by Hans Ehrman at Nuremberg, in 1540.

CHIMES were firſt uſed at Aloſt, in Flanders, A. D. 1587.

DERIVATION.

THE etymology of words is very uncertain, and except a perſon is acquainted with the change of letters which uſually takes place in deriving one language from another, he may be often led into error by ſimilarity of ſound. This cannot have

a better illuſtration than by the Spaniſh word Hijo, a ſon, which appears to be derived immediately from the Greek Υιος Hyios, and not to bear the leaſt reſemblance to the Latin Filius, from which, however, every perſon will ſee it is directly formed, who knows that the Spaniards often change the Latin initial *F*, into *H*, as Ferrum, Hierro, Formoſus, Hermoſo, and that in the middle of words, they ſometimes ſubſtitute the J, for L, as Folium, Hojo.

We are often miſled in ſeeking the etymology of a word, by miſtaking the language whence it takes it riſe. For inſtance:

Few have ever looked to the French word, "Allons," for the derivation of the Engliſh, "Along," "Come along," yet it is the ſame in ſound and meaning.

Were the right language thought on, it would appear clearly that the interjection

tion "Gadſo!" has not a ſhadow of *prophaneneſs* in its etymology.

The Editor, at the riſque of raiſing a ſmile at his own expence, ventures to bring forward an etymological conjecture. Thoſe who may think lightly of the derivation, may yet be amuſed with the anecdote, which ſtands on as good a foundation as to authenticity, as any of its cotemporaries.

In the Pontificate of Hugh, the 37th, Biſhop of Mans (for ſuch is the ſpecies of date which is given to the tale) Dangeroſe, a lady ſo fair that ſhe was commonly ſtyled, "La Belle Fille," or "La Belle Nymphe," reſided at the caſtle of Chemiré le Gaudin, in Maine, (which to this day retains the name of "Le Chateau de Belle-fille;) ſhe was courted by Damaſe, lord of Aſnieres, but he being too near a kin to obtain her in marriage, the lady's delicacy yielded to her attachment, and they lived together in an illicit alliance. The pious biſhop of Mans, after in vain attempting to diſſolve

the union, launched the bolts of excommunication, in the moſt awful manner againſt the ſeducer. But Damaſe, who ſeems to have been much too powerful a baron to think about religion, ridiculed the good prelate's menaces, and ſaid vauntingly, that " Fire and water would ſtand him in " ſtead, as much as ever, in ſpite of the " Biſhop," who, in his turn, replied, " That fire and water would avenge the " cauſe of Heaven, on the haughty lord, " within ſix months, unleſs he repented." The Baron, continuing obſtinate, one day, as he was hawking, was obliged by a violent ſtorm, to betake himſelf, with his falconer, to a little boat, that by croſſing a river he might gain a place of ſhelter. A flaſh of lightning, however, falling on him and his veſſel, before he had paſſed the ſtream, he died half burnt and half drowned; and though the falconer's body was ſoon found, that of Damaſe could never be heard of. The fair Dangeroſe, terrified at the fate of her paramour, threw herſelf at the feet of Biſhop Hugh, lamented her ſin, and with-

withdrawing to a remore part of her eſtates, ſpent the reſt of a long life in unceaſing penitence. After this alarming interpoſition of providence, the example of Dangeroſe's misfortune being in every one's mouth, thoſe who are acquainted with the French language, will know that, "Ceci "ſent la Dangeroſe," was a natural expreſſion for all the neighborhood, when any thing which drew peril after it, was ſpoken of: this expreſſion, probably extended itſelf to the Engliſh provinces, in the vicinity of Maine, and from hence the French, "Dangereux," and the Engliſh, "Dangerous." Let our great Johnſon's hiſtory of the word Danger be examined before this etymon be condemned.

"*Danger, n. ſ. (danger, Fr.) of uncertain* "*derivation. Skinner derives it from* "*damnum, Menage from angaria, Minſhew* "*δανος, death, to which Junius ſeems in-* "*clined.*"

Let the impartial critic now judge between the four words propoſed by different

 perſons,

perſons, as roots for Danger or Dangerous, Dangeroſe, Damnum, Angaria, or δανος.

THOSE perilous rocks, on the weſtern coaſt of our iſland, called "The Biſhop and his Clerks," are ſaid to derive their name from an incident which happened near 200 years ago. A fleet of merchantmen, coming from Spain were ſhipwrecked upon them, and only Miles Biſhop, with John and Henry Clarke, were preſerved on the fragment of a maſt. Hence the appellation takes its riſe.

IN the borough of Southwark, is a ſign on which is inſcribed,

"THE OLD PICK MY TOE."

probably ſet up in the room of the repreſentation of the Roman ſlave, who being ſent on ſome meſſage of importance, would not ſtop to pick a thorn out of his foot, until he had completed his commiſſion.

A GOOD etymologiſt ought (as was ſaid of Menage, with reſpect to his "Origines") "to

" to find out, by every means, not only " whence a word comes, but whither it " goes."

ERRORS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the perpetual complaints of writers ſuffering under the laſhes of periodical cenſure, it yet appears probable that eſtabliſhments at Rome, ſimilar to our preſent boards of criticiſm, might have prevented many inaccuracies, even among the moſt elegant claſſic writers, and at the ſame time, ſpared more than half the labor to modern commentators, by pointing out errors, and obſcurities, while the authors were at hand to illuſtrate them.

Under ſuch a judicature even the accurate Horace would have been told of his having miſtaken the ſenſe of Euripides, who makes the divinity Bacchus ſay to Pentheus—

" Λύσειμ' ὁ δαίμων αὐτὸς, ὅταν ἐγὼ θέλω."

which Horace tranſlates—

" Ipſe Deus, ſimul atque volam, me ſolvet—

and *explains* thus—

———————— " Opinor
" Hoc ſentit; Moriar. Mors ultima linea rerum eſt."

Now this ſenſe, although applicable to the purpoſe of the Latin Poet, could not, without a groſs abſurdity, be given to the words of Bacchus, who, knowing himſelf to be an *immortal* Deity, could never mean that *death* would releaſe him from the tyrant's power. The " *Ipſe Deus*," was certainly *himſelf*, who, although unknown to Pentheus, could in an inſtant aſſume divine authority, and confound his enemies.

Nor would this prince of lyric poetry have eſcaped uncenſured for admitting one indelicate line—

" Sed nimis arta premunt olidæ convivia capræ."

which

which deforms the moſt elegant dinner-invitation which was ever written*.

Nor would he have dared to inſert without alteration in a ſecond copy of his MSS. the 13th Ode of his 4th Book; which, though abounding with beautiful thoughts, is a production unworthy of a gentleman. It is, indeed, the indelicate triumph of an old rake over a ſuperannuated courtiſan, who, in the decay of her beauty, had taken to drinking. The ſubject was ſurely beneath a man of honor, eſpecially one who owned that he had formerly doated to madneſs—

— "Quæ me ſurpuerat mihi —"

on the poor wretch whom he ſo wantonly inſults.

Virgil, perhaps, had he ſtood in awe of theſe critics, would have been rather more

* It muſt not be concealed, that Dean Swift, far from joining in ſentiment with the Editor of this work, has tranſlated this line with all its ſtrength, in his exquiſite imitation of this Epiſtle; but then that great bard never piqued himſelf on delicacy of diction.

attentive

attentive to dates, in forming the plot of his exquiſite Æneis. To his irregularities, however, we Britons, who glory in our Shakeſpeare, muſt not object. Nor muſt our neighbors of Germany, who have very lately written and acted with applauſe, at the courts of Vienna and Berlin, two tragedies *, each of whoſe ſcenes of action comprehend a ſpace of thirty or forty years.

Who ſhall preſume to be ſevere on thoſe who err in points of hiſtory, when we find the great, the pointed Seneca, in his third book "De Ira," ſpeaking of Antigonus, the father of Demetrius Poliorcetes, as uncle to Alexander the Great? Or who ſhall expect exactneſs, as to chronology, in a poet, when the preciſe, and terſe Juvenal can write—

——————— "Si præguſtaret Atrides
"Pontica ter victi, cautus, medicamina Regis?"

That is to ſay—"If Agamemnon had ſe-
"cured himſelf from poiſon, by taking

* Viz. Gætz de Berlichingen, and a tragedy, tranſlated into the French language, under the title of "Les "Voleurs."

"Mithri-

" Mithridates's antidotes." When Mithridates lived many ages after the ſon of Atreus.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's " Humorous " Lieutenant," a play in which Antigonus and Demetrius Poliorcetes are the heroes, and where, of conſequence, the ſcene muſt be laid many years before the Chriſtian æra, Demetrius is introduced diſcharging a *piſtol:* an anachroniſm ſo very ridiculous, and inconſiſtent with the genius and learning of the two dramatic bards, that one commentator, fired with the true ſpirit of attachment to his authors, has ventured to aſſert, that the blunder was introduced on purpoſe to render the comedy ſtill more burleſque! " Abſurdum per ab- " ſurdius." There ſeems to be a palpable obſcurity about Demetrius Poliorcetes; his chronology has miſled a philoſopher, two poets, and one critic!

Himerius, the ſophiſt, ſpeaking of Abaris the Scythian, ſays, that—" he was " a Bar-

" a Barbarian only in his dreſs. For he " ſpoke Greek, and when he opened his " lips, the auditors imagined they were " hearing an oration in the Academy, or " the Lycæum." This, as Bayle obſerves, as Plato and Ariſtotle founded their ſchools long after Abaris's time, is a very groſs blunder.

ALTHOUGH it has been generally agreed among the learned, that the laurus of the ancients was not that ſhrub which we uſually call the laurel, but the bay, which our botaniſts call laurus, and the Italians alloro, yet from a paſſage in Virgil's Georgics this appears very doubtful. Speaking of the 'mala medica,' which is ſuppoſed to be the citron, the poet deſcribes it thus—

——— " Faciem ſimillima lauro,
" Et ſi non alium late jactaret odorem,
" Laurus erit."

Now there is not much reſemblance between the bay and any of the orange tribe; but

but the plant we call laurel is ſo much like them, that a noſegay compoſed of the ſyringa boſſom, and laurel leaves, is often worn as a ſubſtitute for a ſprig of orange flowers; and the citron is ſtill more like the laurel than the orange, having a larger leaf.

THE following lines of a Latin Poet, Palladius, ſeem to corroborate this opinion—

" Inſeritur lauro ceraſus, partuque coacto
" Tingit adoptivus virgines ora pudor."

Now this is exactly the caſe of the common laurel, which is for that reaſon claſſed by modern botaniſts with the cherry, and is called by them lauro-ceraſus, as it uſed to be ſtyled in Engliſh, the cherry-bay; but the common bay is quite of a different family. Pliny alſo deſcribes the laurel, as having very large berries, ' maximas fa-
' ceas.'

Some modern writers have made a diſtinction between the laurel and the bay,

as

as if the firſt was the reward of heroes, and the laſt of poets; but this error ſeems to have originated from Thomſon, who ſpeaks of Sir Philip Sidney as meriting the warrior's laurel, the lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay. But Ovid puts this matter beyond diſpute—

— "Te citharæ, te noſtræ, Laure, pharetræ,
"Te ducibus Latiis aderis, cum læta triumphum
"Vox canet—"

Our Spencer alſo ſays—

The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors,
And poets ſage —

POMPEY has always been eſteemed the champion, and Cæſar the enemy of Roman liberty. But it ſeems an error to ſuppoſe that Rome would have been more free had Pompey been conqueror at Pharſalia.

We take our notions on this ſubject from the writings of Tully, and the opinion of Cato. But Pompey was praiſed by the friends of liberty, at Rome only, becauſe he was the chief of their party againſt Cæſar;

Cæſar; yet Octavius was in exactly the ſame predicament againſt Antonius, and is as highly commended by Cicero, whoſe private opinion of Pompey was not very favorable, as appears from ſeveral of his epiſtles.

Lucan, who was a determined enemy of Cæſar, gives the following character of both chiefs—

'Nec quenquam jam ferre poteſt, Cæſarve priorem,
'Pompeius ve parem.'

'But Cæſar, now, would no ſuperior bear,
'Nor Pompey, empire with an equal ſhare.'

Here Cæſar has the character of a jealous republican, Pompey of a tyrant.

It is a miſtake to ſuppoſe that all wolves were eradicated from England by King Edgar. The following extract from Rymer's Fœdera will ſhow that thoſe unpleaſant natives kept their footing in the iſland to a much later date.

ANNO

ANNO 9. Edw. primo. The King ſent an injunction to the ſheriffs of Worceſterſhire, Gloceſterſhire, Herefordſhire, Shropſhire, and Staffordſhire, reciting that he had directed Peter de Corbet to hunt and deſtroy wolves, in the foreſts of thoſe counties, with men, dogs, and ſnares, and enjoining ſaid ſheriffs to give him all poſſible aſſiſtance.

NAUDE' informs us, that during the civil conteſts of Italy, two little towns, Briſiguella and Imola, both in the diſtrict of Bologna, were remarkably incenſed againſt each other, although near neighbors. Thoſe of the former place, not being very great proficients in the Latin tongue, were peculiarly diſguſted with the compliment which they apprehended was partially paid to their adverſaries, in the daily ſervice, "Qui *Immolatus* eſt nobis *," and with great patriotiſm decreed that in lieu of this offenſive paſſage, the prieſt ſhould chant—"Qui *Briſiguel'atus* eſt nobis."

* "Who was ſacrificed (or immolated) for us."

DURING

During the horrors occaſioned by the civil war of the League, in France, the fanatical eccleſiaſtics of Paris armed themſelves, ridiculouſly, as half ſoldiers and half monks *, and paraded with a biſhop as colonel, and two pariſh prieſts as adjutants, on the Pont Neuf. There they gave a volley, by way of ſalute, to their general, the Papal Legate. But unluckily being but young in the profeſſion of arms, many of them fired with ball. And the Legate ſeeing his chaplain fall dead by his ſide, found the action grew too warm, and made haſte to give his benediction and to diſmiſs his awkward recruits.

Louis XI. of France, one day, obſerving among the crowd who aſſembled to ſee him dine, an officer whom he diſliked,

* "Le 3 de Juin 1590, Capucins, Minimes, Cordeliers "Jacobins, Carmes, Feuillans, tous la robe retrouſſée, "la cuiraſſe ſur le dos, l'epee a coté, & le mouſquet ſur "l'epaule, le Rev. l'Eveque de Senlis à leur tete, avec "un eſponton, marchoient quatre à quatre."

Supp. de L'Etoille.

made a private ſign to Triſtan L'Hermite, his "Grand Prevoſt," to put him out of the way. Triſtan, well accuſtomed to the ſignal, but unluckily miſtaking the man alluded to, accoſted a well-fed monk who ſtood in the ſame line with the captain, allured him into the palace-yard, thruſt him into a ſack, and threw him into the Seine. Next day Louis hearing that the proſcribed officer had been ſeen poſting towards Flanders, reproached Triſtan with his neglect. "To Flanders!" ſaid the Grand Prevoſt, "Your Majeſty muſt be in an error. The "monk has got half way to Rouen by this "time; I ſent him adrift, tied up in a "ſack." "What monk?" "Him, your "Majeſty pointed at." "Hah, Paſque "Dieu!" ſaid the King, with his uſual oath, "You have drowned me the beſt "prieſt in my kingdom. It cannot be "helped now, ſo we will have half a dozen "maſſes ſaid for his ſoul; but it was that "dog of a *captain*, not the poor *monk*, that "I meant *."

* Brantome. Vie de Don Juan D'Autriche.

If Brantome's account of D. Carlos, Prince of Spain is to be credited, the world has been led into a groſs error as to his character. Far from being that promiſing youth which dramatiſts and anecdote-writers have painted him, he was a moſt abandoned profligate, an inſulter of every thing which was modeſt and decent; and the young nobility who kept company with him were notorious for the wretched lives they led, and the miſerable ends to which they were brought in time. The account given by the facetious Frenchman, of that prince's rambles through the ſtreets of Madrid, is more diverting then edifying.

When Selden ſpeaks of the great error which Charles I. committed in drawing his powerful friends about him, at Oxford, where they were not in their proper ſphere of ſervice, he makes uſe of the following homely, but nervous compariſon. "It is "as if a man ſhould have uſe for a little "piece of wood, and he runs down into

" the cellar, and takes the ſpiggot; in the " mean time all the beer runs about the " houſe."

ABOUT the year 1759, a remarkable adventurer, named Amine or Immen, found his way from India to London. His ſtory, though very curious and intereſting, is too well known, to be a proper object for minute narration in this work, and it is only touched upon here, in order to introduce the account of a laughable error into which his ignorance of the Engliſh language betrayed him. Although deſcended from an opulent family, a wild effort of juvenile patriotiſm had incited him to work his paſſage to Britain, in ſearch of military knowledge, and experience. He found his way, after many diſtreſſes, to Wapping; he met with ſtill more diſtreſſes there; but at length his perſevering ſpirit ſurmounted all obſtacles; he became known and regarded; he received ſupplies from his father; and he rendered himſelf maſter of the ſcience in the purſuit of which he ſet out.

In

In the hours of his gaiety, the Editor, who was introduced to him, has heard him with great humor relate the following tale: On his firſt landing in Wapping, the landlady deſired to know his name; this puzzled him. His own country name, he thought might ſound ill in Engliſh ears; he therefore determined to give in that appellation by which the ſailors had called him during the whole voyage, and which he ſuppoſed, though he did not comprehend it, muſt be entirely applicable to him. So he innocently told the landlady that his name was "Cock-eyed-ſon-of-a-b-tch," that having been the term beſtowed on him, in the ſhip, by his marine aſſociates.

Among the many whimſical events to which the tranſactions of the South Sea year gave riſe, as well in France as in England, the following odd miſtake is recorded in the "Lettres de Mad. Charlotte Elizabeth, Ducheſſe D'Orleans." A celebrated phyſician, named Chirac, was called to the aſſiſtance of a ſick lady, juſt as he had heard

a melancholy tale of the lowering of the Miſſiſippi ſtock, in which he had large concerns. Full of this intereſting intelligence, he entered the ſick lady's chamber, and feeling her pulſe, muttered to himſelf—"Ah! heavens! How they ſink! Down, "down, down! Terrified at theſe ominous words, the poor lady ſcreamed out, rang her bell, and ſummoned all her people about her. "I am a loſt woman," ſaid ſhe, in tears, "the doctor has told me that "my pulſe is ſinking down to an extreme." "Pardon me, Madam," ſaid the phyſician, "I ſpoke of the actions *; your pulſe is in "an excellent ſtate and you will be well "by to-morrow morning."

THERE are few ſtudies more uncertain than verbal criticiſm, and yet we know of none whoſe profeſſors are ſo poſitive in their aſſertions, or ſo angry with thoſe who have the misfortune to differ from them in opinion. What havock has Bentley made with the claſſics, and Warburton with

* The term uſed for the public funds, in France.

Shake-

Shakeſpeare, by indulging this propenſity? The Editor has been taught moderation in this reſpect, by what happened to a friend, while he was learning Italian. On looking over the names of the months in Veneroni's grammar, the ſtudent found them all correſpond with the Latin, Engliſh, and French, except July, which was written Luglio. Here was the cleareſt proof of a falſe printing; one letter only made the miſtake, which he immediately rectified by turning the *L* into an *J*, ſaying at the ſame time in his mind—"*Sic corrige, meo periculo.*"

In the Tragedy of Hamlet, when that Prince is queſtioning Horatio and Marcellus about the Ghoſt, and they tell him it was armed from head to foot, he ſays—

'Then, ſaw you not his face?'

To which Horatio replies—

'O yes, my Lord, he wore his *beaver up.*"

Here, wearing the *beaver up*, plainly ſignifies its being ſo placed as not to hide the

face. There is, however, reaſon to believe, that wearing the *beaver up*, is the proper expreſſion for its covering the face: for in a note on Mrs. Macauley's Hiſtory of England, Vol. III. page 437, Chap. V. quarto edition, where ſome authority is quoted, giving an account of Lord Brooke's being killed, it is mentioned as extraordinary, becauſe 'his *beaver was up*, and he was armed to the knee.' Dr. Franklin, in his tragedy of Matilda, has followed the hiſtorian:

'He wore his beaver up, nor could I ſee
'His face.'

No man is ſuppoſed to have underſtood the paſſions incident to humanity better than Otway, yet few have committed greater errors in the expreſſion of thoſe paſſions. One or two inſtances, taken from his moſt admired works, will ſufficiently illuſtrate this obſervation.

The ſcene between Jaffier and Belvidera, in the middle of the fourth act of Venice Preſerved,

Preſerved, is ſtrangely managed. The lady, who herſelf, had inſtigated her huſband to give evidence againſt the conſpirators, inſtead of ſoothing and ſoftening the anguiſh of his heart, when he flies to her for comfort, aggravates his diſtreſs to the moſt agonizing pitch, by acquainting him with the tortures which his betrayed friend Pierre is to ſuffer. And after having diſplayed bleeding bowels, broken limbs, racks and torments, with the utmoſt horrors of eloquence, and even goaded the wretched man, by aſking him how he ſhall be able to bear the ſight of all this? ſhe wonders that he ſhould, "look ſo terribly" upon her! Is this nature? Or could the vileſt and moſt unprincipled of women have taken a more judicious method of driving a man of any ſenſibility, to deſpair and ſuicide, than the way pointed out by the tender and faithful Belvidera?

Is the cool, the indulgent reply of Monimia, to the inſulting, looſe, and unmanly

ſpeech

ſpeech of Polydore, at the cloſe of the firſt act of the Orphan, natural?

What can have leſs reſemblance to nature, than the uncouth melange of politics, irony, wit, and profligacy, in the laſt advice which Acaſto, (who believes himſelf actually on the threſhold of death,) ſeriouſly, and ſoberly, gives to his children?

As to the brutal and inſolent treatment which the worthy and inoffenſive, but dependent, clergyman, meets with, in the ſame tragedy, from his patron and his patron's viſitor, whatever may be ſaid againſt it, it is moſt certainly not to be criticiſed on, by any means, as *out of nature.*

Otway, however, was not the only dramatic poet of eminence who could err againſt nature and propriety. Even Farquhar might fall under the ſame cenſure. The ſpeech which he puts in the mouth of Archer, in the laſt ſcene of the Beaux Stratagem, "And the lady if ſhe pleaſes, may "go home with me," is at once one of the groſſeſt violations of decency and common ſenſe. Mrs. Sullen, although ſeparated from her

her huſband, had ſtill a character to preſerve, and, to add to the abſurdity of the propoſal, the words are ſpoken in the preſence of her mother-in-law, her ſiſter-in-law, and of *her own brother*, Sir Charles Freeman.

THE continuation of Scarron's Comic Romance, and which is always printed with it, is one of the ſtrongeſt inſtances of the grafting of dulneſs on genius, that has ever occurred. Beſides leaving the ſtory as unfiniſhed as he found it, the continuer had not diſcernment to ſee, that Scarron intended to make *Deſtiny* turn out to be the young earl of Glaris. That ſuch was the author's deſign, is ſurely, ſufficiently obvious from the following paſſage. 'My 'father and mother,' ſays Deſtiny, 'loved 'him tenderly, and had an averſion to me, 'though I was the more hopeful boy of 'the two. There appeared nothing but 'what was mean in *him*. As for *me*, I 'ſeemed to be what I was not, and rather 'an earl's ſon than Gariquet's.'

WHEN

When the celebrated opera of Artaxerxes firſt came out, the laſt chorus was ſharply cenſured by the reviewers. As nearly as can be recollected, the ſtanza objected to was thus:

Live to us, to Empire live,
Great Auguſtus, long mayſt thou
From the ſubject world receive
Laurel wreaths to grace thy brow.

The reviewers, juſtly remarked, the great abſurdity of ſtyling a king of Perſia, Auguſtus, and crowning him with laurel. However, on referring to Metaſtaſio, it appears, that the opera of Adriano in Siria, immediately follows Artaſerſe, in the firſt volume of his works, which very properly opens with this chorus.

Vivi a noi, vivi all' impero
Grande Auguſto, e la tua fronte
Su l'Oriente prigioniero
S'accoſtumi al ſacro allor.

The ingenious tranſlator, probably not liking Metaſtaſio's finale, almoſt literally tranſlated

tranſlated the firſt chorus of the next opera, to ſupply its place.

FAMILY.

Such remarkable ill fate has attended ſome families, that none of the elder branches have eſcaped a violent end. The ſucceſſors of Charlemain, in his French dominions, were examples of a melancholy deſtiny. His ſon, Louis Le Debonnaire, died for want of food, in conſequence of a ſuperſtitious panic. His ſucceſſor, Charles the Bald, was poiſoned by his phyſician. The ſon of Charles, Louis the Stutterer, fell alſo by poiſon. Charles, King of Aquitaine, brother to Louis, met with his death by the ridiculous circumſtance of being deſperately wounded on the head by a lord, named Albuin, whom he was endeavoring, by way of frolic, to terrify, in diſguiſe. Nor leſs ſtrange, though rather more picturesque, was the cauſe of deſtruction to Louis III. ſucceſſor to Louis the Stutterer. This gallant prince, having caſt

caſt his eyes on a handſome girl, (the daughter of a citizen named Germond,) as he was riding through the ſtreets of Tours, purſued her, inſtantly, with infinite agility. The terrified girl took refuge in a houſe, and the King, thinking more of her charms, than of the ſize of the gateway, attempting to force his horſe after her, broke his back, and died. He was ſucceeded by Carloman, who fell by an ill-directed ſpear, thrown, by his own ſervant, at a wild boar, although the dying prince had the generoſity to charge the beaſt with his death. Charles the Fat, periſhed, of want, grief, and poiſon, all together. His ſucceſſor, Charles the Simple, died in priſon of penury and deſpair. Louis the Stranger, who ſucceeded him, was bruiſed to death as he was hunting. Lotharius and Louis V. the two laſt Kings of the race of Charlemain, were both poiſoned by their wives, to whoſe little indiſcretions they had taken too much attention.

Of the whole line, after a revolution of 230 years, there now remained only Charles,

Charles, duke of Lorrain, and he, after an ineffectual ſtruggle in defence of his rights, againſt the ambitious and active Hugh Capet, ſunk beneath the fortune of his antagoniſt, and ended his life, and the family of Charlemain, in a lonely priſon.

It is an obſervation of the French hiſtorians, that the epithets given to the princes of Charlemain's race, were, almoſt all, expreſſive of the contemptuous light in which that family was held by the people over whom it reigned.

In our own iſland, we can produce in the royal line of Stuart, a race as ſteadily unfortunate as ever were recorded in hiſtory. Their misfortunes have continued with unabated ſucceſſion, during 390 years.

Robert III. broke his heart, becauſe his eldeſt ſon Robert was ſtarved to death, and his youngeſt, James, was made a captive.

James I. after having beheaded three of his neareſt kindred, was aſſaſſinated by his own

own uncle, who was tortured to death for it.

James II. was ſlain by the burſting of a piece of ordnance.

James III. when flying from the field of battle, was thrown from his horſe, and murthered in a cottage, into which he had been carried for aſſiſtance.

James IV. fell in Flodden field.

James V. died of grief for the wilful ruin of his army, at Solway Moſs.

Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, was aſſaſſinated and then blown up in his palace.

Mary Stuart was beheaded in England.

James I. and VI. died, not without ſuſpicion of being poiſoned by Lord Buckingham.

Charles I. was beheaded at Whitehall.

Charles II. was exiled for many years.

James II. loſt his crown and died in baniſhment.

Ann, after a reign, which though glorious, was rendered unhappy by party diſputes, died of a broken heart, occaſioned by the quarrels of her favored ſervants.

The

The poſterity of James II. have remained wretched wanderers in foreign lands.

The family of Lorges, Sieurs de Montgomeri, were ſingularly unfortunate. They were loyally attached to the crown of France, yet, it chanced that within the ſpace of forty years, two Kings of that nation ſuffered, the *one* a ſevere wound, the other, death, at their hands. It was in 1521, that Francis I. amuſing himſelf by attacking a houſe with ſnowballs, was wounded in the head by a fireband, incautiouſly thrown from within by the "Ca-" pitaine de Lorges," ſo ſeverely, that he was obliged to wear his hair ſhort for ſo conſiderable a time, that it became a fathion at court. Afterwards in 1559, Le Compte de Montgomeri, ſlew Henri II. at a tournament. And although this unhappy event was every where acknowledged to be purely the effect of accident, nevertheleſs Catherine de Medicis, widow of the deceaſed King, purſued Montgomeri fifteen years, with active vengeance, nor ever ceaſed

from the chaſe, until ſhe had actually brought him to the ſcaffold, and had cauſed his family and children to be declared infamous. "Let them ſubmit to the ſen-" tence," ſaid the dying ſoldier, "and I " am ready to join in their degradation, if " they do not aſſert their claim to no-" bility by deeds worthy their anceſtry."

M. DE BENSERADE, was deſired by a lady to tranſlate for her the motto, "Fun-" dulo, ſed avito," which had been taken by one of high birth, but ſmall fortune. It means, ſaid he, "I am a beggar by he-" reditary right."

ALMOST as many cities have contended about the birth of Judas Iſcariot, as for that of Homer; the iſle of Corfu ſeems to have the ſtrongeſt claim, as within the laſt century, a family, there, affirmed themſelves to be deſcended from that renegade apoſtle. Pontius Pilate, too, has handed down his name and race to almoſt our own times; ſince in the time of

of Louis XIV. a gentleman whoſe connections were at Vienne in Dauphine, owned that unſteady magiſtrate for the ſtock whence his family were ſprung, and produced a tolerably probable pedigree. It was this Viennois, of whom it is recorded, that he thus addreſſed a ſtranger who happened to be riding with him near a crucifix. "That worthy gentleman," ſaid he, pointing to our Savior, "was very ill "treated by an anceſtor of mine, ſome "years ago."

The Editor will not preſume to alter a word in the following ſtory, it is ſo well related by Dr. Fuller, in his "Worthies of "England." "It happened in the reign "of King James, when Henry, Earl of "Huntingdon, was lieutenant of Leiceſter-"ſhire, that a laborer's ſon in that county "was preſſed into the wars, as I take it, to "go over with Count Mansfield. The old "man, at Leiceſter, requeſted his ſon might "be diſcharged, as being the only ſtaff of "his age, who, by his induſtry, maintained

" him and his mother. The Earl de-
" manded his name, which the man for a
" long time was loth to tell, (as ſuſpecting
" it a fault, for ſo poor a man to confeſs
" a truth) at laſt he told him that his name
" was Haſtings. "' Coſen Haſtings,"' ſaid
" the Earl, "' we cannot all be top branches
"' of the tree, though we all ſpring from
"' the ſame root. Your ſon, my kinſman,
"' ſhall not be preſſed."' So good was the
" meeting of modeſty in a poor, with
" courteſie in an honorable perſon, and
" gentry, I believe, in both." What the acute Dr. Fuller emphatically ſtyles *courteſie*, ſeems to have ever been an hereditary attendant on the noble family of Haſtings.

An ingenious French writer obſerves, that thoſe who depend on the merits of their anceſtors, may be ſaid to ſearch in the *root* of the tree, for thoſe fruits which the *branches* ought to produce.

The character of the ſecond Dutcheſs of Orleans, mother to the celebrated regent of

of France, was compoſed of plain ſenſe, ſincerity, great family pride, and a conſiderable ſhare of credulity. Moſt of the anecdotes which ſhe relates in her letters to the late Queen Caroline, are fanciful, characteriſtic, and new. The following ſtory muſt be allowed a ſtrong proof of her ſpirit and firmneſs of mind, and eſpecially when it is conſidered that Madame de Maintenon was, at the period ſhe ſpeaks of, in the very zenith of her power, and univerſally believed to be privately married to the King of France.

'Madame de Maintenon,' ſays the Dutcheſs, 'ſent for two girls from Straſ-'bourg, made them paſs for two princeſſes 'of the Palatinate family, and placed them 'with her own nieces, as waiting women. '·I knew nothing about this, until the 'Dauphineſs*, all in tears, told me of it. "Be eaſy," ſaid I, "I will ſet all this "matter even, for, when I am in the "right, I fear no one." Next morn I eſ-

* The Dauphineſs was allied to the Palatinate family.

'pied one of the nieces parading along the 'walks, with one of theſe German at-'tendants. I made haſte to meet them; 'I called to the girl, and aſked her "who "ſhe was?" She had the impudence to 'tell me "That ſhe was counteſs Palatine "of Butzelſtein." "What," ſaid I, "by the "*left hand**, I ſuppoſe?" "Far from it," 'ſaid ſhe, "the young Count eſpouſed "my mother legally, and ſhe was of the "Gehlen family." "But even, *then*," ſaid 'I, "you could not be Counteſs Palatine, "ſince ſo unequal a marriage would not "hold good; but," added, I, "thou † lieſt, "in ſaying that the Count ever *married* thy "mother, *any way*. *Elle eſt une putaine*, "*avec qui Le Comte, comme bien des autres*, "*aura pu coucher*: I know well enough "who is the real huſband of thy mother; "he is a player on the hautbois. If ever

* Marriages with inferiors are performed in Germany with the left hand, and the woman has not then, equal rank with her huſband.

† The change from *you* to *thou*, is peculiarly affronting, in French.

"here-

" hereafter thou haſt the effrontery to " ſtyle thyſelf Counteſs Palatine, *Je te* " *ferai couper les jupes au ras du cu* *." This terrible Dutcheſs proceeds to tell us that the ſuppoſitious Counteſs was taken ill with the fright, and *died* in a few days. That ſhe expected to have been ſeverely reprimanded by Louis, to whom the ſtory was told, but that he only ſaid to her, when he ſaw her, with a ſmile, " I find, " madam, it is not ſafe to joke with you " on the *head of family*."

M. DE MARVILLE, in his Melange D'Hiſtoire & de Literature, remarks, that illuſtrious families generally cloſe with ſome very great misfortune. He brings as examples, the Houſe of Valois, which ended with Marguerite, a woman of a moſt abandoned character †, and that of Longueville,

* The words are coarſe, but a *princeſs* writes them to a *Queen*, and they are *not* tranſlated.

† The Editor takes this opportunity of ſaying a few words in extenuation of the great errors of poor Marguerite de Valois, who although, in general, the moſt

gueville, the laſt of which name died totally pennileſs and raving mad. It is in every ones power, by a little recollection, to obſerve how far the remark holds good.

compaſſionate, and certainly one of the moſt accompliſhed of beings, has hardly yet met with one apologiſt. Her character as to chaſtity muſt be given up; ſhe herſelf gave it its death's-wound, by accompanying the Dutcheſs de Nevers, (at a very early age,) on a ſhameful expedition, to fetch from the gibbet the heads of two infamous courtiers, their galants, Coconnas, and La Motte; theſe they embalmed, and preſerved in their cabinets. But notwithſtanding this, and many more unbecoming actions, her humanity ought to preſerve her memory from deteſtation. At the horrid maſſacre of Paris, her intreaties ſaved the life of her huſband, the great Henry IV. of Bourbon, and it has been ſaid of her, by diſintereſted writers, that ſhe endeavored, during the bloody ſcenes, which were daily acted before her eyes, to mitigate the horrors of the times, by her interceſſions. When Henry became King of France, conſcious of her own miſconduct, and not ignorant that he would never have made her his wife, unleſs from a political neceſſity, ſhe readily agreed to a divorce, that he might eſpouſe a properer conſort, and retired contentedly with a ſmall penſion, and that but indifferently paid.

FANATICISM.

FANATICISM.

In the thirteenth century, we are told by Bale (de ſcript. Brit.) that a fanatical impoſtor pretended to be cured of blindneſs at the tomb of Henry the Third. But Hugh of Mancheſter, a learned Franciſcan, diſcovered the cheat, and having compoſed a treatiſe on the ſubject, he intitled it "De "Fanaticorum Deliriis," and dedicated it to Edward the Firſt, who received it graciouſly, (although it deprived his father of the gift of working miracles,) and actually employed the author, afterwards, in an embaſſy to France.

On the 5th of October 1403, Agnes du Rochier, a beautiful girl, eighteen years of age, and the only daughter of a rich tradeſman, was received with great ceremony, at the church of St. Opportune, in Paris, as "a recluſe." Recluſes, were at that time ſo called from their being literally

ſealed

ſealed and ſhut up by the hands of the biſhop, in a ſmall chamber, built for the purpoſe, cloſe to the wall of ſome church, with an opening inwards, that the recluſe might hear the ſervice, and receive neceſſary ſubſiſtence. In this retreat, Agnes lived to the age of eighty years. St. Foix, who tells this tale, rationally obſerves, that as ſhe was rich, the diſpoſal of her income for the benefit of the poor, under her own inſpection, might have given her at leaſt an equal chance for heaven, with that which ſhe could gain by that indolent plan which ſhe choſe to embrace.

At a period when it was a prevalent fancy among the Italian literati, to adopt favorite names from the Greek or Latin tongues, in preference to their own original ones, Antonius Palearius* choſe to ſignalize his love of the muſes by altering his firſt name to Aonius. Some time after, the freedom of his converſation, and his known attachment to the doctrines of Luther, drew

* A man of elegant literature, in the 16th century.

upon

upon him the reſentment of the inquiſition, and in 1566, he was ſtrangled and burnt at Rome*. A wretched fanatic, who had taken the name of Latinus Latinius, inſults over him in a letter dated at Rome in 1571, and accuſes him of having abandoned the appellation Antonius, merely

* A friend of the unhappy ſufferer gave a reaſon for his diſlike of the name Antony, almoſt as fantaſtical as that alleged by Latinus Latinius, in the following epigram—

Οὔνομα σα πάρος ηὖ Αντωνιος εἶτα κεκλῆσθαι
Αὀνίδας φιλέων ηθελες Ἀόνιος.
Καὶ φιλέων Κικερωνα, πεφευγας αν' ὄνομα κείνω
Ανδρος, ον Κικερων, τοι φιλος, ἐχθρον ἔχεν.

In Engliſh:

Aonius from *Antonius* you became,
To compliment each bright Aonian dame.
The name, Antonius, you could ne'er approve,
Abhorr'd by Tully, whom ſo well you love.

To explain the ſting of this epigram, it ſhould farther be obſerved, that in the time of Antonius Palearius, it was the mode for the literati to profeſs the moſt unlimited adoration of Cicero's ſtyle, and even to compoſe whole pieces, in which every word, and every trope, might be found in the works of that great Roman.

that

that he might expel from his name the letter T, which repreſents the croſs. Not content with expreſſing this wretched conceit in proſe, he throws it into a Latin ode, and ſo cold a one, that Menage thinks it might have chilled the fire prepared to conſume the body of the unfortunate Paleario.

In a book printed at Bourdeaux, and compoſed to exalt the merit of one ſet of monks, St. Peter is ſuppoſed to aſk of St. Michael, "who it is that knocks at the "door," the anſwer is—"A Carmelite." "A Carmelite!" repeats St. Peter peeviſhly, "A Carmelite! I think we have none at "the gate of heaven, but Carmelites, from "morning to night. Well, he muſt ſtay; "I ſhall not open the gate till there is a "dozen together of them."

None of the rhapſodies of our modern enthuſiaſts, wild as they have been, have ever equalled the tale told in the following extract,

extract, from a breviary printed by command of Pius V. at Antwerp, in 1677.

" Sanctus Philippus Nerius, Confr. " Charitate Dei vulneratus languebat jugi- " ter, tantoque cor ejus æſtuabat ardore, " ut cum intra ſines ſuos, contineri non " poſſet, illius ſinum, confractis & elatis, " duabus coſtulis, mirabiliter Dominus " ampliaverit. Sacrum, verò, faciens, aut " ſerventius orans, in aëra quandoque ſub- " latus, mirâ undique fulgere luce, viſus " fuit. Egenos et pauperes, omni chari- " tatis officio proſequebatur. Dignus, qui " & angelo, in ſpecie pauperis, eleemo- " ſynam erogaret, & dum egentibus, noctu, " panem deferret, in foveam lapſus, inde " pariter, ab Angelo incolumis eripietur. " Humilitati addictus ab honoribus ſemper " abhorruit, atque eccleſiaſticas dignitates, " etiam primarias, non ſemel ultro delatas, " conſtantiſſimè recuſavit."

The vulgariſm of modern fanatical preachers has been foreſtalled by declaimers, both abroad and at home. Cardinal

dinal Perron complains of a ſpiritual orator of his time, for ſaying—" Seigneur! Net-" toyez moi le bec, de la ſerviette de ton " amour *."

In our own country, the ſermons, and religious treatiſes of the Puritans, towards the middle of the laſt century, preſent us with ſuch a variety of ſtrange, uncouth, expreſſions, that it is almoſt impoſſible for enthuſiaſts of the preſent age to light on any new thought. At leaſt they cannot out-do their predeceſſors in abſurdity. The witty author of " Grounds and Occaſions " of the contempt of the Clergy," has collected an amazing number of theſe. The Editor would wiſh to produce a few of them, here, but is puzzled as to the choice, as they are all characteriſtic, well ſelected, and well authenticated.

The Puritans, however, muſt not have the whole weight of fanaticiſm heaped on

* Lord! Cleanſe thou my lips with the napkin of thy love!

their

their ſhoulders. Their adverſaries muſt come in for their ſhare; nor can a wilder, more enthuſiaſtic fanatic be found, (not even in the records of 1780,) than Captain Chreighton, a Scots officer of dragoons, employed by the hot-headed northern miniſtry of Charles II. to diſcover and ſeize preſbyterian preachers among the highlands. His life and adventures are to be found in one edition only, of the works of Dean Swift, who, great as his abilities were, actually ſuffered himſelf to be ſo far warped by bigotry, as to ſpeak of this wretched tool of perſecution, in the higheſt terms, and even to compare his Commentaries to thoſe of Philip de Comines.

The firſt exploit this hero boaſts, was the ſeizing with a party of ſoldiers, one Stobow, a poor non-con teacher, and the leading him to almoſt certain death, although his daughter offered him a hundred dollars to let her parent eſcape. He then tells his readers how he and his comrades lived plentifully a whole year, on a contribution raiſed to recover a horſe, which they had

had literally *ſtolen* from a lady who attended a conventicle. Soon after, our Philip de Comines, at the head of twelve dragoons, took a very celebrated preacher, and brought him to the gallows. He now believed himſelf ſuch a favorite of heaven, that he had revelation after revelation, by dreams and impreſſions on his mind, to tell him the hiding-places of the poor, perſecuted Scotſmen, who were certainly by no means greater fanatics than himſelf. Theſe he loads with all the ſcurrility of a drunken trooper; they are "rogues, raſcals, "rebels, &c." He "rakes hell" to find a ſoldier that can mimic their clergymen; in ſhort, the whole work, when conſidered as a performance, recommended enthuſiaſtically by the Dean of St. Patrick's, one of the firſt proſe writers, patriots, and politicians which Ireland ever ſaw, ſtands forward as the moſt extraordinary inſtance of blind fanaticiſm, both in the writer, and in the encomiaſt, that any age ever produced.

THE

THE following particulars relate to one of the moſt extraordinary of all modern fanatical writers, one who ſeems ſo thoroughly perſuaded of the truth of what he writes, that he almoſt perſuades his readers to believe him.

Emanuel Swedenbourg was a Swediſh nobleman of good fortune, well ſkilled in metallurgy. He frequently viſited England, for the ſpace of ten years, remaining here a year or two at a time. He was not particular as to his lodgings, ſince a gentleman *, who went to pay him ſome money, found him in a garret, in or near Saliſbury-court, Fleet-ſtreet.

His table was covered with written papers, but he had no printed books. He had not, he ſaid, read a printed book for 30 years paſt, having in his younger days, laid in a ſufficient ſtore of learning.

He died in London, in the beginning of 1772. He found himſelf indiſpoſed, but would not liſten to any idea of his

* The late Guſtavus Brander, Eſq.

diſorder becoming dangerous; he aſſured his friends that it was revealed to him that he ſhould not die out of his own country. However, in this he was miſtaken. He was 84 years of age, when he died, and was buried in the Swediſh church, Prince's-ſquare, Ratcliffe Highway. He was a middle-ſized man, remarkably ſober. He never married.

FEASTING.

The natural tendency of mankind towards joy, has been frequently the occaſion of great irregularities during thoſe feaſts which the rules of almoſt every religion have not only permitted, but actually ordained. Even in the pureſt ages of the Chriſtian Faith, one may find in holy writ, complaints of ſuch treſpaſſes on decency on theſe occaſions, as it would be indelicate to relate. And moſt certainly the diſcontinuance of thoſe love-feaſts, which were formerly celebrated by all good Chriſtians,

tians, was owing to the improper proceedings to which they gave occaſion. In vain did Tertullian affirm that * "Non tam *cœnam* cœnant quam *diſciplinam*," ſtill a feaſt is a feaſt; nor do the modern monks enjoy their excellent repaſts with leſs guſto, becauſe they are obliged to hear a lecture recited during the meal, by one of their brethren. Even the Jews, whoſe attachment to ceremonies, ſeparates them from every other inhabitant of the earth, cannot bear to have the luxury of a pleaſant collation at their paſſover, diminiſhed by the commanded mixture of bitter herbs; and have actually contrived, (as their own antiquarian, Maimonides, allows,) to convert thoſe bitter herbs into a very pleaſant ſpecies of pickle, which probably is as grateful to their palates, with their paſchal lamb, as the mint and ſugar uſed by Britiſh epicures, as a reliſh to the ſame diſh †.

THE

* They feed leſs on their meat, than on the inſtruction they receive.

† Selden writes that "our tanſies at Eaſter have reference to the bitter herbs; though at the ſame time, it

THE quaint Bulwer, in his "Anthropo-"metamorphoſis," particularly recommends to all lovers of feaſting, the following three rules *:—"Stridor dentium—"Altum ſilentium—Rumor gentium." This, as he obſerves, "adjourns diſcourſe "until the belly be full, at what time, men "are at better leiſure, and may more "ſecurely venture upon table-talk, the ob-"ſervation of which natural rule might "have ſaved Anacreon's life, who endan-"gering himſelf this way, died by the ſeed "of a grape."

FREE-THINKING.

WITHOUT entering into the dull and odious field of controverſy, one ſtricture, with reſpect to free-thinking, may be properly made, as it occurs every day to common obſervation.

"was always the faſhion, for a man to have a gammon of "bacon, to ſhew himſelf no Jew."

* Thus tranſlated by a humoriſt—"Work for the jaws. "—A ſilent pauſe—Frequent ha-has."

Although

Although free-thinkers are perpetually found, who wish to make converts of mankind in general to their principles, by means of writings, which they disperse as widely as possible, yet none take particular attention to the conversion of their wives or their daughters, of their servants or their poorer neighbors. A believer might be tempted by this to suppose, that even by sceptics, it is allowed that revealed religion is of some use to the peace and honor of families, and to the security of property *.

GALANTERIE.

Not many years ago, a fête, expressive of the truest gallantry, was given by a person of fashion, in, or near Paris. The mothers and chaperons gaily dressed, were the only dancers, the young ladies were all

* This idea, as far as it refers to female honor, is beautifully illustrated by the story of Fidelia, in the Adventurer, No. 77-8-9.

ſitters by, and had on grave and plain dreſſes, as mothers of the families. A particular air was compoſed for the purpoſe. The words were well adapted to the ſubject, and the chorus was—

" Enfans de Quinze Ans,
" Laiſſez dancer vos Mamans."

The ſpirited and almoſt romantic expedition of Prince Charles, into Spain, that he might ſee his deſtined ſpouſe, the Infanta Maria, before the match ſhould take place, rouſed the poetic fire of the celebrated Poet, Lope de Vegas, to the compoſition of a ſonnet, ſuppoſed to be repeated by the prince. The firſt ſtanza was thus—

Carlos Eſtuarto ſoy,
Que ſiendo Amor mi guia,
Al cielo d'Eſpana voy,
Por ver mi eſtrella Maria.

The prince appears to have paid very little attention to the Spaniſh etiquette in the article of courting, for Howel informs us that

that " underſtanding that the Infanta was " uſed to go ſome mornings to the Caſa del " Campo, a houſe which the King hath on " the other ſide the river, to gather May- " dew, he roſe betimes, and went there, " taking * your brother with him. They " were let into the houſe, and into the gar- " den, but the Infanta was in the orchard ; " and there being a high partition-wall, " between, and the door doubly bolted, " the prince got on the top of the wall, " and ſprung down a great height, and ſo " made towards her. But ſhe ſpying him " firſt of all the reſt, gave a ſhriek, and " ran back : the old Marquis, that was then " her guardian, came towards the prince, " and fell on his knees, conjuring his High- " neſs to retire, in regard he hazarded " his head, if he admitted any to her " company. So the door was opened, " and he came out under that wall, over " which he had got in." This anecdote is dated from Madrid, July 10, 1623.

* The brother of Captain Leat, to whom Howel addreſſed the letter.

Sir John Reresby commemorates a ſimilar frolic of the Prince of Orange, in 1670, when he was in London, paying addreſſes to the Princeſs Mary. "One "night at a ſupper, given by the Duke of "Buckingham, the King made the Prince "of Orange drink very hard. The Prince "was naturally averſe to it, but being once "entered, was more frolic and gay than "the reſt of the company; and now the "mind took him to break the windows "of the chambers belonging to the maids "of honor; and he had got into their "apartments had they not been timely "reſcued. His miſtreſs, I ſuppoſe," continues Sir John, "did not like him the "worſe for ſuch a notable indication of "his vigor."

GAMING.

"No!" ſaid an Italian gameſter, after an intolerable run of ill-luck, "no, thou "jade, Fortune! Thou mayſt, indeed, "cauſe me to *loſe* millions, but I defy thy "utmoſt power, to make me *pay* them."

Two gameſters had depoſited a very large ſtake, to be won by him who threw the loweſt throw, with the dice. The one thought himſelf ſecure of ſucceſs, on finding that he had thrown two aces. "Hold," cried the other, "wait for *my* "chance." He threw, and with ſuch dexterity, that by lodging one of the dice on the other, he ſhewed only one ace on the uppermoſt of them. He was allowed by the company to have won the ſtakes.

NONE fight with true ſpirit, who are overloaded with caſh. A man who had been fortunate at cards, was applied to, to act

act as a ſecond in a duel, at a period when the ſeconds engaged as heartily as the principals. "I am not," ſaid he, "the man "for your purpoſe, juſt at preſent, but go "and apply to him, from whom I won "a thouſand guineas, laſt night, and, I "warrant you, he will fight like any "devil!"

A POLITICAL preſence of mind fixed the celebrated Ruy Gomez in the favor of Philip II. of Spain. They were playing at Primero, and, at a time when a vaſt ſtake was on the board, the King cried out in ecſtacy, that he had the game in his hand. Ruy Gomez had ſuperior cards, but flung up his cards, and acquieſced. The next day, the other players told Philip how the affair had paſſed, and the King not only made Gomez a liberal amends for what he had given up, but took him into his counſels, and intruſted him with his moſt ſecret plans *.

* Brantome, Vie de D. Juan d'Autriche.

GOOD

GOOD OLD TIMES.*

THE glorious days of our Edwards and Henrys have been, and are ſtill, a favorite ſubject of invidious compariſon, with the declaimers of modern times. With how much propriety, let the preſent age judge, after taking into conſideration firſt,—The behaviour of ſoldiers in country-quarters.

HOLLINGSHED, after deſcribing a horrible tempeſt in the year 1370, in which a fleet, with a large body of Engliſh troops on board, deſtined for the coaſt of France, was very ſeverely treated, and wherein more than a thouſand men loſt their lives, and the reſidue nearly periſhed, by hunger, cold, and fatigue, proceeds to ſay—"Some wri-" ters impute this calamitie to light on the " ſaid Sir John Arundell, and his companie, " for the laſcivious and filthie rule which " they kept before their ſetting forth, in " places where they laie, till their proviſion

* See the Appendix, for Good Old Times in *France*.

" was

" was readie, who not content with that " which they did before they took ſhip, in " raviſhing mens wives, maids, and daugh- " ters, they carried them aboard with " them."

" Sæva libido furens, quid non mortalia cogis
" Pectora? Quid ve tuo non eſt violabile telo?"

" And yet when the tempeſt roſe, like " cruel and unmerciful perſons, they threw " them into the ſea, either that they would " not be troubled with their lamentable " noiſe or crying, or for that they thought " ſo long as they had ſuch women on " board, whom they had abuſed ſo long, " God would not ceaſe the rage of the " tempeſt *."

Next, as to the ſecurity of property, let us hear the account which the antiquarian John Stow, gives of the ſtate of affairs under Henry the Eighth. " A garden-

* By the good leave of our worthy chronicler, the laſt reaſon is the moſt extraordinary one which ever entered into the mind of man.

" houſe

" houſe, cloſe to his father's ſouth pale, or " wall, ſtood ſomewhat in Sir Thomas " Cromwell's way, and obſtructed his " convenience. Therefore, without any " more ado, or having the leave of the " proprietor, his workmen looſed it from " the foundation, and bare it upon rollers, " and ran it two-and-twenty feet into Mr. " Stow's garden, before he heard any " thing of it. Who afterwards ſpeaking " to the ſurveyors of Cromwell's works, " had nothing but this anſwer given him, " That Sir Thomas commanded them to " do it. And none durſt argue the matter. " Notwithſtanding, his father was forced to " pay his old rent, without abatement for " his garden, though half of it was in this " manner taken away." Contention in thoſe times with the great, was like that deſcribed by Juvenal in his third ſatire.

——Libertas pauperum hæc eſt
Pulſatus rogat, et pugnis conciſus adorat
Ut liceat paucis cum dentibus inde reverti."

Theſe

Theſe amends for the needy, when cudgell'd, remain,
To beg of his Honor, in pitiful ſtrain,
His leave to retire, (ere of ſenſe he's bereft him)
With the very few teeth which his Honor has left him.

GRATITUDE.

A SINGULAR and ſolemn inſtance of grateful reſpect, occurs in the conduct of that band of warriors, rapacious, profligate, and cruel as they were, who, under the conduct of the Conſtable de Bourbon, had with ſucceſs aſſaulted the walls of Rome. They had, during his life-time, adored him as the divinity of war, and had endured every hardſhip which fatigue, hunger, cold, and want of pay, united, could bring upon them, during their march through Italy, to the gates of its metropolis, not indeed without murmurs, but with murmurs eaſily quelled, upon their general's repreſentation, that his own poverty and diſtreſs of every kind, fully equalled theirs *. After

* The attachment of theſe bold adventurers to their commanders, may be judged from their ſongs, extracts of which

After his deceaſe, which happened in the moment of triumph, they retained their regard

which are preſerved by Brantome. A celebrated one began thus—

" Calla, calla, Julio Ceſare, Hannibal y Scipion.
" Viva, viva, la fama de Bourbon."

" Let Hannibal, Scipio and Cæſar retire,
" The fame of Bourbon flies a thouſand times higher."

It proceeded—

Dezia le, " mis Senores, yo ſoy pobre Cavallero
" Y tanbien, como vos otros, no tengo un denero."

He ſaid, " Brother ſoldiers, I mean not to wrong you,
" But, truſt me, I'm poor, as the pooreſt among you."

In this place, the Editor wiſhes to introduce another campſong, chaunted by the ſame army in praiſe of Philibert, Prince of Orange, ſucceſſor to Bourbon; in this, as Brantome remarks, the rhyme is leſs attended to than the meaning.

Quand le bon Prince d'Orange
Vit Bourbon qui etoit mort,
Criant, " Saint Nicolas!
" Il eſt mort, Sainte Barbe!"
" Jamais plus il dit mot
" A dieu, rendit ſon ame.
" Sonnez, Sonnez, Trompettes!
" Sonnez tous, a l'aſſaut!

" Approchez

regard for their departed General's poor remains. And when, fatiated with the exercise of every species of rapine, violence, and cruelty, on the wretched Romans, during many months, they marched away from that devoted city, they carried with them the body of Bourbon, and in the face of a superior force, commanded by Lautrec,

" Approchez vos Enseignes,
" Abattez ces murailles,
" Tous les biens des Romains
" Je vous donne en Pillage."

When the good Prince of Orange
Saw Bourbon lie dead.
In vain every Saint
He invok'd to his aid.
Convinc'd of his loss, then
Full loudly he calls,
That the trumpets should sound
An assault on the walls.
" Advance now your banners!
" These gates break asunder!
" The goods of the Romans
" I give you as plunder."

However untuneable these scraps of poetry may sound to a delicate ear, they are curious, and, from the circumstances which attended their composition, in some measure valuable.

styled

ſtyled by Brantome "Un des plus vieux "routiers, & capitaines renommez de "ce temps," they conveyed it ſafely to the ſtrong fortreſs of Gaieta. And this they did, leſt the Romans, after their departure, ſhould inſult the body of one who had brought ſuch exquiſite wretchedneſs upon them. After this, the ſoldiers built a beautiful monument over their leader, and leaving a garriſon ſtrong enough to maintain the caſtle, they marched on to Naples, where being beſieged, famine and other caſualties of war nearly deſtroyed all thoſe whom diſeaſes, incurred by the moſt abandoned profligacy, had ſpared.

THERE is a ſpecies of grateful remorſe, which ſometimes has been known to operate forcibly on the minds of the moſt hardened in impudence. Towards the beginning of this century, an actor celebrated for mimicry, was to have been employed by a comic author, to take off the perſon, the manner, and the ſingularly awkward delivery of the celebrated Dr.

Woodward, who was intended to be introduced on the ſtage in a laughable character *. The mimic dreſſed himſelf as a countryman, and waited on the doctor with a long catalogue of ailments, which he ſaid attended on his wife. The phyſician heard with amazement, diſeaſes and pains of the moſt oppoſite nature, repeated and redoubled on the wretched patient. For, ſince the actor's greateſt wiſh was to keep Dr. Woodward in his company, as long as poſſible, that he might make the more obſervations on his geſtures, he loaded his poor imaginary ſpouſe with every infirmity, which had any probable chance of prolonging the interview. At length, being become completely maſter of his errand, he drew from his purſe a guinea, and with a ſcrape, made an uncouth offer of it. "Put up thy money, poor fellow," cried the doctor, "put up thy money. Thou "haſt need of all thy caſh and all thy pa-

* Dr. Foſſile, in 'Three Hours after Marriage.' The player's name was, to the beſt of the Editor's recollection, Griffin. The anecdote was a favorite one with Dr. Campbell.

"tience

" tience too, with ſuch a bundle of diſeaſes " tied to thy back."

The actor returned to his employer, and recounted the whole converſation, with ſuch true feeling of the phyſician's character, that the author ſcreamed with approbation. His raptures were ſoon checked, for the mimic told him, with the emphaſis of ſenſibility, that he would ſooner die, than proſtitute his talents to the rendering ſuch genuine humanity, a public laughing-ſtock.

A MORE groteſque inſtance of the ſudden power of gratitude, may be adduced in a modern Kentiſh anecdote, perfectly well atteſted.

A parſon Patten, of Whitſtable, was well known in his own neighbourhood, as a man of great oddity, great humor, and equally great extravagance. Once, ſtanding in need of a new wig, his old one defying all farther aſſiſtance of art; he went over to Canterbury, and applied to a barber, young in the buſineſs, to make him one.

The tradeſman, who was juſt going to dinner, begged the honor of his new cuſtomer's company at his meal, to which Patten moſt readily conſented. After dinner, a large bowl of punch was produced, and the reverend gueſt, with equal readineſs, joined in its demolition. When it was out, the barber was proceeding to buſineſs, and began to handle his meaſure, when Mr. Patten deſired him to deſiſt, ſaying he ſhould not make his wig. "Why not," exclaimed the aſtoniſhed hoſt, "have I done any thing to offend "you, Sir?" "Not in the leaſt," replied the gueſt, "but I find you are a very "honeſt, good-natured, fellow; ſo I will "take *ſomebody elſe* in. Had *you* made "it, you would never have been paid for "it." G.

HARSH

HARSH SOUNDS.

The French have a good word to expreſs harſh ſounding ſentences, "Cacopho-"nie," and an example is afforded in the order given by an "Echevin," to ſtrain the chains acroſs the ſtreet, the roughneſs of which can ſcarce be equalled in any language. "Qu'attend on donc tont? Que "ne la tend-on donc tot *?"

In Engliſh, we can furniſh ſome tolerable examples, even in poetry. Even our Drayton, who was no bad poet, made very rough work of proper names in verſe. But a tranſlator of Horace, about the time of Charles II. (who takes for his motto "Car-"mina deſunt," which may be well conſtrued, "you will meet no poetry here,") has gone the greateſt lengths in the cacophonie. He renders "Vile potabis" thus—

* "What do they wait for? Why do they not ſtrain it?"

" Thouſt bouze cheap Sabine, in ſmall cup,
" Which in Greek butt, myſelf daub'd up.

Again he tranſlates, " O ſæpe mecum"—

" O thou reduc't oft to extremeſt thrall."

What would that French poet have ſaid to this, who, as we are aſſured by La Mothe, ſpent twenty four hours in agonies, becauſe he could not contrive to avoid the hiſſing ſounds of " Ce ſeroit ?" Or what would Metaſtaſio ſay, who in his Preface to " Catone," intreats leave, for the ſake of melody, to uſe the ſofter ſounds of " Emilia" and " Arbace," for thoſe unmuſical words " Cornelia" and " Juba ?"

It is indeed hard to ſay what ſounds are ſufficiently ſoft for the delicate ears of Italy; for, little as the anecdote is known, it yet appears true, that Petrarch's miſtreſs's real appellation was " Lauretta," which not appearing to the poet ſufficiently harmonious, he ſubſtituted the celebrated name Laura. See his fifth ſonnet.

HERAL-

HERALDRY.

It is probable that no ſcience on earth conveys to its votaries a greater degree of enthuſiaſm than that of heraldry. One inſtance, at leaſt, can be brought, unmatched in any other.

The paſſage is taken from a ſcarce treatiſe in quarto, entitled "The Blazon of Gen-" trie," (a book recommended by Peacham in his "Compleat Gentleman," as a book to be bought at any rate,) and runs thus— "Chriſt was a gentleman, as to his fleſh, "by the part of his mother, (as I have "read) and might, if he had eſteemed "of the vayne glorye of this worlde "(whereof he often ſayde his kingdom "was not) have borne coat-armour. The "apoſtles, alſo, (as my authour telleth me) "were gentlemen of bloud, and manye "of them deſcended from that worthy "conqueror, Juda Machabeus, but through "the tract of time, and perſecution of

" wars, poverty oppreſſed the kindred, and " they were conſtrayned to ſervile workes." p. 97.

In the ſame book we find the exact arms, properly blazoned, of Semiramis, Queen of Babylon.

A SANGUINE Frenchman had ſo high an opinion of the pleaſures to be enjoyed in the ſtudy of Heraldry, that he uſed to lament, as we are informed by Menage, the hard caſe of our forefather Adam, who could not poſſibly amuſe himſelf by inveſtigating that ſcience, nor that of genealogy.

HERMITS.

THE pleaſing idea of a ſolitude devoted to religious ſtudies, and works of benevolence, naturally connects itſelf with the term hermit: unfortunately, however, the race of that name have generally diſtinguiſhed themſelves by qualities far diſtant from the meekneſs and temperance which we

we are led to expect from the humble recluse. A few instances shall be given of hermits, who have been celebrated in history.

Romuald, born at Ravenna, of noble parentage; embraced, towards the middle of the tenth century, the state of a hermit, under the direction of a solitary, whose severity at least equalled his piety. Romuald bore for a long time, without a murmur, the repeated thumps which he received from his holy teacher, but observing that they were continually directed to his *left* side. "Honor my *right* ear, "my dear master," said he, meekly, "with "some of your attention, for I have nearly "lost the use of my *left* ear, through your "partiality to that side." Romuald, when he became master of his own conduct, shewed that he could on occasion copy the rigor of his preceptor, for hearing that his own father, who had embraced a monastic life, entertained thoughts of re-entering the world again, he hurried to the monastery, and by the rhetoric of a very hearty drubbing,

bing, brought his unſteady parent over to a more ſettled way of thinking.

THE rare qualities of the celebrated hermit, Peter; who, in 1096, led out fools and knaves by tens of thouſands, to the deſtruction of themſelves and of the countries through which they paſſed, are too well known to need a place in this work.

AMADEUS, Duke of Savoy, took upon him in the fifteenth century to become a hermit; with how much abſtinence and moderation, he demeaned himſelf, may be judged from this circumſtance, viz. that the French make uſe of the expreſſion "faire *ripailles*," when they would ſpeak of giving way to every indulgence and enjoyment; a term which they take from "*ripailles*," the name of this pious recluſe's hermitage. Beſides his attachment to every poſſible luxury, this holy anchoret had a peculiar pride in his beard, which was ſingularly fine and pictureſque. Political motives made the cardinals ſeek him in his

his retreat, to confer on him the dignity of Pope; but no perſuaſions, nor repreſentations would make him conſent to part with that favorite beard, until the ridicule, which its prepoſterous appearance under the tiara, occaſioned, brought him to agree to its removal. Even the pomp of the papal-chair could not long detain him from Ripailles. He ſoon quitted the triple crown, that he might repoſſeſs his beloved retreat.

FAR different in diſpoſition, from the ſolitaries hitherto recorded, muſt have been he, who formed the ſad and ſolemn lines beneath.

A Hermit's Meditation.

In loneſome cave
Of noiſe and interruption void,
His thoughtful ſolitude
A hermit thus enjoy'd:

His choiceſt book
The remnant of a human head
The volume was, whence he
This ſolemn lecture read.

"Whoe'er

" Whoe'er thou wert,
Partner of my retirement now,
My neareſt intimate,
My beſt companion thou!

On thee to muſe
The buſy living world I left;
Of converſe all but thine,
And ſilent that, bereft.

Wert thou the rich,
The idol of a gazing croud?
Wert thou the great,
To whom obſequious thouſands bow'd?

Was learning's ſtore
E'er treaſur'd up within this ſhell?
Did wiſdom e'er within
This empty hollow dwell?

Did youthful charms
E'er redden on this ghaſtful face?
Did beauty's bloom theſe cheeks,
This forehead ever grace?

If on this brow
E'er ſat the ſcornful, haughty frown,
Deceitful pride! where now
Is that diſdain?——— 'tis gone.

If chearful mirth
A gayneſs o'er this baldneſs, caſt,
Deluſive, fleeting joy!
Where is it now? —— 'tis paſt.

To deck this ſcalp
If tedious long-liv'd hours it coſt,
Vain fruitleſs toil! where's now
That labor ſeen? —— 'tis loſt.

But painful ſweat,
The dear-earn'd price of daily bread,
Was all, perhaps, that thee
With hungry ſorrows fed.

Perhaps but tears,
Sureſt relief of heart-ſick woe,
Thine only drink, from down
Theſe ſockets us'd to flow.

Oppreſs'd perhaps
With aches and with aged cares,
Down to the grave thou brought'ſt
A few, and hoary, hairs:

'Tis all perhaps!
No marks, no token can I trace
What, on this ſtage of life
Thy rank or ſtation was.

Nameleſs,

Nameleſs, unknown!
Of all diſtinction ſtript and bare,
In nakedneſs conceal'd,
Oh! who ſhall thee declare?

Nameleſs, unknown!
Yet fit companion thou for me,
Who hear no human voice,
No human viſage ſee.

From me, from thee,
The glories of the world are gone;
Nor yet have either loſt
What we could call our own.

What *we* are now,
The great, the wiſe, the fair, the brave,
Shall all hereafter be,———
All hermits in the grave.

JEU DE MOTS.

PUNNING was, at leaſt, no *crime* in the days of the firſt of the Stuarts, nor Kings nor nobles were above it. The great Lord Bacon was reduced to ſuch extreme poverty towards the latter end of his life; that he wrote to James I. for aſſiſtance in theſe words. "Help me, dear ſovereign "Lord and maſter, and pity me ſo far, that "I who have been born to a *bag*, be not "now in my age forced in effect to bear "a *wallet*. Nor that I, who deſire to "live to ſtudy, may be driven to ſtudy to "live." Thoſe who may be diſpoſed to excuſe this "Jeu de mots," may not perhaps be ſo indulgent to a former letter of the ſame great man, to prince Charles, wherein he hopes, that "as the father "was his *Creator* the ſon will be his *Re-* "*deemer*."

A PERSON told M. de Sorbiere that he was fond of books in *folio*; "There," ſaid

Sorbiere, "I differ from you, I like them "beſt in *fructu*." The idiom of our language prevents the poſſibility of a tranſlation.

M. DE MENAGE, one day found himſelf ſo entangled with the carriage of a gentleman who chanced to owe him a thouſand crowns, (mille ecus) that he could not paſs for ſome time. "Mille excuſes, Monſieur, "mille excuſes *," cried the debtor to Menage, which Menage anſwered by "Mille ecus, Monſieur, mille ecus †."

As we have dipped into the ſubject of punning, the following very antient and equally whimſical capriccio may hope for a little indulgence.

The Conjugal Banquet.

Twelve ſorts of meats my wife provides,
Nor fails me of a diſh,
Four are of fleſh, of fruit are four,
The other four of fiſh.

* "A thouſand excuſes, Dear Sir, a thouſand excuſes."
† "A thouſand crowns, Sir, a thouſand crowns."

For

For the firſt courſe, ſhe ſtores my board
With birds that dainties are,
And firſt, a quail*, and next a rail,
A bittern and a jar †.

With theſe my appetite when cloy'd,
For fiſh ſhe renders ſharp,
And ſerves me up a lump, a pout‡,
A gudgeon, and a carp.

Then the deſert with fruit abounds,
All fitting well the ſeaſon,
A medlar and an artichoke,
A crab, and a *ſmall reaſon*.

Now can a man have ſuch a wife,
And not upon her doat,
Who every day provides him fare,
Which coſts him not a groat?

As the Editor is conſcious that to ſome he may ſeem to merit reproof, for having

* Quail for Quarrel, or rather Quell. See Johnſon's Dictionary.

† Jar, an old word for the Ruff and Ree, from their quarrelling.

‡ A whiting pout.

beſtowed a page or two on a ſubject ſo generally undervalued and ridiculed, as the practice of playing on words, he begs leave to offer a few modeſt, arguments, in defence of this unkindly-reprobated ſpecies of humor. Its antiquity is indubitable; and were it not that the ignoble term, a pun, would ſound ill when connected with apoſtolic characters, he *could* produce authority, highly reſpectable, indeed, in its favor. The Grecian oracles had loſt their credit, long before their ceſſation, had not punning ſtood them in ſtead. To reckon up antient punſters would be an endleſs taſk. Plautus loved quibbling as much as Shakeſpeare did. Even the antient ſages of the law could not refrain from punning; and we have as many quibbles of Cicero, nearly, as orations. He was not unhappy in his choice of puns, and among the reſt, "Hoc eſt, verè, ſepulchrum patris, colere," (which he ſaid of a man who through avarice ploughed up the burying place of his family,) may take rank nearly as a bon-

mot. Almoſt the whole artillery of thoſe wits, who adorned the centuries before the laſt, was ſupplied from the abundant magazine of puns; and the great reſtorer of Italian poetry, the celebrated Petrarch, not contented with punning on his miſtreſs's name, in almoſt every one of his hundreds of ſonnets, takes that beloved word into pieces, in his fifth, and puns upon every ſeparate ſyllable; and this not contenting him, he drags in Homer, (literally by the head and *ſhoulders*, and puns upon *him* too.

Punning is treated with an unequalled ſpecies of cruelty—It is abhorred even while it amuſes; and the very horſe-laugh which it ſeldom fails to raiſe round the convivial board, is almoſt always accompanied by detractive exclamations of "Oh, "oh, this is *too* bad." "I am *aſhamed* of "this," &c. &c. &c. while the bluſhing punſter, actually ſhrinking from the mirth which he has created, feels himſelf hurt at each burſt of laughter, and generally takes

great pains to convince the company, that he never punned before, nor will ever pun again. Yet a pun never loſes a friend, nor, except in awkward hands, tinges the cheek of innocence. No families are ſet at variance by a pun, no reputations loſt, no female honor tainted. The Editor here reſts his feeble effort towards the defence of an unoffending, humble branch of wit, and only wiſhes that that defence had fallen to the lot of a more able advocate.

INCONSISTENCY.

Constance, wife to Robert, King of France, accompanied her huſband in 1012, to Orleans, in order to cruſh a ſet of heretics, who had lately made their appearance in that city. The populace were ſo exaſperated againſt the new religioniſts, that it was with difficulty that they were prevented from tearing them to pieces, even before they were judged. The Queen, ſtruck with horror at ſuch barbarity, advanced

vanced to repel theſe blood-thirſty bigots, but at the ſame time happening to eſpy a prieſt, who had been her own confeſſor, led away among the impenitent heretics, her ſweetneſs of temper ſuddenly gave way, and with a cane ſhe thruſt out one of her old acquaintance's eyes, as he paſſed before her.

THE ſubſequent extracts from Sir John Rereſby's memoirs, will ſerve to evince that tyranny and cruelty may reſide in the ſame heart, with the extremes of frivolity and wanton caprice.

1685. "A few days afterward, I dined "with the Lord Chancellor, (Jefferies) "where the Lord Mayor of London was "a gueſt, and ſome other gentlemen. His "Lordſhip, having, according to cuſtom, "drank deep after dinner, called for one "Mountfort, a gentleman of his, who had "been a comedian, an excellent mimic, "and to divert the company, as he was "pleaſed to term it, he made him plead "before him in a feigned cauſe, during

" which he aped all the great lawyers of
" the age, in their tone of voice, and in
" their action, and geſture of body, to
" the very great ridicule, not only of the
" lawyers, but of the law itſelf, which, to
" me, did not ſeem altogether ſo prudent
" in a man of his lofty ſtation in the law.

" To reſume the Lord Chancellor once
" again. He had now like to have died of
" a fit of the ſtone, which he virtuouſly
" brought on himſelf by a furious debauch
" of wine, at Mr. Alderman Duncomb's,
" where he, the Lord Treaſurer, and
" others drank themſelves into that height
" of frenzy, that, among friends, it was
" whiſpered they had ſtripped into their
" ſhirts, and that had not an accident pre-
" vented them, they had got up on a ſign-
" poſt to drink the King's health, which
" was the ſubject of much deriſion, to ſay
" no worſe."

UNDER what head, except that of in-
conſiſtency, can the ſtrange, paradoxical
character

character of Catherine de Medicis be introduced? Its features are ſo peculiar, and its parts ſo diſproportioned, that the Editor trembles when he attempts its delineation.

The abilities of this celebrated lady, had nearly been confined to a much ſmaller field than that of France, for had not Philibert de Chalons, Prince of Orange, been ſlain at the ſiege of Florence (after his exploits at the ſack of Rome and the defence of Naples,) he meant to have married her, young as ſhe was*, and to have made himſelf Duke of Tuſcany, under the protection of the Emperor Charles V. Notwithſtanding the unlucky fate of her huſband Henry II. ſhe continued to govern the kingdom of France, during the reigns of Francis II. Charles IX. and Henry III. Her beauty, wit, and taſte could lure from his army, a rival prince, who knew her to be his bittereſt enemy†. Indifferent to religion, except as it ſuited her ambitious purpoſes, ſhe was, yet, credulous to the moſt abſurd

* Brantome, in his "Hommes Illuſtres."

† Sully's Memoirs.

degree, and the woman who could coolly ſay, on hearing that the Huguenots had gained an advantage, "Well then! we "muſt ſay our prayers in French!" was actually the architect of a hollow column *, built expreſsly for the purpoſe of examining the ſtars, that ſhe might judge the better of their influence. Though delicate as to the ornaments and nicety of her perſon as a Meſſalina, ſhe could yet give way to a paſſion for hunting with ſuch eagerneſs, that ſhe often received bruiſes, once broke her leg, and another time fractured her ſkull in ſo dreadful a manner, that ſhe was obliged to be trepanned. Her inquiſitive diſpoſition went hand in hand with her fortitude, and ſhe had courage enough to liſten with calmneſs, through a tube which ſhe had contrived for the purpoſe, to a conference between the King of Navarre, the Duke of Guiſe, and the Mareſchal St. André, wherein ſhe heard one of the

* Now ſtanding before the new "Halle aux bleds," where, although irregularly placed, it is permitted to remain, from reſpect to old times.

three maintain, that the beſt way, for the peace of France, were, to tye her up in a ſack privately, and throw her into the Seine. A propoſal which ſhe found was negatived by a very ſmall majority *. To ſum up her character, we will take the words of a favorite ſervant of hers, who had juſt been endowing her with every virtue and every grace, "† Non e perque ſto, " che anco tra tanta eccellenza di virtu, " non germogliaſſe il ſolito loglio della im- " perfettione mondana. Percioche fu te- " nuta di fede fallaciſſima, conditione aſſai " commune di tutti i tempi, ma molto pe- " culiare di quel ſecolo. Avida, o piutoſto " ſprezzante del ſangue humano, piu aſſai " di quello che alla tenerezza del ſeſſo fe- " minile ſi convenga, e apparve in molti " occaſione, che nel conſeguire i ſuoi fini, " quantunque buoni, ſtimaſſe honeſti tutti " quei mezzi che li parivano utili al ſuo " diſegno, ancorche per ſe medeſſimi " furono veramente iniqui & perfidioſi."

* Brantome. Vie de C. de Medecis.
† Davila, Lib. 9.

" Some

" Some weeds were to be found among this
" harveſt of divine virtues; indeed ſhe was
" reckoned perfectly faithleſs (a very com-
" mon fault, particularly in that age) and
" greedy, (or rather, thoroughly regardleſs)
" of human blood, much more than ſuited
" with the natural tenderneſs of her ſex.
" Nor did ſhe ſcruple any means, however
" wicked and perfidious, to gain thoſe ends
" which appeared to her deſirable."

In the memoirs of Captain Carleton, (a book deſerving credit, as the author was a veteran, of good family, and irreproachable character) remarkable teſtimony is given to the bravery of James Duke of York, particularly in the celebrated fight of May 28, 1672; in which he was obliged to change his ſhip ſeveral times, " Never-
" theleſs," ſays the author, " on his en-
" trance upon the London, which was the
" ſhip I was in, and on our hoiſting the
" ſtandard, De Ruyter and his ſquadron
" ſeemed to double their fire upon her, as
" if they reſolved to blow her out of the

" water,

" water. Notwithſtanding all which, the " Duke of York remained all the time on " quarter-deck, and as the bullets plentifully " whizzed around him, would often rub " his hands and cry, " *Spragg, Spragg, " they follow us ſtill.*" He adds, " I am very " ſenſible later times have not been over- " favorable in their ſentiments of that " unfortunate prince's valor, yet I cannot " omit the doing a piece of juſtice to his " memory, in relating a matter of fact of " which my own eyes were witneſſes, and " ſaying, that if intrepidity and undaunted- " neſs may be reckoned any parts of courage, " no man in the fleet better deſerved the " name of couragious, or behaved himſelf " with more gallantry than he did."

And yet this very Duke of York, when become King of Great Britain and Ireland, could demean himſelf ſo far as to deſert his friends and his troops after the battle of the Boyne, at a period when his army might have been recruited with eaſe, and when affairs were in ſuch a ſituation in Great

Great Britain *, through the cabals of the profligate great, that a little ſteadineſs and a moderate exertion of perſonal courage, muſt have inſured him an eaſy reſtoration.

INHUMANITY.

It ſeems ſtrange that a paſſion for the arts ſhould more than once have been made a pretext for the moſt exquiſite barbarity. The ſtory of Giotto and his dying Chriſt, is within every one's reading: that of Parrhaſius, the Athenian painter, which ſeems

* This aſſertion ſuppoſes that the account of court-intrigues, brought forward by Mr. M'Pherſon, and by Sir John Dalrymple, is grounded on facts. This is, 'tis true, a painful ſuppoſition, but the degrading ſtory has never been controverted by any deſcendants from the noble families, whoſe anceſtors it covers with indelible diſgrace. Among other paradoxical affirmations, in the books alluded to, the moſt ſtriking perhaps, is, that admiral Ruſſell was under an engagement to reſtore King James, at the very time when he defeated the French fleet. One would think that the charge of ſo palpable an inconſiſtency might have been eaſily overturned; but no pen has ſtirred on the occaſion. Nor has any one attempted to defend John Duke of Marlborough, from the charge of having betrayed the expedition againſt Breſt, in May 1694!!!!

to

to have been Giotto's model, is not ſo univerſally known. When Philip of Macedon had taken Olynthus, and had conſigned the inhabitants to ſlavery, Parrhaſius, who had reſided in the Macedonian camp, walking among the ruins of the place, was ſtruck with the exquiſite expreſſion of ſorrow which agonized the features of an old captive, a man of ſome rank, whoſe children had been juſt torn from him, and expoſed to public ſale. He purchaſed him, immediately; carried him to Athens; and whilſt he made the wretched Olynthian periſh under every torment which art could inflict, he drew, from the writhings of his tortured frame, a Prometheus under the beak and talons of the vulture, which was allowed to be a maſterpiece of art. If any circumſtance could add to the horrors of this ſtory, it is, that Olynthus had actually ſuffered in the cauſe of the very city in which Parrhaſius acted this deteſtable ſcene of cruelty. The piece was given by the artiſt to the temple of Minerva, in Athens; and Seneca coolly argues the point,

point, whether or no, it ought to be received, there, from his hands.

An act of more unfeeling inhumanity has ſeldom been perpetrated than that of the Cardinal de Lorraine, who being at the head of the counſel, under Francis II. and finding the avenues of Fontainebleau thronged with wounded officers, and with the widows of ſuch as had loſt their lives in the King's ſervice, had the brutality to erect a gibbet, "in order to get rid of the "beggars," as he expreſſed himſelf, and, by ſound of trumpet, proclaimed, that whoſoever of the petitioners ſhould not be gone, within twenty-four hours, ſhould be executed, without mercy, upon the ſame *.

The ſame age, however, produced inſtances of cruelty almoſt beyond belief, and from their abundance, it ſhould ſeem that they did not ſtrike the minds of men with that degree of horror which they would

* Brantome.

raiſe

raiſe at a milder period. Coconnas, an Italian of rank, having been executed in the reign of Henry III. of France, on ſuſpicion of treaſon, the King rendered him the following, public teſtimony of his character. "Coconnas was brave enough, but he was one of the wickedeſt fellows in my realm. I have often heard him boaſt of having, at the maſſacre of St. Barthelemy, purchaſed upwards of thirty Huguenots out of the hands of their enemies, merely for the ſake of killing them in a more cruel method. He began with making them renounce their religion, and then he tortured them to death, by ſlow degrees." To this eulogium, the tender-hearted prince added—"I never *liked* Coconnas, *thoroughly*, after I knew this ſtory, and am not ſorry for the end to which he has brought himſelf *."

ALL is not inhumanity which goes under that name. It is true, the effect is

* Journal de Henri III.

the

the ſame to the ſufferers, but the motive is leſs deteſtable.

The cook-maid who weeps at a tale of woe, although, as a poet ſings—

"All the while ſhe ſkins live eels,"

is by no means to be blamed for inconſiſtency. The ſame tenderneſs which makes her weep at a melancholy narrative, would intereſt her in favor of the wretches whom ſhe tortures, were but any one kind enough to reaſon with her, on a barbarity, in which ſhe is hardened by cuſtom *, and to acquaint her that by putting the animal's head in boiling water, ſhe might ſhorten its pains.

The drayman who cruelly laſhes the poor animals truſted to his care, thinks himſelf only chaſtiſing them for their perverſencſs. For, ridiculous as it may ap-

* "They be uſed to it," was the excuſe made by a thoughtleſs fair one, to a friend of the Editor's, who began an argument on the ſubject.

pear,

pear, there is no doubt but he believes that they *might* comprehend all he ſays to them, if they pleaſed. Liſten to a carter, who thinks himſelf not over-heard; he will talk to his fore-horſe; he will give his orders to him in a language which he thinks very intelligible. The horſe turns this and that way, but unhappily cannot hit the right ſpecies of obedience. Then the driver, after, with the ſtricteſt impartiality, blaſting the horſe's eyes and limbs, and his own too, begins to uſe his whip, and actually believes himſelf only chaſtizing an obdurate rebel. Theſe miſtaken men ought ſurely not to be puniſhed merely for doing what appears to them to be juſt. No, they ſhould be ſent to Bridewell, as to a ſchool, there they ſhould be ordered in the *Latin* language to perform ſome taſk, and ſhould be heartily flogged, not for idleneſs, but for not comprehending the directions of their teachers.

MAY the Editor be indulged with the repetition of a juvenile tale? When a boy,

he was charmed with the tricks which an itinerant rat-catcher had taught to a beautiful white ferret. "But what mean thoſe "bloody marks round his mouth?" "Why, "that is where I ſows up his chaps, that "he ma'ant bite the rabbits in their ber-"rys." "How can you be ſo barbarous "to ſo tame and ſo lovely an animal?" "Laud, maſter, a' likes it. A' will hold "up his chaps to be ſewed!"

THAT ſpecies of cruelty which has given occaſion to ſo many elegant effuſions of poetry, has ſcarcely ever been more beautifully lamented than by the celebrated Buchanan, in the following epigram—

Illa, mihi ſemper preſenti, dura, Neæra,
Me quoties abſum, ſemper abeſſe dolet.
Non deſiderio noſtri, non mœret amore,
Sed ſe non noſtro poſſe dolore frui.

LIB. i. EPIG.

Neæra, preſent, to my vows unkind,
When abſent, ſtill my abſence ſeems to mourn;
Not mov'd by love, but that my tortured mind
With anguiſh, unenjoy'd by her, is torn.

IN-

INTEMPERANCE.

The merry ſin of drunkenneſs has met with ſo many, not only apologiſts, but even panegyriſts, that every thing which can now be brought forward on the ſubject, muſt have been long anticipated. That poets ſhould have ranged themſelves under the banner of Bacchus, cannot be wondered at. Their jovial and eaſy manners ſuit well with thoſe of *his* worſhippers. Anacreon, who was one of the heartieſt friends to the cauſe, after deſcribing the elevation of ſpirit which his wine had bleſſed him with—

κατὰ δ' ἀστρα βαίνω *,

proceeds to make a very ſimple excuſe for loſing his ſenſes by too much liquor—

Μεθυοντα γαρ με κεισθαι
Πολυ κρεισσων η θανοντα †.

* "I kick the world before me."

† "Say, is't not better far, dead-drunk to fall
"Than to expire, and not revive at all?"

Horace, who did every thing with grace, makes a moſt elegant eulogium on wine in the 21ſt ode of his 3d book, and in his epiſtles, in order completely to unite poetry with drinking, after having denied all poſſibility of fame to water-drinking bards, he intimates that the muſes themſelves had no objection to the flowing bowl.

" Vina fere dulces oluerunt manè Camenæ *."

Many philoſophers have taken the tipplers part. Seneca even carries his complacency ſo far, as to adviſe men of high-ſtrained minds to get drunk now and then—

" Non ut mergat nos, ſed ut deprimat †."
De Tranquillitate Animæ.

He adds, ſoon afterwards, " Do you call Cato's exceſs in wine, a vice? Much ſooner

* " It appear'd, by the ſavor exhal'd from their lips,
" That each Muſe, in the morning, had taken her ſips."

† " Not that it may overpower us, but only relax our over-
" ſtrained faculties."

" may you be able to prove drunkenneſs
" to be a virtue, than Cato, to be vici-
" ous."

The grave Lucretius muſt have been pretty well acquainted with good liquor, to have ſo perfectly deſcribed its effects.

——————" Cum vini vis penetravit.
" Conſequitur gravitas membrorum, præpediuntur
" Crura vacillanti, tardeſcit lingua, madet mens,
" Nant oculi, clamor, ſingultus, jurgia gliſcunt *."
LUCRET. L. 3.

THE humorous French philoſopher, Montaigne, adduces a thouſand arguments in favor of wine, although he profeſſes himſelf not to be attached to it. " Lucius
" Piſo," he remarks, from Seneca, " and
" Cornelius Coſſus, were ſucceſſively en-
" truſted with ſecrets of the utmoſt impor-
" tance; the firſt by Auguſtus, the other

* " When once their pates with wine are fraught,
" Their limbs begin to totter,
" Their ſpeech is check'd, confus'd each thought,
" Each paſſion, too, grows hotter;
" With ſtuttering tongue, and ſtaring eye,
" They hiccup mutual wrath and obloquy."

" by Tyberius. Theſe, they were never " known to betray, although each was " noted for ſuch exceſs in wine as to have " been carried from the Senate-houſe, re- " peatedly, in a ſtate, which we ſhould " call, dead-drunk."

" Heſterno inflatum venas, de more Lyæo *"
VIRGIL.

The Germans always loved the pleaſures of Bacchus: it was one of them, either the celebrated Daniel Heinſius, as Menage † tells us, or Petrus Paganus, Poetical Profeſſor, at Marpourg, in Heſſe, according to Duchat,

* " Their veins ſtill ſwell'd with wine of yeſterday."

† The facetious Frenchman, however, carries his ardor as an apologiſt *too far*, when he deigns to miſquote Juvenal, Sat. 15. l. 47. And inſtead of

" Adde quod & facilis victoria de madidis,"

chuſes to read—

——— " Nec facilis victoria, &c."

this totally alters the ſenſe and meaning of the Poet's expreſſion, which was by no means intended to exalt drunkards into warriors,

that

that was the author of a well-known comic diſtich, which attempts to ſtutter and ſtagger like its author.

" Sta, pes! Sta, mi pes! Sta pes! Ne labere, mi
" pes!
" Ni ſteteris, lapides hi, mihi lectus erint."

Which may be thus attempted in Engliſh—

" How you totter, good feet! Have a care of my
" bones!
" If you fail me, I paſs all the night on theſe
" ſtones."

One might preſume that the Zaporavian Coſſacks were truly addicted to the pleaſures of the table, ſince their chief magiſtrate, choſen by themſelves, is not (as Bell informs us) called their Prince, or Duke, or General, but Caſha-var, which litterally ſignifies, Chief-cook *.

Were our honeſt countryman, Howel's remedy againſt the love of drinking effectual, it might be of ſervice to the world to repeat it. But although its ſucceſs be doubt-

* The cook among the Janizaries, is in high rank.

ful, its oddity may entertain. " The Ger-
" man mothers, to make their ſons fall
" into hatred of wine, do uſe, when they
" are little, to put owls eggs into a cup of
" rheniſh, and ſometimes a little living eel,
" which twingling in the wine, while the
" child is drinking, ſo ſcares him, that
" many come to abhor, and have an an-
" tipathy to wine, all their lives after."

THE following paſſage is quoted from Hollingſhead, ' As for drink, it is not ' uſually ſet on the table in pots or cruſes, ' but each one calleth for a cup of ſuch as ' he liſteth to have, or as neceſſity urgeth ' him, ſo that when he hath taſted of it, he ' delivereth his cup again to ſome one of ' the ſtanders by, who making it clean, reſ- ' toreth it to the cup-board from whence ' he fetched the ſame. By this occaſion ' much idle tippling is cut off."

It is ſingular that the ſame cuſtom ſhould ſtill continue to diſtinguiſh the meals of the Engliſh from thoſe of their neighbours, though perhaps not always with

with the effect mentioned in the laſt ſentence.

It is true of late it has become the faſhion to put wine on the table during meal time in England, but it has not long been introduced, and the cuſtom is very far from being general.

THE elegant, poliſhed females bred in the court of Louis XIV. were far leſs ſcrupulous in point of temperance than we ſhould readily believe, had we not ſo indiſputable an evidence as the Ducheſs of Orleans, (Charlotte Elizabeth in a letter dated May 21, 1716. "The Ducheſs of "Bourbon* (daughter of Madame de "Monteſpan,) can drink a vaſt deal with-"out having her ſenſes diſordered. Her "daughters with to follow her example, "but they have not heads ſtrong enough "to bear ſo much liquor." The Editor of

* Madame Deſnoyer, in her 'Lettres Galantes,' recites many humorous ſtories of this lady. Her frolics ſeem to have been tolerated by Louis XIV. for the ſake of the wit and good humor which accompanied them.

thoſe

thoſe letters remarks, that about this period, the practice of hard-drinking prevailed much among women of the beſt education and higheſt rank.

An article chiefly dedicated to bacchanalian ſubjects, cannot be more properly cloſed than by thoſe laws of conviviality which Lipſius has handed down to the preſent age.

Vinum, purum, putum, puer infundito——
A ſumno ad imum, more majorum, bibunto—
Decem Cyathi, ſumma potio, ſunto—
Muſis nonum—Decumum Appollini libanto—
Dominan ſi quis habeſſit, indicium facito—
Rixæ, clamor, contentio, ad Thracas
Abligantor—Eorum vice, carmen
Aliudve quid muſæum, proferunto.

Fill out, my lad, pure, brilliant, generous wine,
Like thoſe of old, the flowing bowl we'll drain,
Ten cups be each man's due, the muſes nine
Of theſe demand—Apollo then will deign
To hail the tenth—Then let each ſighing ſwain
His miſtreſs own—All noiſe be driven away,
All clamor and contention hence to Thrace,
While mirth and poetry ſupply their place,
And chearful ſonnets crown the pleaſures of the day.

LAWS.

LAWS.

THE celebrated anſwer of our old barons, when it was propoſed to introduce ſome part of the Roman laws, 'Nolumus leges Angliæ 'mutare,' is by no means ſo ſtrongly adverſe to innovation, as an inſtitution of Charondas, legiſlator of Thurium, a city of Magna Græcia. Whoever propoſed a new law, was obliged to come into the ſenate houſe, with a rope about his neck, and remain in that ſituation during the debate; if the law was approved, he was ſet at liberty, but if it was negatived, he was immediately ſtrangled *.

"SILENCE! keep ſilence in the court!" ſaid, one day, an angry judge, "Why "will you not keep ſilence? Here we "have judged a dozen cauſes, this morn-"ing, and have not heard a word of one "of them."

* Diod. Sic. Hiſt. Lib. XII.

THERE

THERE is among the Jews, a law concerning jealouſy; and the rabbis have written comments upon it, and argue the point with ſuch nicety, that the exact number of minutes is allotted which a married lady may ſpend with a gentleman, before her huſband has any right to ſuſpect her. It is, thoſe preciſe caſuiſts determine, juſt as long as it takes to boil an egg, and to ſwallow it.

IT ſhould ſeem that the principal advantage which we receive from the inſtitution of juries, is the certainty that it is next to an impoſſibility to corrupt twelve perſons, all dwelling at a diſtance from each other, and all ſet to their taſk of judgment, very ſoon after they are appointed. It is this circumſtance, and not their being "Pares," or "Similar in condition to the culprit," which gives to Britons a right to glory in their conſtitution, as to the ſafety of life and property. Look to the contraſt which our neighbours, the French, afford. With them the whole iſſue of

of each ſuit reſts in the judge; and while human nature is ſubject to frailty, that judge will be ſomehow acceſſible. Let his turn be ever ſo little avaricious, ambitious or amorous, the purſe, the feather, or the "Pair of black eyes,"

—"Will kick up the balance of Juſtice."

CYMON.

AN addreſs from a magiſtrate to a fair client, produced by a French writer, as a ſpecimen of elegant wit, contains a bitter ſatire on the juriſprudence of his country.

Si *je* ne gagne mon proces,
Vous ne gagnerez pas le votre.
Vous n'aurez pas un bon ſuccès
Si *je* ne gagne mon procès.

Vous avez, chez *moi*, libre accès*;
J'en demande chez *vous*, un autre.
Si *je* ne gagne mon procès
Vous ne gagnerez pas le votre.

* The word "accès," is a technical law term, which doubles the wit, though not the delicacy of this morçeau.

If,

If, fair one, you *your* ſuit would gain,
My ſuit to *you*, I muſt obtain.
My favor on your cauſe attends:
Favors, from *you*, will gain your ends.

Acceſs to *me*, you freely have;
Acceſs to *you*, is what I crave.
But, fair one, if your ſuit you'd gain,
My ſuit to *you* I muſt obtain.

LAZY MONKS.

Most prejudices are abſurd, and the longer hold they have had, and the deeper root they have taken on the mind, generally the more abſurd they are. Among the foremoſt of theſe, ſtands that which conſigns to deteſtation, and contempt, the whole tribe of eccleſiaſtics from the fifth to the fifteenth age of the Chriſtian æra, under the deſignation of "Lazy monks."

To theſe very perſons, however, are owing every ſpark of learning, which the preſent age enjoys. For manuſcripts of Grecian and Roman authors could in the ages of Gothic plunder, have found refuge from

from the barbarity of the times, no where, but in the libraries of thoſe very monks, whom cuſtom has taught to us abuſe. It were indeed to be wiſhed, that thoſe who declaim moſt loudly againſt cloiſtered indolence, would give themſelves the trouble to reflect in what manner theſe "Lazy "monks," employed their time and revenues.

That they were the patrons of agriculture, none can deny: the extenſive marſhes, the barren heaths, which under their direction, and at their coſt, were reſcued from ſterility, indiſputably prove the claim of thoſe indolent prieſts to that honor. And let any one who heſitates to allow them taſte, nay ſplendor, in the line of architecture, compare the places of divine worſhip lately raiſed for the convenience of the titled inhabitants of Groſvenor Square, Portland Place, &c. with the meaneſt of that infinity of abbeys, cathedrals and churches, which have owed their exiſtence to the ſcience, the zeal, and the purſe of theſe "lazy monks."

But

But when theſe wretched drones (as we are uſed to call them,) were not employed, in overſeeing buildings, which could not have been planned without their art*, nor executed without their money, or in rendering fruitful deſarts, which, but for their ſkill and labor, would have at this æra diſguſted the eye, where it now meets flouriſhing meadows*, how at ſuch ſeaſons of leiſure, did they ſpend their hours? The anſwer is ſimple, and highly to their credit; they buſied themſelves in forming materials of the moſt important kind, for the hiſtory of their country. Materials without which the ſtory of Britain would have been wrapt up in the darkeſt miſts. For had not theſe lazy monks compoſed chronicles of their own days, the deeds of our anceſtors muſt have been almoſt univerſally buried in utter oblivion; nor would the accuracy of Rapin, the penetration of Hume, or the genius of Lyt-

* See the account of the repairing, burning, and rebuilding the cathedral of Canterbury.

* Glaſtonbury meads, &c. Crowland, Hales-Owen, &c.

telton,

telton, have availed them in compoſing the memoirs of paſt time, had they not had the inexhauſtible reſervoir of monkiſh records, to ſupply them with authentic information, inſtead of the vague and uncertain reports of tradition, which otherwiſe would have been their only reſource.

But we are not to ſuppoſe that agriculture and architecture, were the only arts which took up their reſidence in convents. Poetry, phyſic, and painting owned no other home. That they throve not in theſe nurſeries is too well known to be denied, yet, moſt aſſuredly, the protection which they there received, kept them from utter extirpation, and preſerved them in ſuch a ſtate as enabled them to throw out vigorous roots and branches when tranſplanted, in the ſixteenth century, into a more favorable ſoil.

LIBERTY.

ODD as the aſſertion may appear, yet it may be reaſonably ſaid, that by obſerving the manner in which the high roads of a country are laid out, a ſtrong preſumption, at leaſt, may be formed with reſpect to the nature of that country's government. In Denmark, where deſpotiſm is prevalent, we are told of high roads through the ſtate, formed for the King's uſe, to the excluſion of every ſubject. In France, where policy goes hand in hand with arbitrary power, the highways are well contrived for the purpoſes of commercial vehicles, but the foot paſſengers are utterly neglected; and in the ſtreets of Paris, they are left as beings not worth a thought, to be terrified and cruſhed by every hurrying 'fiacre' or 'diable.' It is in Britain alone, with conſcious pride we ſay it, that the convenience and ſafety of the loweſt order of foot travellers, are as much con-

conſulted, as the profit of the trader, the pleaſures of the man of faſhion, or the dignity of the Sovereign.

FREEDOM, in Britain, can never be eradicated by the open efforts of any external foe, or internal tyrant. She may be forced from her ſeat, perhaps, for a little while, but her natural elaſtic ſpirit will always inſure her return to her antient reſidence. There may be found, however, a way to dethrone this beloved ſovereign; ſhe may be ruined by pretended admirers, who by artful contrivances may, by degrees, render her odious to the people; and when once ſhe is no longer conſidered as their friend and protector, they will part with her without reluctance.

This maxim points moſt particularly at the liberty of the preſs; a privilege which muſt ever flouriſh among Britons, while uſed with even tolerable diſcretion. But ſhould the peace of private families be perpetually violated, ſhould harmleſs characters be dragged from their retirements,

and expoſed, for party purpoſes, to obloquy or ridicule, ſo general and well grounded a reſentment might ariſe, that the people might be deprived of a moſt ineſtimable bleſſing, by their own actual ſuffrage. This idea would not appear by any means chimerical, were it but remembered what was univerſally believed, at the time when the act for licenſing theatrical performances was paſſed, viz. That the farce, called "The Golden Rump," the repreſentation of which, brought forward the law in queſtion, was actually the work of a perſon, who was induced by thoſe in power to write ſomewhat which might give a plauſible pretence for fixing irrevocable fetters on the dramatic branch of liberty *.

By the ſame chain of reaſoning, we may plainly infer, that the licentious are the greateſt and moſt dangerous enemies

* It will appear not a little extraordinary, that the Emperor Claudius, one of the greateſt tyrants that ever diſgraced the human ſpecies, enacted, or propoſed to enact, the moſt remarkable law in favor of liberty, that ever came into the mind of man. This will, however, appear to any one who will examine his life in Suetonius.

to

to liberty, in every one of its branches. The quiet man, who finds himself not safe in his own house from the insults of a disorderly populace, will be apt to cast an eye of desire towards ignominious security, of those who live under the noxious shade of despotism. Huzza! Liberty, liberty, for ever, Huzza! Put out your lights! Put out your lights! exclaim a mob, met to testify their approbation of a man, who has, perhaps, insulted the religion, laws, and government of his country. These advocates for liberty, think it right to force a poor tradesman to burn half a dozen pound of candles which he can ill afford to purchase; now should he neither have them in the house, nor be able to procure credit for them, why then, out of their regard for the liberty of the subject, they instantly break him five guineas worth of windows, and in consequence of their own attachment to dear liberty, possibly find him lodgings in a jail. G.

MEDICINE.

THERE was a time when phyſicians were bound to a ſtrict attention towards the welfare of their patients, by ſomewhat beſides the conſideration of their own credit and future profit, for we find, that at Dijon, in 1386, a phyſician was fined by the bailiff, fifty golden franks (beſides being impriſoned) for not having completed the cures of ſome perſons, whoſe recovery he had undertaken *. And, the beautiful Auſtrigilda, conſort to Gontran, King of Burgundy, had, in the ſixth century, been permitted by her huſband, in compliance with her dying requeſt, to have her two phyſicians ſlain, and buried with her. But whether from attachment to them, or by way of puniſhment for their ill ſucceſs in her caſe, is not ſaid by M. de St. Foix, who records the fact.

* Ducatiana.

THE

THE common jocular advice given to perſons who are ſick from the effects of intoxication, the night before, is "to take "a hair of the ſame dog that bit them "laſt night," i. e. to ſet to drinking again. This ſaying ſeems to be derived from a ridiculous mode of cure, preſcribed to perſons bitten by a mad dog, in a French treatiſe, entitled "La Medecine aiſée," written by "M. Le Clerc, Conſeiller-me-"decin du Roy," publiſhed at Paris, 1719. In page 103, we read "Pour la cure de "la playe, mettez deſſus du poil du chien "qui a mordu. C'eſt la remede de "Paré."

THE art of examining and curing wounds, was by writers of romance, allotted to princeſſes, and damſels of high birth. In later days, Buchanan writes, that the Scots nobility were remarkably dexterous in the chirurgical art; and he ſays of James IV. of Scotland, "Quod vulnera ſcien-"tiſſimé tractaret *.

* "That he was very ſkilful in the management of "wounds."

"ARE you out of ſorts", ſays the facetious Montaigne, "that your phyſician has "denied you the enjoyment of wine, and "of your favorite diſhes? Be not uneaſy; "apply to me, and I engage to find you "one of equal credit, who ſhall put you "under a regimen perfectly oppoſite to "that ſettled by your own adviſer." "So "very fantaſtical is the practice of phyſic," adds our humoriſt, "that I have ſeen a man "ſtarve himſelf until he actually fainted, "from mere inanition, to get rid of a diſ-"order, and afterwards be bitterly ridiculed, "by a different phyſician from his own, for "having, by his painful abſtinence, actually "increaſed the diſorder he had hoped to "cure, at the coſt of ſuch ſevere ſelf-denial."

IN 1393, phyſicians were ſo low in eſteem at the French court, that they were actually ſuperceded in their attendance on the unfortunate Charles VI. of France, by a profeſſed Necromancer. Mad. de Luſſan tells us, and the ſtory, ſtrange as it is, is confirmed by good authorities, that the unhappy prince's health was entruſted to the care

care of one Arnaud Guillen, who undertook to reſtore him to his ſenſes, by dint of magic. This wizard, vaunted the poſſeſſion of a book entitled "Smagorod," which, he ſaid, the Almighty had given to Adam, to conſole him for the death of Abel, whoſe fate that unhappy parent had unceaſingly lamented during one hundred years. He failed, however, as every phyſician had failed before him. "He had found a "charm," he ſaid, "which oppreſſed the "royal underſtanding; but, it was too "powerful for his ſpells to remove." He was driven from the court with diſgrace, but his doctrine, as to the cauſe of the King's ma lady, gained ground among the people.

Towards the cloſe of the fifteenth century, Lorenzo de Medicis, of Florence, died of a diſeaſe, which it is ſaid might have been cured, had not Leoni, a celebrated phyſician of Spoleto, left too much to nature, and avoided to uſe any medicine whatever. Lazaro, an inhabitant of Pavia, equally celebrated for medical ſkill with Leoni, having made this error publickly known, raiſed the

the reſentment of the deceaſed prince's friends to ſo high a pitch, that it proved fatal to the miſtaken phyſician. For Pietro, ſon to Lorenzo, a youth who, though aged only ſeventeen years, was able to foil the moſt expert wreſtler, happening to meet the unfortunate Leoni near the brink of a deep well, graſped him with ſuch adroitneſs and force, that he ſent him headlong into the water, where, being old and feeble, he was ſuffocated, although he received ſpeedy aſſiſtance.

MARVILLE remarks, that no perſons are ſo apt as phyſicians, to quit their profeſſion, and follow different walks of literature, and confirms his obſervation by producing a very long catalogue of men, of various nations, who have reſigned the ſtudy of medicine, for that of geometry, of medals, of poetry, &c. &c. &c. He reaſons upon the point, and accounts for it ingeniouſly enough, from the vaſt extent of reading, through which phyſicians muſt of neceſſity paſs, and which is likely to ſet before them objects, much more pleaſing than thoſe of which they are in ſearch.

JACQUES

JACQUES COETIER, a phyſician, was the only perſon who could keep in awe the turbulent, uneven, ſpirit of Louis IX. of France. He governed him by making a proper uſe of that dread of death, to which he knew the King was ſubject to a degree ſo ridiculous, that he once actually ſtopped a prieſt, who after having prayed for the health of his body, was beginning to implore heaven for his *future* welfare. "Hold! "Hold!" cried he, "you have gone far "enough for once. Never be tireſome in "your addreſs to God Almighty. Stop "now, and pray for my *ſoul*, *another time*." Coetier, thoroughly acquainted with this infirmity, uſed to ſay to him, "One of theſe "days, you will ſend *me* packing, I ſup- "poſe, as I have ſeen you act by your "other ſervants; but, mark my words, if "you *do*, by —, you will not live eight "days after it." By repeating this menace, he not only kept himſelf in his ſtation, but perſuaded the puſillanimous King to appeaſe him with great and valuable preſents.

On

On his part, he certainly paid great attention to the condition of his royal maſter's mind, which was frequently almoſt in a ſtate of phrenſy. To amuſe him during his long indiſpoſitions, he contrived to have rural dances performed under his chamber-window; and to make up for the King's inability to enjoy the pleaſures of the chaſe, the ingenious phyſician collected cats and huge rats, and diverted his dying patient, by letting him ſee combats between theſe diſcordant animals.

In the ſixteenth century, the Jews were looked upon to be more expert in the art of medicine than any other perſons. Francis I. of France, being exceedingly ill, and finding no relief from his own phyſicians, ſent to his old rival and enemy, Charles V. for one, of the Hebrew race. The Emperor ſent him one who had been converted. This did not ſatisfy the French monarch; he applied to the court of Conſtantinople, for an obſtinate, unbaptized Iſraelite. One ſuch,

ſuch, accordingly attended on him, and by the help of aſſes milk, effected his cure.

It is aſſerted in a French book entitled, "Le nouveau Cours de Chimie," that the diſcovery of the powers reſident in antimony, was owing to the celebrated Baſilius Valentinus, who finding that it had the property of fattening pigs, tried it, (heaven knows with what connection of ideas,) on a convent of monks. Unluckily, inſtead of improving the condition of theſe holy men, it killed them by dozens, whence it obtained the name of "Anti-moine." Paracelſus attempted to bring it, notwithſtanding this miſadventure, into credit, but he, too, failed, and it was not, until very late times, that the virtues of that very uſeful medicine were univerſally allowed.

Few medical people have acted ſo fairly by their patients, as "Dr. Anthony Storck, "aulic counſellor and chief phyſician to "the Empreſs Queen," who, before he recommended the uſe of the Meadow-ſaffron

root, (a known poiſon) to thoſe afflicted with the dropſy, and other diſeaſes, tried it upon himſelf in a crude ſtate, until he was brought to the door of death; he then having with difficulty, recovered, and having found a method of checking the poiſonous qualities of the root, by infuſing it in vinegar, made another experiment on himſelf, and finding no evil conſequences, adminiſtered the decoction with ſucceſs to others *.

La Mothe le Vayer, obſerving that Pherecides, (preceptor to Pythagoras) Anaximander, and Abaris, foretold earthquakes, aſks this humorous queſtion, "If we conſider the earth as a huge animal, had not theſe the art of feeling its pulſe, and thereby of foreſeeing the convulſions it would be troubled with?"

The celebrated Florentine phyſician, Andrea Baccio, who has been ſtyled the

* Gentleman's Magazine. 1764.

Italian Radcliffe, for his aſtoniſhing penetration as to diſeaſes, reſembled that ſingular man, alſo, in the blunt method of delivering his ſentiments. He was one day called to attend on a woman of quality. He went, felt her pulſe, and aſked her "how old ſhe was?" She told him, "above fourſcore." "And how long *would* "you live?" ſaid the croſs phyſician, quitting her hand, and making the beſt of his way out of her houſe.

"YOUR unchriſtian virulence againſt "me," ſaid a Huguenot who had been perſecuted for preaching, "ſhall coſt hun-"dreds of people their lives." This menace brought the author into trouble; he was cited to a court of Juſtice, and was charged with harboring the moſt bloody deſigns againſt his fellow ſubjects. "I am "innocent," ſaid he, "of all you lay to "my account. My only meaning was, "that I meant (ſince I could not act as a "miniſter) to practiſe as a phyſician."

THAT

THAT pleaſant philoſopher, Montaigne, muſt be once more introduced, under this head, for the ſake of the whimſical conſolation which he kindly offers to thoſe afflicted with gout, gravel, rheumatiſm, &c. "Theſe," he ſays, "are ſymptoms of a "long life, juſt as heat, cold, rain and "hail are the attendants on every long "journey."

ALTHOUGH our modern quacks take a very large range, as to the diſorders which they aſſert their power of curing, there are yet, in the Editor's poſſeſſion, advertiſements, (for which, he is indebted to the original edition of the Spectator, which was firſt printed as a newſpaper) that lay claim to the extirpation of three complaints which now bid defiance to "tinctures," "confects," and "electuaries."

"AN incomparable pleaſant tincture, to "reſtore the ſenſe of ſmelling, though loſt "for many years, a few drops of which "being ſnuffed up the noſe, infallibly cures "thoſe

" thoſe who have loſt their ſmell, let it " proceed from what cauſe ſoever. It " admirably cures all obſtructions in the " olfactory or ſmelling nerves, comforts " and ſtrengthens the head and brain, and " revives the ſmelling faculty to a miracle, " and perfectly cures, ſo as to cauſe the " perſon to ſmell as quick and as well as " any one in the world. Price 2s. 6d. " a bottle; ſold only at Mr. Payne's toy- " ſhop, at the Angel and Crown, in St. " Paul's Church-yard, near Cheapſide, " with directions."

" An admirable confect, which aſſuredly " cures ſtuttering and ſtammering in chil- " dren or grown perſons, though never ſo " bad, cauſing them to ſpeak diſtinct and " free without any trouble or difficulty; " it remedies all manner of impediments " in the ſpeech, or diſorders of the voice " of any kind, proceeding from what " cauſe ſoever, rendering thoſe perſons ca- " pable of ſpeaking eaſily and free, and " with a clear voice, who before were not

" able to utter a ſentence without heſita-
" tion. Its ſtupendous effects, in ſo
" quickly and infallibly curing ſtuttering,
" ſtammering, and all diſorders of the
" voice, and difficulty in delivery of the
" ſpeech, are really wonderful. Price 2s.
" 6d. a pot, with directions. Sold only at
" Mr. Oſborn's toyſhop, at the Roſe and
" Crown, under St. Dunſtan's Church,
" Fleet-ſtreet."

" Loss of memory, or forgetfulneſs,
" certainly cured, by a grateful electuary,
" peculiarly adapted for that end: it ſtrikes
" at the prime cauſe, which few apprehend,
" of forgetfulneſs, makes the head clear
" and eaſy, the ſpirits free, active, and
" undiſturbed, corroborates and revives all
" the noble faculties of the ſoul, ſuch as
" thought, judgment, apprehenſion, reaſon
" and memory, which laſt in particular it
" ſo ſtrengthens, as to render that faculty
" exceeding quick, and good beyond ima-
" gination; thereby enabling thoſe whoſe
" memory was before almoſt totally loſt,

to

" to remember the minuteſt circumſtance
" of their affairs, &c. to a wonder! Price
" 2s. 6d. a pot. Sold only at Mr. Payne's
" at the Angel and Crown, in St. Paul's
" Church-yard, with directions."

To the preceding advertiſements, the Editor begs leave to add another, from the ſame reſpectable paper, which preſcribes for a complaint, more certain and more palatable remedies for the which, may be found at the hoſpitable table of the country ſquire, the companies feaſts of the citizen, or at the equally ſociable and charitable parties in favor of hoſpitals, &c. at the London Tavern.

" An aſſured cure for *leanneſs*, which
" proceeds from a cauſe which few know,
" but eaſily removed by an unparalleled
" ſpecifick tincture, which fortifies the
" ſtomach, purifies the blood, takes off
" fretfulneſs in the mind, occaſions reſt,
" and eaſy ſleep, and as certainly diſpoſes
" and cauſes the body to thrive and be-

" come plump and fleſhy, if no manifeſt " diſtemper afflicts the patients, as water " will quench fire. It is alſo the beſt re- " medy in nature for all chronic diſeaſes, " that take their riſe from a bad digeſtion " in the ſtomach, which this ſpecific " tincture infallibly rectifies, and thereby " cures. It is pleaſant to taſte, and is ſold " only at Mr. Payne's toyſhop (as before) " Price 3s. 6d. a bottle with directions."

In a pamphlet publiſhed by Sir Stephen Theodore Janſen, Bart. in 1767, the reſpectable author affirms, that a morbid ſubſtance, " which had lodged *ſeven* " or *eight* years, in a building at South- " ampton, infected ſome hundreds of " perſons, one half of whom miſerably " periſhed."

The following ſtory, which is really authentic, and was delivered to the Editor, immediately from the *inferior* of the parties concerned, is at leaſt intereſting, as it ex-

hibits an exalted character in a much more familiar and pleasing light, than that in which it has been generally seen.

About five-and-thirty years since, a very worthy man, and one whose word may be relied on, went to St. James's Palace to visit one of the pages, whose apartment was two pair of stairs high. He drank tea there, took his leave, and stepping back unadvisedly, (on his friend's shutting the door after him) he half slipped, and half tumbled, down a whole flight of steps, and probably, with his head burst open a closet-door. We say *probably*, because the unlucky visitor was too completely stunned with the fall, to know what had happened. Certain it is, that he found himself on his recovery, sitting on the floor of a small room, and most kindly attended by a neat little old gentleman, who was carefully washing his head with a towel, and fitting, with infinite exactness, pieces of sticking plaister to the variegated cuts, which the accident had conferred on the abrupt visitor's un-wigged pate. For some time his sur-

priſe kept him ſilent, but finding that the kind phyſician had completed his taſk, and had even picked up his wig and replaced it on his battered head, he roſe from the floor, and limping towards his benefactor, was going to utter a profuſion of thanks for the ſuccour he had received, and enquiries into the manner of his miſhap. Theſe were however inſtantly checked, by an intelligent frown, and by a ſignificant wave of the hand towards the door of the cloſet. The patient underſtood the hint, and retired, taking more care of his ſteps downwards for the remainder of the ſtaircaſe, and wondering how ſo much humanity, and ſo much unſociableneſs, could dwell in the ſame breaſt. His wonder (which, like all other wonder, was connected with folly,) ceaſed, when he found, on deſcribing to a friend the ſituation of the cloſet, that he had owed the kind aſſiſtance he had received, to the firſt man in the kingdom, who, after having exerciſed the humanity of the *fellow creature*, found too much of the *monarch* about him to ſupport a familiar

converſation with the perſon he had relieved.

NAMES.

SCALIGER had a moſt ridiculous averſion to the name of Harlai, and thus he expreſſes himſelf in a Latino-gallic jargon *. "Omnes Harlæi ſunt bizarres, "ſunt quinque familiæ, & omnes avari." He proceeds to ſpecify inſtances of their avarice, and cloſes his ſarcaſms with the character of † "Dominus de Saint Aubin, "qui eſt unus ex Harlæis, Gubernator de "Saint Maixent, ſemper vivit in hoſpitio, "ne cogatur amicos excipere. Plus con-"ſumo in uno anno quam ille." M. de Monglas, one of the Harlai family, who had a particular eſteem for Scaliger, hap-

* "All the Harleis are queer; there are five different "families of them, and all of them miſerly."

† "The Sieur de St. Aubin, who is one of the Harlais, "and governor of St. Maixent, always lives at an inn, "that he may have an excuſe for not entertaining his vi-"ſitors. Even *I* ſpend more in a year than he does."

pening to light one day on this ill-tempered, weak paragraph, very naturally flung the book into the fire, and diſcarded its writer from his friendſhip.

It was cuſtomary among the antients to write names, whether of the Gods, or of their friends, in a circle, that none might take offence at ſeeing another's name preferred to his own. The cordeliers have formerly been known to have paid the ſame attention to delicacy, and when a Pope has demanded the names of ſome prieſts of their order, that one might be raiſed to the purple, they have ſent thoſe names written circularly, that they might not ſeem to recommend one more than another. The race of ſailors are the only people who preſerve this very antient cuſtom in its purity, for when any remonſtrance is on foot among them, they ſign it in a circle, and call it a *Round Robin*.

Toward the middle of the fifteenth century, it was the fancy of the wits and learned

learned men of the age, particularly in Italy, to change their baptiſmal names for claſſical ones. As Sannazarius, for inſtance, who altered his own plain name "Jacopo," to "Actius Syncerus." Numbers did the ſame, and among the reſt, Platina the hiſtorian, at Rome, who, not without a ſolemn ceremonial, took the name of "Callimachus," inſtead of "Philip." Pope Paul the Second, who reigned about that time, unluckily chanced to be ſuſpicious, illiterate, and heavy of comprehenſion. He had no idea that perſons could wiſh to alter their names, unleſs they had ſome bad deſign, and actually ſcrupled not to employ impriſonment, and other violent methods to diſcover the ſancied myſtery. Platina was moſt cruelly tortured on this frivolous account; he had nothing to confeſs, ſo the Pope, after endeavoring in vain, to convict him of hereſy, ſedition, &c. releaſed him, after a long impriſonment.

THE origin of names, is a ſubject which ſeems to have been, hitherto, rather ſuperficially treated; and there is not wanting reaſon to believe, that from the ſurname may be drawn very probable concluſions reſpecting not only the trade or profeſſion of the family's founders, but alſo their bodily peculiarities, qualities, accompliſhments, or defects, and the degree of reſpectability in which they were held; remarkable accidents which have happened to particular perſons, are alſo frequently recorded in their ſurnames. Thoſe reſulting from perſonal deſcription, are probably, much older than thoſe from trades or profeſſions, theſe not having been regularly exerciſed by particular perſons, until nations were conſiderably advanced in civilization; for before that period, every man was his own ſmith, carpenter, maſon, &c. and every man made his own clothes and ſhoes. But from the earlieſt times, it was neceſſary to diſtinguiſh one man from another, which could only be done by pointing out perſonal qualities, or places

of

of reſidence. For *John, the ſon of John, or William*, would ſuit more than one; but John Crookſhanks, the ſon of John, could only ſuit a bandy-legged man; and thus Mr. Lightfoot, Mr. Golightly, Mr. Swift, Mr. Hopper, Mr. Ambler, and Mr. Jumper, drew their names from the bodily agility of the firſt bearers; and Mr. Heavyſides, Meſſieurs Saunter, Onſlow, and Waddle, from the contrary quality. The Pains, Akinheads, Akinſides, Anguiſhes, and Hedacres, owed their appellations to the dolorous ſenſations of their anceſtors; while the Wilds, the Sangwines, the Joys, the Merrys, and the Bucks, announce their deſcent from a ſet of happy, thoughtleſs ſinners of the earlieſt ages.

Several reſpectable families ſeem to have originated with foundlings, and their names may poſſibly point out the places where they were expoſed. Among theſe are Townſend, Lane, Street, Church-yard, Court, Stair, Barn, Stables, Grange, Orchard, &c. We muſt not, for fear of an action, trace back the anceſtry of Mr. High-

Highwayman, but that of Mr. Gentleman, would probably do him credit.

Baſtards have not only their birth indicated by their ſurnames, but alſo the degree, rank, or ſtation of their parents, thus, Miſſon, Goodyſon, Mollyſon, Anſon, Jenniſon, Bettiſon, and Nelſon, were called after their mothers names, thoſe of their fathers being unknown. But Miſſon, and Goodiſon, were viſibly the produce of the faux-pas of Miſs, and of Goody; whereas, Jenni-ſon, Nel-ſon, Bet-ſon, &c, were the ſlips of dairy and milkmaids, or other girls in low ſtations. The like diſtinction may be traced in illegitimates, whoſe *fathers* were known. Maſterſon and Stewardſon, ſhew the children of the maſter and ſteward, while Jackſon, Thomſon and Wilſon, were the miſbegotten offspring of hinds, ſervants and laborers.

Surnames ſometimes help us to gueſs at the place where the heads of particular families were born. Probably the name of Perry, was given to ſome pleaſant, briſk Worceſterſhire lad, and that of Perkin,

kin, to one of a like deſcription, born in one of the cyder counties, of a weaker frame of body.

It ſeems difficult to account for ſome extraordinary names: many of them are probably corrupted from foreign ones. Such as Mr. Bomgarten, Mr. Higgenbottom, and divers others. The firſt is the German name for a tree-garden, i. e. an orchard, and the latter ſignifying in the ſame tongue (Icken-baum), an oak-tree.

In proceſs of time, when men began to attach themſelves to particular callings, profeſſions, and trades, they likewiſe began from them to apply the ſurnames of Smith, Butcher, Baker, &c. &c. in the manner ſtill practiſed in large public-houſes, where we may daily here perſons called by the additions of their offices, as John-Oſtler! Betty-Chambermaid! Jenny-Cook! Will-Drawer! and Sam-Boots! G.

NATIONAL

NATIONAL REFLECTIONS.

GENERAL, or national reflections, are the peculiar province of the vulgar, and with *them* they are characteriſtic; when, however, they are thrown out by men of any pretenſions to literature, they confer indelible diſgrace on the work which contains them; Guy Patin, is an example to this purpoſe. He acquired in his time, by dint of audacity, and particularly by forcing his correſpondence on men of eminence in literature *, a kind of character in ſcience, of which an accurate peruſal of his works, will, in the eyes of diſcerning readers, utterly deprive him.

This man honored England with his enmity, and an enmity ſo ſavage, ſo brutal, that it can only be paralleled by the effuſions of Hyder Ally's, Jemmatdhars †. "Moy, qui

* Ducatiana, p. 52.

† Hiſtory of the War in Aſia.

"hay

" hay naturellement les Anglois, je ne penſe " qu'avec horreur de cette nation *." " Hoc mihi ſunt, inter homines, Angli, " quod ſunt inter brutas animantes, lupi †." Theſe were the ſentiments which G. Patin bluſhed not to avow. The extent of this man's *knowledge in hiſtory*, may be judged from his affirming that, " Lord Darnley " was murthered by the Puritans;" of his *judgement*, by the pains which he takes to prove that " Mahomet was never a " cardinal at Rome," and that there are no " Silver grapes in Hungary." Vide. Patiniana, paſſim.

His conſiſtency appears, from his poſitively declaring his diſbelief of ſpectres, and from his telling, in the very ſame page, the ſilly ſtory of Bodin's familiar ſpirit, in ſuch a manner as would make any of his readers ſuppoſe that he gave implicit credit to it. Ibidem.

* As for me, (who naturally hate the Engliſh) I cannot think of that nation without horror.

† To me, the Engliſh are, among *men*, what wolves are among *beaſts*.

THOSE

THOSE, who form their ideas concerning the character of a nation, from the ſarcaſtical ſtrictures of their neighbors, will often find themſelves greatly miſtaken. Such portraits will be much too highly colored to have any general reſemblance, although ſome particular features may afford a likeneſs. Beſides, there is now and then, in a nation, a haughty affectation of ſome peculiarity, though of no pleaſant kind. In the "Life of Duncan Forbes," we are told of a hearty tub of punch, made in ſuch haſte, that the barrel not having been cleaned, the ſcales of the pickled ſalmon were ſeen ſwimming on the ſurface. This appears to have been a mere affectation of ſlovenlineſs, as does alſo the want of a proper floor, or at leaſt, of a carpet by the ſide of that bed, which Dr. Johnſon's Tour has immortalized.

We are, in the like manner, to guard ourſelves againſt the common error, of granting to our neighbor iſlanders a monopoly of bulls. The ſimplicity of the Iriſh ſervant, who got rid of a light guinea, by

by giving it to a toll-man, between two halfpence, is fully equalled by an Engliſh cook, who valued herſelf much to her lady, at having put off a neck of veniſon (which had been ſent from table to be more roaſted another day) to a viſitor's ſervants for mutton. Nor did ever Iriſhman utter a better bull, than did an honeſt John, who being aſked by a friend, "Has your ſiſter got a ſon or a "daughter?" anſwered, "Upon my ſoul, "I do not yet know whether I am an "uncle or an aunt."

Our lively neighbors of France, ſeem to have preſerved ſome ſtriking features in their character, through ſucceſſive ages. Anna Comnena, the ingenious hiſtorian of her father's reign, deſcribes the French knights and warriors, who viſited Conſtantinople, in their way to the Holy Land, as mingling gaiety with warfare, and actually brings to our mind, the petit-maitres of the preſent age, when ſhe deſcribes, with her eloquent pen, her im-

perial father, laboring under the tortures of the gout, and yet obliged to anſwer the innumerable enquiries, made by his Gallic viſitants. Anna Comnena, too, bears witneſs to the ſavage fidelity of the John Bulls of her time. She tells us that Alexius Comnenus, her father, meaning to depoſe Nicephorus Botoniates, the Emperor of Conſtantinople, ſent Cæſar Ducas, in the habit of a monk, to ſpy how the city was defended. He brought word back, that "they * muſt take heed not to aſſault one "particular part, which was guarded by "the "Barangi, †" and that to attempt "them by bribery were impracticable. "For," ſays he, "theſe battle-ax men, "adhering firmly to the traditions of their "own country, think faith to their leaders, "to be their portion of inheritance." Theſe Barangi, who were undoubtedly Engliſh-men, are ſuppoſed, by ſome writers, to

* Μητὶ τοῖς Βαραγγοις ἐμπεσεῖν.

† Barangi, i. e. Engliſh. See Nicetas Choniates & Fobrati Gloſſarium, ad Verb. Ἰγκλινοι Βαραγγοι. See alſo Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

have fled their country, when they found the Normans prevail, and to have wandered as far as Conſtantinople, in ſearch of a prince, to whom they might, with honor, transfer their allegiance.

THOSE rays which have lately illuminated almoſt every region of deſpotiſm, and which ſeem to have particularly enlightened almoſt every nation of late, have ſo far melted down the prejudices which oppoſed any amity between Britain and France, that the French now, do ample juſtice to the Britiſh conſtitution and manners, and appear, virtually, to have abandoned the charge of ferocity and ſanguinary violence, which has been brought againſt our iſlanders, as ſtrong features in their national character, by Voltaire, and others of their hiſtorians. It is in compliment to this growing candor, that the Editor lays aſide a plan he had formed, of proving, from the evidence of French writers alone, of Montaigne, L'Eſtoille, Brantome, D'Aubigny, &c. &c. &c. that the civil wars of

France brought forward in many *ſingle years*, (and ſome ſo late as 1621, *) more cruelties, maſſacres, and execrable violences, than the *whole duration* of the civil wars, between the White and the Red Roſe, and between King Charles I. and the Parliament of England. He will only intimate the deteſtable treatment to which the moſt amiable part of the creation were perpetually expoſed, a horror unknown to Engliſh annals. He will barely hint at the letter from the "Baron D'Aſſier," to the Duc de Montpenſier †, and he will only refer the inquiſitive reader to Brantome's life of the laſt mentioned general ‡, for a tale, which is related by that old courtier, as a good joke, and which he declares he heard the D. de Guiſe, repeat with loud applauſe, before his own ſpouſe and a brilliant party of women of quality.

* See account of the taking Negrepeliſſe, in the Mem. de Baſſompierre, confirmed, and enlarged on by Dr. Heylyn, in his "Two Journies," p. 236, 237.

† Hiſt. de L'Ordre de St. Eſprit. Tom. I. p. 167.

‡ Brantome. Tom. 8. p. 314, 315. Alſo the article Babelot in the Gen. Dict.

NATURAL ENEMIES.

ALTHOUGH war is apparently an idea inimical to the precepts of the Chriſtian religion, yet ſome there are who imagine that it is not only permitted, but even ordained in the general plan of great arrangements for mortals, either as a ſcourge for the ſins of mankind, or as a means of preventing that immenſe increaſe of human beings, which otherwiſe might occaſion famine and peſtilence, evils more intolerable even than war.

But we ought not, preſumptuouſly, from this cauſe, to deduce the enmity, which has exiſted for ſo many ages between Great-Britain and France. An enmity ſcarcely leſſened even by that general light of toleration which has illuminated mankind within the laſt century.

Far from being intended by nature for foes, one would rather imagine that the two countries were meant to be in perpe-

tual alliance. Each poſſeſſes the very commodities of which the other is deſtitute. The coal, the beer, the wool of Britain, are as much wanted in France, as the wine, the oil, and the fine linen of the French are wiſhed for in England. We allow too, to each other reciprocally, the moſt reſpectable and engaging qualities. We deny not to our Gallic neighbours, gallantry in battle, military ſcience, politeneſs of behaviour; and, above all, we unanimouſly allow them pre-eminence in every elegant accompliſhment. On their parts, they grant to us ſincerity, bravery, and a generous philoſophy, which, in all their dramas, where a Briton is introduced, forms the ſtriking feature of his character. Are two nations thus circumſtanced with reſpect to each other, formed to be "Natural "Enemies?" Shame on the expreſſion! It is abſurd, unnatural, and little leſs than blaſphemous, as it conveys an idea preciſely contradictory to that benevolence in the Supreme Being, which we are bound,

as

as Chriſtians, to look upon as one of his eſſential attributes.

OECONOMY.

The following letter contains an inſtance of the moſt excellent domeſtic management, which imagination can conceive. It may be depended on, for, facetious as the writer is known to be, he never indulges his humor at the expence of his veracity; and he avers every circumſtance there related to be literally true.

"You aſk me what I have ſeen, in my "ramble, worth relating. You are no "antiquarian, I will not therefore teaſe "you with ruined abbeys, Gothic caſtles, "Roman and Daniſh camps, or Druidi-"cal circles, but confine my narrative to "a human curioſity. This is a Mr. "Oſbaldeſton, an attorney's clerk, and, "ſpite of the popular prejudices againſt "his profeſſion, ſaid to be an honeſt man. "This you will allow to be a curioſity,

" but that is not all. This honeſt limb
" of the law is married, and has, at leaſt,
" half a dozen children, all whom, with
" as many couple of hounds, and a brace
" of hunters, he maintains out of, how
" much do you think? Gueſs a little, I
" pray you. Why then, to ſupport him-
" ſelf, a wife, ſix children, twelve dogs,
" and two horſes, he has not a penny
" more than *ſixty pounds per annum!*
" And, if poſſible to increaſe the miracle,
" he did this in London for many years,
" paying every body their own, and
" keeping a tight coat for Sundays and
" Holidays. But I will try to explain
" this ſeeming paradox. After the ex-
" piration of the time which Mr. Oſbal-
" deſton owed his maſter, he acted as an
" accountant for the butchers in Clare-
" market, who paid him in offal; the
" choiceſt morſels of this, he ſelected for
" himſelf and family, and with the reſt he
" fed his hounds, which he kept in his gar-
" ret. His horſes were lodged in his
" cellar, and fed on grains from a neigh-

" bouring

" bouring brewhouſe, and on damaged
" corn, with which he was ſupplied by a
" corn-chandler, whoſe books he kept in
" order. Once or twice a week, in the
" ſeaſon, he hunted, and by giving a hare,
" now and then, to the farmers, over
" whoſe grounds he ſported, ſecured their
" good-will, and permiſſion. Beſides
" which, ſeveral gentlemen, ſtruck with
" his extraordinary oeconomy, winked at
" his going over their manors with his
" moderate pack.

" Accident has, ſince, removed this un-
" common man to Lewes, in Suſſex, where
" on the ſame ſtipend, he continues to
" maintain the ſame family. Curioſity
" led me to viſit this extraordinary party,
" about their dinner time. The two-
" legged part of it were clean, though
" not ſuperfluouſly clothed, and ſeemed to
" live like brothers with the ſurrounding
" animals. It looked, in ſhort, ſomewhat
" like the golden age. Mr. O. himſelf
" ſeemed and acted like the father of the
" quadrupeds, as well as the bipeds, and

" as

" as ſuch, decided with the utmoſt impar-
" tiality, for Maſter Jacky having taken
" a bone from Jowler, he commanded
" inſtant reſtitution. And, on the other
" hand, Doxy having ſnatched a piece
" of liver from Miſs Dorothea, was oblig-
" ed, on the ſpot, to reſtore it to the young
" lady.

" On enquiry, I found that Mr. O.
" was the younger ſon of a gentleman
" of good family, but ſmall fortune, in
" the north of England, and that having
" imprudently married one of his father's
" ſervants, he was turned out of doors,
" with no other fortune than a ſouthern
" hound, big with pup, whoſe offspring
" have ſince been a ſource of profit and
" amuſement to him." F. G.

The writer of the above letter has informed the Editor, that this very extraordinary character has lately reſided, with the ſame family, at Croydon, in Surrey.

The Editor cannot help wiſhing that Mr. Oſbaldeſton had fallen in with the diſpenſer of the hand-bill which follows this

this paragraph, and which was actually put into the hand of a friend of his, as he was paſſing the Strand, in March, 1788. The induſtrious Taylor would certainly have been employed by that incomparable, and *really* reſpectable, œconomiſt, to regulate the wardrobe of the family.

The Diſpenſary for diſordered Apparel,

" Either by wear, tear, burn, misfitting, or any " other complaint whatever, the latter being a com- " plaint incident to liveries, frequently occaſioned by " the removal of ſervants, even ſhould they be " wanting in length and breadth, ſhall be ſpeedily " cured without blemiſh, &c. &c.

" And after the curious manufacturer, by care, " ſkill and labour, has highly finiſhed off beautiful " and coſtly ornamental covering for the human " body, it ſhall not be degraded by being put toge- " ther in a ſlamakin and bungling manner, but ſhaped " genteel, free, and eaſy, and put together with " ſtrength and beauty, ſo that it ſhall both do juſtice " to the manufacturer, and honor to the wearer, having " inſtruments for that purpoſe, which are of them- " ſelves infallible, if not miſguided by ſomething " which is mortal, of which all poſſible care will be " taken to prevent: but to avoid too much quackery " puffing, will come to ocular demonſtration, by " producing

" producing ſome of their performance; viz. a to-
" lerable decent ſuit on his back, made out of two
" very ragged old coats, bought in Roſemary-lane for
" eighteen-pence, and a coat that will admit of four
" different changes of faſhions, made out of a much
" ſmaller ſized ragged old coat and breeches, bought
" at the ſame place for two ſhillings; breeches neatly
" fitted in the common way without leg-ſeams, ditto
" to wear either ſide outward, as two pair, either
" leather and cloth, or what any Gentleman may
" chuſe, that can be put on and off without diſturb-
" ing boots or ſhoes, even ſhould they be dirty;
" and ditto with more conveniences than either, with-
" out any ſeam at all.

" Ladies riding habits made in the genteeleſt taſte,
" and thoſe Ladies who make uſe of drawers may
" have them made on the new-invented breeches plan,
" without a ſeam at all, like a napkin, and with ſuch
" conveniences never ſeen before: Young Gentlemen's
" firſt clothes made on a uſeful and diverting hu-
" morous plan, never done by any but himſelf. This
" operator will undertake to make a decent coat in
" the preſent taſte, which ſhall be both for ſervice
" and beauty, nearly equal to any new coat, out of
" (almoſt) the worſt coat that was ever thrown off a
" tradeſman's back; many more ſingular operations
" upon coats, can be authenticated by Mr. Babar, at
" his hat manufactory, Charing-croſs; Mr. Price,
" clock and watch-maker and mender, No. 26, St.
" Martin's-lane; Mr. Burford, tobacconiſt, Little St.
" Andrew-

" Andrew-ſtreet, Seven-Dials; Mr. Hutchinſon,
" linen-draper, No. 1, Berkley-ſquare; Mr. Voſe,
" peruke-maker, in Bedford-ſtreet, Bedford-row; Mr.
" Iſherwood, at the Fountain, Peerleſs Pool, in the
" City-road; and Mr. Mardle, copper ſmith, in
" Houndſditch: The above performances are at pre-
" ſent carried on in a three pair of ſtairs chambers,

" No. 127, near Exeter-Change, in the Strand,

" Number on the door, which is always open in the
" day-time, but the buſineſs has been much retarded,
" for the want of ſome neceſſary inſtruments to carry
" it on, notwithſtanding neither idleneſs nor extra-
" vagance have had any ſhare in the cauſe of that
" complaint, there not being ten ſhillings worth of
" animal food or liquors of any kind, except mint-
" tea, been expended amongſt ſix perſons for theſe
" ten months paſt, four of that number being girls,
" and all incapable of earning one penny, the two
" eldeſt by misfortune, and the other two by their
" youth. Under this load, together with the narrow-
" neſs of the preſent circumſtances, it is found to be
" too hard a taſk to riſe up in the world; he therefore
" flatters himſelf that by making this his real caſe
" known to the public, that they will, out of huma-
" nity, aſſiſt his endeavours to ſupport his family, in
" a more Chriſtian-like manner than at preſent, being
" more like ſwine or other beaſts, not having ſix-
" pennyworth of linen amongſt ſix perſons, and all
" other neceſſaries wanting in like manner; the taſk
" is great! but yet not ſo great but what numbers

" may

" may conquer, therefore will reſt upon faith to be-
" lieve that the number of well diſpoſed people theſe
" may fall into the hands of, will never let it be
" ſaid that ſuch a tradeſman was found ſtarved to
" death amongſt the rags, (where at preſent he now
" lies,) under the ſhop-board, whoſe higheſt am-
" bition is only to live and die on the top of it, and
" to be enabled to join temperance with prudence,
" to act in conjunction with fortitude and juſtice,
" through the ſmall remaining paſſage of this life.

" September 29th, 1786.—Being entered into the
" third year of the above mentioned apartments,
" and this being the firſt application, will give a
" full and true account of the benefits and progreſs
" ariſing from theſe bills, in my next, &c. &c.

" Your commands will be waited on to-morrow,
" or a line will be immediately attended,

" By your obliged humble ſervant,

" JOHN SHAKESPEAR."

An extreme attention to the ſmalleſt points of oeconomy, is ſaid to have been ever a ſtriking feature in the character of a perſon, not long deceaſed, whoſe memory will long be remembered for the diſtinguiſhed preference which he gave in his laſt will, to public charities, over his neareſt relations. A very ſingular and laughable inſtance

inſtance of this is reported. He loved to attend dramatic exhibitions, and, for his health's ſake, he choſe to take a great coat with him. But where ſhould he leave this uſeful appendage during the performance? The box-keepers would expect at leaſt ſix-pence; the orange girls would take little leſs; and ſhould he leave it at a coffee-houſe, he muſt ſpend three-pence to obtain houſe-room for it. His invention ſupplied him with a method cheaper and equally ſecure. He pawned his garment every evening that he attended the play, at a ſhop near the door, for a ſhilling, which he carried back to it, at the cloſe of the play, added *one penny* for intereſt, and received his great coat again ſafe and ſound, as it had literally been laid up in lavender. G.

Look up at the inſcription on that venerable building defaced with plaiſter. What does it record? "Beautified by Samuel "Smear and Daniel Daub, Churchwar-"dens." And ſo theſe honeſt gentlemen call

call diſguiſing that fine, old, ſtone building, with a thick coat of lime and hair, or white-waſh, *beautifying* it!

What is the hiſtory of all this? Why the plain matter of fact is, that every pariſh officer thinks he has a right to make a round bill on the hamlet, during his year of power. An apothecary in office, phyſics the poor. A glazier, firſt in cleaning, breaks the church-windows, and afterwards brings in a long bill for mending them. A painter repairs the commandments, puts new coats on Moſes and Aaron, gilds the organ pipes, and dreſſes the little cherubims about the loft, as fine as vermilion, Pruſſian blue, and Dutch-gold can make them; the late church-wardens chanced to be a ſilver-ſmith, and a woollen-draper. The ſilver-ſmith new faſhioned the communion plate, and the draper new clothed the pulpit, and put freſh curtains to the windows. All this might be done, with ſome ſhadow of modeſty, but to inſult the good ſenſe of every beholder with their *beautified!* Shame on them! G.

PAR-

PARLIAMENT.

ARE not they who think they ſhall do away all corruption, by lopping off thoſe which are called the rotten boroughs, from the trunk of the conſtitution, extremely deceived? Will it not be, at leaſt, as eaſy for a Miniſter to bribe the *elected*, who is *but one*, as the *electors*, who are *many?* Will not the old ſtory of the two broom-ſellers illuſtrate this obſervation? Said the one to the other, "How can you afford to "ſell *your* brooms cheaper than I can "*mine*. I am ſure, I ſteal the wood, both "for the handle and the bruſh." "But "I," anſwered the other, "ſteal *my* brooms "ready-made."

MAY not Dr. Burney's anecdote of a ſet of pariſh officers well typify the modern agitators of a parliamentary reform? They applied to Snetzler (a celebrated organ-builder) to examine their organ, and

to make improvements on it—" Gentle-
" men," ſaid the honeſt Swiſs, " your or-
" gan be wort von hondred pound, juſt
" now—well—I will ſpend von hondred
" pound upon it, and it ſhall then be wort
" fifty."

It was a humorous thought, and well expreſſed, by a gentleman (himſelf a repreſentative for a county) who, when he heard that a bill was directed to be regulated by a committee, conſiſting of Knights of Shires, and Gentlemen of the long robe, only, " that," ſaid he, " is, in " other words, all the knaves and fools in " the houſe."

PARTICULAR PROVIDENCE.

The opinion of our learned Selden on the ſubject of this article is as follows. " We cannot tell what is a judgement of " God. It is preſumption to take upon " us to know. In time of plague, we

" *know* we want health, and therefore we " pray to God to give us health. In time " of war, we *know* we want peace, and " therefore we pray to God to give us " peace. Commonly we ſay a judge- " ment falls on a man for ſomething in " him *we* cannot abide. An example we " have in K. James, concerning the death " of Henry IV. of France. *One* ſaid he was " killed for wenching, *another* ſaid he was " killed for turning his religion. ' No,' " ſays K. James, (who could not abide " fighting) ' he was killed for permitting " duels in his kingdom."

The idea of a particular providence guiding every human tranſaction, though very pleaſing, is of too delicate a nature to be clearly admiſſible in common life. It is a doctrine which, although the modeſt religioniſt uſes with diſcretion, yet is eagerly graſped at, and ſeized with blind violence, by the fanatic enthuſiaſt. Some, (and thoſe too who ought to be, from their education, ſuperior to ſuch " miſeres") produce alternately, heavy ſhowers, and clear

ſkies, to aid their preaching labors. They bring their virulent oppoſers to ſudden and uncommon deaths; and the lower orders of them actually ſupply themſelves with leather breeches *, and their wives with quilted petticoats, all by direction of a particular providence.

An anecdote which came from the mouth of the late learned and ingenious Dr. Campbell, will point out ſtrongly the impropriety of ſuch a perſuaſion being truſted to our unſteady imaginations. The late Lord Holland, who loved and valued the Doctor's company, was ſitting one morning condoling with him on their mutual infirmities, and lamenting, with a conſiderable degree of petulance, the inconveniences to which the want of health ſubjected mankind, when advanced in years. The door opened, and a well known paymaſter and contractor entered the room, florid and full of health. They congratulated him on his

* Buckingham's "Bank of Faith."

ſanguine

ſanguine looks—" Yes," he ſaid, " Pro-
" vidence had been very good to him, for
" he had never known a moment's ſick-
" neſs in his life." This declaration by no means ſoftened the aſperity of Lord Holland's countenance. The contractor ſaw all was not right, and took his leave.

" There now, Campbell, there now," ſaid the angry peer, pointing to the door, " You ſee what providence has been about
" —taking care of that ſcoundrel's health,
" forſooth! and not minding what be-
" comes of your dropſical belly, or of my
" d—d ringworm!"

PASSIONS.

It has been acutely obſerved by a periodical writer, that, unleſs we indulge them, the paſſions are not by any means ſo much our maſters as we would, too often, by way of excuſe, wiſh them to be thought. Reverence to Heaven, and reſpect to dignity will prevent the moſt vio-

lently paſſionate individual, from giving way to any viſible emotions of rage, at church, or at court; and the ſame ſelf-denial, were we but determined to enforce it, would have equal effect in our own houſes and families.

To the two above-mentioned checks on the paſſions, viz. reverence to our God, and reſpect to our King, we are happily enabled, by a ſtriking example, to add a third, —zeal for our country. For it is averred from the moſt indubitable authority, that during a late ſiege, (which had it a Homer for its hiſtorian, would make that of Troy "hide its diminiſhed head,") although the Governor and Lieutenant Governor, ſeparately, and jointly, exerted themſelves unceaſingly, and, Heaven be thanked! with ſucceſs, in the defence of the place committed to their charge; yet, from motives of private diſguſt, they never once exchanged a ſingle word with each other, throughout the whole duration of the affair, except in councils of war!

Lopez D'Acunha, a gallant Spaniard, who lived in 1578, recorded in the Apopthegms of Juan Ruffo, ſeems to have had the affections of his mind under as good command as the Grecian Epictetus. He was called out from his tent by a ſudden alarm. His ſervants armed him in great haſte, and although he told them that his helmet pained him exceedingly, they inſiſted that it could not be fitted better. The brave Lopez had not leiſure to conteſt the point, he ruſhed to the combat, fought with ſucceſs, and at his return, unlacing his caſque, and throwing it down on the ground, together with his bloody ear, "There," ſaid he mildly to his awkward valets, "was I not right when I told you "how much you hurt me in putting on "my helmet?"

The Mareſchal de Ferté, when on his death bed, by no means equalled the calm Spaniard in reſignation. His confeſſor, who knew him to be a man of quick paſſions, had been ſome time endeavoring to

rid him of his impetuous warmth, to wean his thoughts from wordly objects, and to fix them on heaven. He already flattered himself with success, and to complete his pious work, he desired the Mareschal's valet to bring him a crucifix. The valet, and a footman, eagerly ran for it at the same time, and by struggling which should bring it, delayed it so long, that the Mareschal, forgetting his newly-acquired habits of patience, hallooed out to the valet, with all the strength he had left, "Morbleu! "Why do you not break that scoundrel's "head with it?"

The Duchess D'Orleans gives two instances of hasty anger in Louis XIV. He once gave a caning to a servant, who not knowing him, opposed his entrance into a public garden. Another time, chancing to observe a thief picking the pocket of the Mareschal de Villars, the King fell upon him, and drubbed him so severely, that the fellow hallooed out, "Au meurtre, "Au

"Au meurtre! on m'aſſomme*!" to the great diverſion of the whole court. Louis, however, as he had puniſhed the rogue with his own hands, permitted him to exchange death for impriſonment.

THE paſſion of fear ſometimes ſhews itſelf upon the ſlighteſt occaſion, and in perſons the moſt unlikely to entertain ſuch a gueſt. A French author relates a whimſical inſtance of this kind. Charles Guſtavus (the ſucceſſor of Chriſtina of Sweden) was beſieging Prague, when a boor of moſt extraordinary viſage deſired admittance to his tent, and, being allowed entrance, offered, by way of amuſing the king, to devour a whole hog, weighing two hundred weight, in his preſence. The old General Konigſmarc, who ſtood by the King's ſide, and who, ſoldier as he was, had not got rid of the prejudices of his childhood, hinted to his royal maſter, that the peaſant ought to be burnt as a

* Murther! Murther! I'm a dead man!"

ſorcerer.

ſorcerer. "Sir," ſaid the fellow, irritated at the remark, "if your majeſty will but "make that old gentleman take off his "ſword and his ſpurs, I will eat him be-"fore your face, before I begin the pig." General Konigſmarc (who had, at the head of a body of Swedes, performed wonders againſt the Auſtrians, and who was looked upon as one of the braveſt men of the age,) could not ſtand this propoſal, eſpecially as it was accompanied by a moſt hideous and preternatural expanſion of the frightful peaſant's jaws. Without uttering a word, the veteran ſuddenly turned round, ran out of the court, and thought not himſelf ſafe until he had arrived at his quarters, where he remained above twenty-four hours locked up, ſecurely, before he had got rid of the panic which had ſo ſeverely affected him.

In the extracts from the Duchefs of Orleans' letters, we find that Queen Chriſtina of Sweden, (who was as peculiar in her night-dreſs, as in almoſt every thing elſe,

elſe, and who, inſtead of a night-cap, made uſe of an uncouth linen wrapper,) having ſpent a reſtleſs day in bed, ordered a band of Italian muſicians from the opera, to approach near to her curtains, which were cloſe drawn, and ſtrive to amuſe her. After ſome time, the voice of one of the performers ſtriking her, with ſingular pleaſure, ſhe ſuddenly thruſt her homely, ſtern, ill-dreſſed head from behind the curtains, exclaiming loudly, "Mort Diable! comme il chante bien *!" The poor Italians, not uſed to ſuch rough applauſe, from a figure ſo hideous, were unable to proceed, from the terror which they felt, and the whole concert was at ſtand, for ſeveral minutes.

THE following ſtory, taken from two or three different writers, and certainly to be depended on, affords as ſtrong an inſtance as ever was given, of cool, deliberate revenge.

* Death and the Devil! How well he ſings!

La

La mort funeſte de Ferrante Pallavicino *, eſt raportée par mille gens, mais je ne ſache perſonne qui en a dit tant de particularitez que la relation ſuivante, que l'on a trouvée manuſcrite dans une des plus celébres bibliotheques de Paris, ajoutée à la fin du volume intitulé " Le glo- " rie degl' incogniti di Padoua." La voici. —" Carlo di Breſche, conoſciuto in Italia " ſotto il nome di Carlo di Morti, fu fig- " liolo d'uno librario di Parige, chiamato

* Gab. Naudé and Marville, give the following account of this unfortunate man. " He was the author of the "" Divortio Celeſte,"" and, by his bitter and ſatirical taunts, " made the Barbarini famiiy his inveterate foes. He was " enticed from Venice, to which he had retired, by one " of their emiſſaries, who, under preſence of guiding him " into the dominions of France, led him to Avignon, " where he was ſeized, and, after lying more than a year " in priſon, without any one ſtirring in his behalf, he made " a deſperate effort to eſcape, by ſetting fire to his priſon " door; but that failing, and his deſign being diſcovered, " he was inſtantly beheaded. The ſon of a bookſeller at " Paris, who had betrayed him into the hands of his " enemies, was, in the year 1646, ſlain, in cold blood, " by a couſin of Pallavicino. This Italian had been em- " ployed, during three years, in watching an opportunity " to revenge the death of his relation, on his betrayer."

" Pietre

" Pietre di Breſche, coſtui ſen' ando' al
" viaggio d'Italia, ſervendo un cavaliere,
" il quale eſſendo morto nel viaggio. Car-
" lo ſene venne da Roma à Venetia. Nel
" ſoggiorno che fece in Roma fù preſen-
" tato a i Barberini, come huomo capace
" d'intraprendere coſe di rilievo, ciò che
" conoſciuto, gli fù commeſſa la ruina di
" *Ferrante Pallavicino*, moſſi a tal riſen-
" timento i Barberini della "" Baccinata,
"" & Divortio Celeſte,"" compoſitioni ſue,
" & aggiuſtarono il prezzo del tradimento
" in tres miglia doppie; coſi ſene venne
" Carlo a Venetia, azilo di Ferrante,
" dove ritrovatolo, fece amicitia ſeco, &
" ſtrinſela di modo che vedendolo con
" diſpoſitione di paſſare in Francia, per
" fuggir l'inſidie de' ſuoi malevoli, gli
" eſibi la ſua compagnia. Caminarono
" dunque inſieme fin a Orange, città vi-
" cina a Avignone dieci miglia, di dove
" aviſo Carlo al vicelegato della preda, in-
" vitandolo a mandargli incontro gente. Il
" che eſſeguito, furono ambedue pigliati,
" condotti in Avignone, & carcerati. Carlo

" però,

" però, essendolo solo *pro formâ*, fù presto
" liberato, & Ferrante ritenuto, processato,
" & fatto morire. Retornò Carlo poi à
" Roma, dove ricevene l'infame premio,
" del suo diabolico tradimento, parte, in
" quadri, (i quali furono esposti a vendere
" in Parigi, in L'Hotel de Fleury, alhorà
" camera locanda, tenuta da una certà
" donna di Bretagna, chiamata M. Barillon,
" nella strada des Bourdonnois) parte, in
" contanti. Il Cardinale *Mazarini* fra-
" tanto portando impatientemente la morte
" di Pallavicino, al qual voleva del bene
" assai, fece dar ordine ad'un tale *Gan-*
" *ducci*, Italiano, di domesticarsi con Carlo.
" Il che fece cautamente detto emissario,
" simulando di vendere guanti, profumi, &
" altre galanterie, le quali barattava con
" Carlo per quadri ed'altra robba. Così
" avendo stabilito commercio con esso, era
" spesso di lui, che stava di casà in piazza
" Maubert; dove essendo una mattina à
" buonissima hora andato, per i loro ne-
" gotii communi, si lamentò con Carlo
" di qualche ingiustitia fattagli da esso
" lui:

" lui: ciò che negando Carlo, ch'ancora
" era in letto, moſſe gli l'altro la cagione
" del Petroſello, lanciatoſi gli adoſſo, l'ab-
" bracciò ſeco, & piantogli un ſtile nelle
" reni. Sentendoſi Carlo ferito, come
" forte & robuſto ſi ſtrinſe col ſicario, &
" dibattendoſi cadorno ambedue per terra.
" Corſero al rumore quei di caſa, & tro-
" vato l'uſtio ſerrato per di dentro via,
" chiamarono la giuſtitia, la quale venuta
" & l'apertura fatta della porta, vidde
" l'homicidio, fece cacciar prigione Gau-
" ducci nel "' Petit Chatelet,"' mentre
" Carlo ſene moriva. Il che riferito al
" Cardinale Mazarini, diede ordine al
" giudice criminale di liberare il carcerato,
" & fù ubbidito. In queſto modo fù rimu-
" nerato il ſcelerato del ſuo più che bar-
" baro tradimento." Pag. 110 Claudius Bebigardus.

PLAYS

PLAYS AND NOVELS.

THE mind of man in every age, has had at times, a wiſh for ſome relaxation. Books of the lighter kind have been the general reſource on ſuch occaſions, to thoſe who could read, and every age has furniſhed ſome authors, who have employed their talents for the amuſement of the idle, the rich, and the luxurious. The preſent race of novels, if they excel not in wit or contrivance, are at leaſt, in general, free from the charge of offending againſt morality. If they are often inſipid, they are, commonly harmleſs. It is true, they abound in number beyond moderation, but thoſe *few* books of the ſame ſpecies of writing, which owed their being to Petronius, to Apuleius, and to Lucian, muſt have done infinitely more harm to the morals of their age, than all thoſe reams of adventures which the libraries of Meſſrs. Noble, Hookham, Lane, &c. have ever given to the

the world. And from the following anecdote, communicated to the Editor, by a clergyman who reſided near the ſpot, we may judge that a ſmall number of books have as many peruſers as the largeſt collection can boaſt.

The whole library of one of the Scilly iſles, conſiſted, about fifty years paſt, of the Bible, and the Hiſtory of Dr. Fauſtus. The iſland was populous, and the weſtern peaſants being ſeldom deficient in literature, the conjuror's ſtory had been handed from houſe to houſe, until, from perpetual thumbing, little of his enchantments, or his cataſtrophe, was left legible. On this alarming conjuncture, a meeting was called of the principal inhabitants, and a propoſal was made, and unanimouſly approved, that as ſoon as the ſeaſon permitted any intercourſe with Cornwall, a ſupply of books ſhould be ſent for. A debate now began, in order to aſcertain *what* thoſe books ſhould be, and the reſult was, that an order ſhould be tranſmitted to an eminent bookſeller, at

Penzance, for him to ſend them *another Dr. Fauſtus.*

It cannot be denied that novels, in concert with plays, or rather, perhaps, farces, hand down to ſucceeding generations the only juſt repreſentation of the times in which they are written. None, but the authors of ſuch pieces, will take the pains to deſcribe the manners of their cotemporaries, as ſuch a *ſerious* narration would be at the time when written, inſipid, and totally uſeleſs. On the other hand, ſhould the dramatic writer, or the noveliſt, err in his picture of common life, his farce would be hiſſed, and his tale lie unperuſed on his printer's ſhelf. It is to Ariſtophanes, to Plautus, to Terence, and to Apuleius, not to Thucydides, Livy, or Cæſar, that we muſt look, for the private faſhions and cuſtoms of the Greeks and Romans; and it is really affecting to obſerve the extreme diſtreſs to which our own antiquarians are driven, when they wiſh to make us, of the *preſent* age, acquainted

quainted with the minutiæ of thoſe of our anceſtors who lived before the ſtage, and the preſs, exiſted to elucidate the future hiſtorian. The ſeals of monaſtic charters, and even the gaudy ornaments of a royal miſſal, (the very beſt guides to the curious on theſe ſubjects,) afford little light into the humors of the age, when compared to what our poſterity will receive from the dramatic ſatires of Foote, Murphy, Colman and Sheridan, and the didactic narratives of Fielding, Smollett and Goldſmith.

POETRY.

In a melange, like that which this work preſents, it is preſumed, that it cannot be judged improper to introduce a few ſpecimens of verſe, (in different languages,) which are not commonly known, and yet have conſiderable merit in their ſeveral lines.

A Deſcription of the Fairy Morgana.

From Boiardo's "Orlando Innamorato." Lib. 2. Cent. 8. St. 5.

Il Conte che d'entrare avea gran voglio
Senza dir altro, alla fonte tornava
Trovò Morgana, ch'intorno alla ſoglia
Faceva un ballo, e ballando cantava.
Piu leggier non ſi volge al vento foglia
Di cio che quella donna ſi voltava
Guardando ora alla terra, ed ora al ſole,
Il canto ſuo dicea queſte parole.

"Chi

" Chi cerca in queſto mondo aver teſoro
" O dilletto, e piacere, onore, e ſtato,
" Ponga la mano a queſta chioma d'oro
" Ch'io porto in fronte, e lo farò beato;
" Ma quando ha in in deſtro ſi fatto lavoro,
" Non cerchi indugio, che'l tempo paſſato
" Perduto e tutto, e non ritorna mai
" Ed io mi volto—e laſcio l'huomo in guai."

The Count, whoſe mind was bent to enter there,
In ſilence turn'd, and ſought again the rill.
Hard by the throne, he found th' Inchantreſs fair,
Who ſweetly ſang, and gaily danced ſtill.
See but yon leaf, light floating on the wind,
So lightly did the graceful fairy bound,
Now gazing on the Sun, now on the ground,
And in theſe myſtic words, her ſong diſclos'd her mind.

" The man who ſeeks, on earth, for worldly gain,
" For joy, for honor, for imperial ſtate,
" Let his quick graſp, the golden lock obtain
" Which ſhades my brow—Then will I make him great.
" But when this valu'd prize becomes his own,
" He muſt not ſleep, for time, which flies amain,
" When paſt, is loſt, and ne'er returns again;
" Then I, too, turn my back, and leave the wretch to moan."

The above tranſlation, has the humble merit of being almoſt perfectly literal, but

the elegant gaiety, ſweetneſs, and ſpirit of the deſcription of Morgana dancing, are in the original inimitable.

THE following deſcription of a terrifying voice, heard from the top of a vaſt rock, has certainly ſome claim to a ſhare in the terrible graces.

La ripa dello ſcoglio è d'erba priva
Ed ha color, che ſembra fiamma viva.
In ſu la cima, una voce riſuona,
Mai non udiſſi la piu ſpaventoſa!
Quel ch'ella dice, non ſa dir perſona.
Or. Inn. Lib. I. c. 5. St. 14, 15.

No herb can grow on this deteſted ground,
But flames appear to glimmer all around;
While from the craggy rocks, on rocks uprear'd,
A loud terrific voice is ever heard;
Yet none can comprehend the dire, myſterious, ſound.

The following hyperbole, taken from the ſame work, (lib. 2. Canto 24. St. 59, 60.) has never been exceeded, if it has ever been equalled, as to its mixture of wit,

and

and abſurdity. The Poet is ſpeaking of Orlando's celebrated ſword Durlindana.

Tanto era nel ſuo taglio grazioſa,
Che quaſi inſieme tagliava, cuciva,
E'l ſuo ferire appena ſi ſentiva.

Onde ora avendo a traverſo tagliato
Queſto Pagan, lo fa ſi deſtramente,
Che l'un pezzo, in ſu l'altro, ſuggelato
Rimaſe, ſenza muoverſi niente:
E come avien, quand' uno e riſcaldato
Che le ferite per allor non ſente,
Coſi colui, del colpo non accorto,
Andava combattendo, ed era morto.

So keen the edge of this enchanted ſteel,
The ſtroke, its lord had given, it ſeem'd to heal;
Nor did the wretch who met it, ſcarce, the anguiſh feel.

Thus when Orlando, raging o'er the plain,
Had, at a blow, his foeman cut in twain,
The path his ſword had made ſo nicely clos'd,
That on *one* half, the *other* ſtill repos'd.
And, as, while rage inflates each tumid vein,
The ardent warrior knows no ſenſe of pain,
Still did the Pagan deal his blows around,
Nor, till he fell aſunder, knew the deadly wound.

In the "Viaggio in Dalmazia, del' Abate Alberto Fortis," there is to be found a poem, unique in its kind, wild as to its plan, but by no means deficient in its ſtory, or in its pathetic powers. The argument is ſhort, and ſoon told. Aſan, a Turkiſh baſſa (for to the Dalmatians, the Turks are models for politeneſs, heroiſm, manners, &c. like the bears to the Kamſchatkans *) has been wounded in a fight, and remains encamped; his mother and ſiſter, with great propriety, attend upon him, but his beloved wife keeps away, being reſtrained by a ſpecies of delicacy, which ſeems wholly unaccountable. The Baſſa, being, very naturally, diſpleaſed with her conduct, as ſoon as he is recovered, ſends her a declaration of divorce. She leaves the houſe in agonies of grief, deploring the loſs of five children, with whom ſhe was now to part for ever. Her

* We are told in the laſt voyage of Capt. Cook, that the ſavages on the N. Eaſtern coaſt of Aſia have no other models in dancing, &c. &c. than the ſprightly animals, juſt mentioned.

brother,

brother, the Begh Pintorowich, inſiſts upon her immediately marrying the judge of Imoſka; ſhe is forced to conſent, though yearning after her loſt ſpouſe, and family. On her paſſing the caſtle of her late huſband, in her way to Imoſka, her children are ſent by her repentant, firſt huſband, to meet her, and ſhe teſtifies her affection for them, by abundance of preſents; but the taking leave of her youngeſt child, and the diſtreſs ſhe feels at hearing the voice of her firſt ſpouſe, whom ſhe ſtill tenderly loved, are too much for her delicate frame, and ſhe falls dead at the gate of her firſt ſpouſe's abode. As a ſpecimen of the Morlachian tongue (in which the poem is written) the following lines are given, being the beginning of the piece.

Seto ſchjeli u gorje zelenoj?
Alſu ſnjezi, al-ſu Labutove?
Da-ſu ſnjezi vech-bi okopnuli
Labutove vech-bi poletjeli.

THE firſt lines are pictureſque, and ſound well in the Italian tranſlation, to which we muſt truſt, as the Morlachian language will hardly meet any interpreter in Britain.

" Che mai biancheggia, lá, nel verde boſco?
" Son nevi, o cigni?" Se le foſſer nevi,
Squagliate omai ſarebbonſi. Se cigni,
Moſſo avrebero il volo. Ah! non ſon bianche
Nevi, o cigni colà. Sono le tende,
D'Aſano, il duce. Egli è ferito e duolſi,
Acerbamente. A viſitarlo andaro,
La madre è la ſorella. Anche la ſpoſa,
Sarebbe v'ita, mà roſſor trattienla.

" O'er yonder wood, what object ſtrikes my ſight,
" Of candid hue? Is it unmelted ſnow,
" Or the yet brighter plumage of the ſwan?"
Snow, ere this time, had yielded to the heat,
And ſwans had long ago their flight reſum'd.
Ah! No! Nor ſnow, nor brighter ſwans, I ſee,
I ſee the tents of Aſſan, ſtern commander;
Groaning with anguiſh of his wounds he lies;
To ſoothe his pains, a ſiſter's pious care,
A mother's too, attend him; ſain his fair

Betrothed

* Betrothed would have join'd the duteous band,
But, woe the day! Her inbred modeſty
Oppos'd the tender thought.———

Not to dwell too long on the ſubject, we will ſlightly glance over the poem, until we arrive at the laſt nine lines. The poor lady has given preſents to all her children, and has, with difficulty, torn herſelf away from her little favorite in his cradle.

Tutto in diſparte il Duce Aſán vedea
E a ſe chiamo i figliuoli. " A me tornate,
" Cari orfanelli miei, da ch- non ſente
" Piu pietade di voi la cru l madre,
" Di arruginito cor."— U dillo, e cadde
L'afflitta Donna, col pallido vo'to,
La terra percuotendo; è a un punto iſteſſo,
Del petto uſcille l' anima dolente,
Gli orfani figli ſuoi partir veggendo.

* The word 'betrothed' anſwers exactly to the Italian 'Spoſa,' and is more conſonant to common ſenſe than the poet's own idea; but, unluckily, the lady in queſtion had had ſeveral children by the Baſſa.

Too

Too late repenting, hapleſs Aſan ſaw
His lovely ſpouſe, the mother of his children,
For ever loſt! And "Turn, ah, turn to me,
"Ye wretched babes," he cried, "you, like your father,
"Are quite forgotten—ſee! her flinty breaſt
Sternly reſiſts, and ſets your tears at nought."
She heard no more—the wife, the mother, all,
Ruſh'd on her ſoul, and quell'd the powers of life.
Aſſail'd at once by pity, love, and grief,
She ſunk to earth, and clos'd her beauteous eyes
In everlaſting ſleep———

THE two ſucceeding pieces are ſpecimens of the grave and the gay veins of compoſition, in the ſonorous language of Spain.

SONETO 37.

Di Garcilaſſo de la Vega.

A la entrada de un valle, en un deſierto,
Do nadie atraveſſava ni ſe via,
Vi que con eſtraneza un can hazia
Eſtremos de dolor, con deſconcierto.

Agora ſuelta el llate al ciel abierto,
Ora vaa raſtreando por la via:
Camina, buelve, pâra, i toda via,
Quedava des mayado, come muerto.

I ſue,

I fue, que ſe apartò de ſu preſencia,
Su amo, i no le hallava, i eſto ſiente;
Mirad haſta do llega el mal de abſencia!

Moviô me a compaſſion ver ſu acidente,
Dixele laſtimando: Ten paciencia,
Que yo alcanço razon, i eſtoi abſente.

Deep in the lone receſſes of a vale,
Where frequent travellers no way had trac'd,
I ſaw a dog, with deſultory haſte,
Explore, in ſad diſtreſs, the pathleſs dale;
With open noſtril now he ſnuff'd the gale,
And now with eager ſcent the ground explor'd;
Now here, now there he turns with anxious care,
And rends, with piercing cries, the ambient air,
Seeking, with fruitleſs queſt, his abſent Lord.
I view'd his luckleſs ſtate, with pitying eye,
And, as I mark'd the deep concern he ſhow'd,
My boſom heav'd a ſympathetic ſigh,
While from my tongue, theſe words ſpontaneous flow'd:
" Patience, poor wretch!—for greater ills *I* prove,
" Since *reaſon's powers I* feel, yet mourn my abſent
" love." P.

A Sonnet

A Sonnet from the 'Zeloſo Eſtremeno' of Miguel de Cervantes.

Madre, la mi Madre
Guardas mi ponéis,
Que ſi yo no mi guardo
No mi guardereis.
Dizen que eſta eſcrito
Y con gran razon
Ser la privacion
Cauſa de appetito.

Mother, with watchful eye you ſtrive
My freedom to reſtrain;
But know, unleſs *I guard myſelf*,
Your guard will be but vain.
It has been ſaid, and reaſon's voice
Confirms the ancient lay,
Still will confinement's rigid hand
Enflame the wiſh to ſtray.

Crece en infinito
Encerrando amor.
Por eſſo es mejor
Que no mi encerreis
Que ſi yo no mi guardo
No mi guardereis.

Love, once oppreſs'd, will ſoon encreaſe
And ſtrength ſuperior gain;
'Twere better far, believe my voice,
To give my will the rein:
For if I do not guard myſelf,
Your guard will be but vain.

Por ſi no ſe guarda
No la havran guarda
Miedo o calidad.
Rompea en verdad
Por la miſma muerte
Haſta hallar la ſuerte
Que vos entendeis
Que ſi io no mi guardo
Mal mi guardereis.

For her who will not guard herſelf,
No other guard you'll find;
Cunning, and fear, will weak be found
To chain the active mind.
Tho' death himſelf ſhould bar my way,
His menace I'd diſdain;
Then learn, that till I guard myſelf,
Your guard will ſtill be vain.

Quien

Quien tiene coſtumbre
De ſer amoroſa
Como mariposa
Si ira tras ſu lumbre,
Aunque muchedumbre
De guardas le ponsar
Y aunque mas propongan,
De hazer lo que hazeis
Que ſi yo no mi guardo
Mal mi guardereis.

The raptur'd heart, which once has felt
A ſenſe of love's delight,
Flies like the moth's impetuous wing,
To find the taper's light.
A thouſand guards, a thouſand cares,
Will ne'er the will reſtrain,
For if do not guard myſelf,
All other guards are vain.

Es de tal maniera
La fuerça amoroſa
Que a la mas hermoſa
La buelve in Chimera
El pecho de cera,
De fuego la gana,
Las manos de lana
De fieltro los pies
Que ſi yo no mi guardo
Mal mi guardereis.

Such is the all-controuling force
Of Love's reſiſtleſs ſtorm,
It gives to beauty's faireſt ſhape,
The dire Chimera's form.
To wax the melting breaſt it turns,
Flame o'er the cheek is ſpread,
With hands of wool, ſhe opes the door,
On felt, the footſteps tread.
Then try no more with fruitleſs care,
My wiſhes to reſtrain,
For *if I do not guard myſelf,*
Your guard will be but vain. P.

WHAT follows is an original French ballad, written in the fifteenth century. It is to be found in a ſcarce book, called "La "Legende de Maitre Pierre Fai-ſeu," and is entituled "Recollection des merveilleuſes ad- "venues de notre temps, commencée par tres "elegant Orateur, Meſſire George Chaſtellain, "& continuée par Maiſtre Jehan Molinet." The tranſlation is as near the original as it well could be brought. The ballad is in general a faithful chronicle of the times, and the ſting at the cloſe renders it intereſting to Britain.

Qui veult ouyr nouvelles
Etranges a compter,
Je ſcay les nonpareilles,
Qu'homme ne ſcauroit chanter,
Et toutes advenues
Depuis long tems en ça,
Je les ay retenues,
Et ſçay comment il va.

En France la très belle,
Fleur de Creſtienté,
Je veis une pucelle,
Sourdre en auctorité.
Qui fit lever le ſiege,
D'Orleans, en ſes mains;
Pus le Roy par prodiege,
Mena ſacrer à Reims.

Thoſe who wiſh to hear a ditty,
Fill'd with many a wond'rous thing,
To my ſonnet let them liſten,
Such, no other bard can ſing.
Many years ago, believe me,
Chanc'd theſe wonders to befall,
Yet the whole, I, well, remember,
And intend to tell them all.

Faireſt flow'r in Europe's garden,
France, I've ſeen reduc'd ſo low,
As to truſt to one poor maiden,
For defence againſt the foe.
Orleans ſhe, in time, relieved,
When, by England, almoſt won;
And to Rheims the King attended,
That his crown ſhe might ſet on.

J'ay veu ung petit moyne
En Romme dominer,
Et en très grant enſoigne
Le Pape gouverner :
Dont depuis l'adventure
Fut d'eſtre eſcartellé,
A honte & à laidure
Comme traiſtre appellé.

Rome, tho' once mankind commanding,
Holding all the world in thrall,
Govern'd by a little prieſtling,
City, nobles, Pope and all,
I have ſeen——But mark the end on't,
Soon his treachery was found,
And his body, all in quarters,
Hung the city-walls around.

Depuis veiz en Eſcoſſe
Le Roy Stuart meurdrir
D'eſpée, & de talloce,
Et luy convint ſouffrier,
Et prendre en pacience
A ſa noble moullier,
La Royne, qui en ce
Priſt peine a ſe venger.

Scotland's King *, the noble Stuart,
Foully murther'd have I view'd,
By the ſtrokes of ſwords and halberts,
In his royal blood imbrued.
This, his Queen, a woeful witneſs
Was, with patience forc'd to bear,
Till a juſt, a bitter vengeance
Eas'd her mind, and ſooth'd her care.

J'ai ung Duc de Savoye
Veu Pape devenir,
Ce qui fut hors de voye
Pour à ſalut venir ;
Si en vint dure playe
En l'Eſgliſe de Dieu,
Mais il en receut paye
A Ripailles ſon lieu.

Savoy's Duke †, I've ſeen contriving
How a Pope he might become,
And for earthly pomp, forſaking
Pious thoughts of future doom.
Hence aroſe a dire diviſion
Midſt the church, with hot debate,
While the Duke, at fair Ripailles,
Heap'd up wealth, and worldly ſtate.

Par fortune ſiniſtre,
Veiz à l'œil vivement
Le grant Duc de Cloceſtre
Meurdrier piteuſement ;

I have ſeen, the Duke of Clarence ‡
(So his wayward fate had will'd,)
By his ſpecial order drowned
In a caſk, with malmſey fill'd.

* This refers to the murther of James I. of Scotland, in the arms of his Queen.
† Of this Duke ſomewhat more may be found under the article Hermits.
‡ The French Bard, by miſtake, calls the ſuffering prince, Duke of Cloſter.

En vin plain une cuve
Failloit qu'eſtranglé fuſt,
Cuidant par celle eſtuve
Que la mort n'y paruſt.

That *that* death ſhould ſtrike his fancy,
This the reaſon, I ſuppoſe,
He might think that hearty drinking
Would appeaſe his dying throes.

La cité de Conſtantine
Depuis veiz envaher
De la gent Sarrazine,
Qui la vindront ſaiſir,
Et la teſte copperent
Au vieillart Empereur,
Sans ce-que ailleurs monſtrerent
Maint aultre grant horreur.

Conſtantine's imperial city,
Chriſtendom's renowned boaſt,
I have taken ſeen, and plunder'd,
By a ſavage, Turkiſh hoſt.
Conſtantine, oh, grief to ſay it!
Hapleſs Emp'ror, brave and old,
Loſt his head, midſt other horrors,
Far too diſmal to be told.

Paſſant par Engleterre,
Je veiz en grant tourment
Les Seigneurs de la terre
S'entretuer forment,
Avec ung tel deluge,
Qui cueurs eſbahiſſoit
Qu'à peine eut refuge
Où mort n'apparoiſſoit.

Paſſing thro' fair England's valleys,
There I ſaw a woeful ſight,
Lords and barons bent on ſlaughter,
Dealing death in woeful fight:
Sanguine torrents flow'd around me,
Bleeding bodies choak'd each ſpring.
Deadly groans were heard reſounding,
Shrieks in every valley ring.

Un nouveau Roy creèrent,
Par deſpiteux vouloir,
Le vieil en debouterent,
Et ſon legitime hoir,
Qui fuytif alla prendre
D'Ecoſſe le garand,
De tous ſiecles le mendre,
Et le plus tollerant.

For, to pleaſe a wayward fancy,
They a change of Kings would try,
And their prince and his ſucceſſor,
From the realm would force to fly,
Soon to Scotland they retreated,
There a ſafe aſylum find,
Scotland, ſtill to hapleſs princes
Holding forth a greeting kind.

J'ay

J'ay ung Roy de Cecille
Veu devenir berger,
Et sa femme gentille
De ce propre mestier,
Portant la pannetiere
La houlette, & chappeau,
Logeant sur la fougere,
Auprès de leur troupeau.

Then I saw Sicilia's monarch,
Seeming like a homely swain,
With his Queen, in like apparel,
Tend their flocks along the plain.
They had donn'd the simple habit,
Russet gown, and shepherd's crook,
And all beneath a shady forest
Watch'd their sheep, beside a brook.

J'ay veu Roy d'Angleterre
Amener son grand ost,
Pour la Françoise terre
Conquester, bref & tost;
Le Roy voyant l'affaire,
Si bon vint, luy donna,
Que l'autre, fait mener faire
Content s'en retourna.

Lastly, England's King victorious,
I have seen on France's coast,
Breathing nought but death and slaughter,
Follow'd by a gallant host.
But our Louis, subtle monarch *,
Sent him store of brisk champaign,
So the King, content and jolly,
Back to England sail'd again.

* Whoever will peruse the Memoirs of Philip de Comines, will find that it was not wine, alone, which sent Edward IV. back into England. There was not a man about his person, but who had received bribes from Louis XI. The receipts for the sums advanced, signed by the English Lords, were actually preserved, to their eternal shame, in the Archives of Paris, when Comines wrote.

MENAGE, in whose works the following odd piece is to be found, thinks it of consequence enough to become the foundation of a style in burlesque poetry, to be called "Le style niais." Anglicé & Vulg. "The nizy style."

Le Fameux La Galiſſe.

Meſſieurs, vous plait-il d'ouir
L'air du fameux la Galiſſe,
Il pourra vous rejouir,
Pourvû qu'il vous divertiſſe.

La Galiſſe eut peu de bien,
Pour ſoutenir ſa naiſſance,
Mais il ne manqua de rien,
Dès qu'il fut dans l'abondance.

Bien inſtruit dès le berçeau,
Jamais, tant il fut honnête,
Il ne mettoit ſon chapeau,
Qu'il ne ſe couvrît la tête.

Il étoit affablé & doux,
De l'humeur de feu ſon pere,
Et n'entroit guéres en couroux,
Si ce n'eſt dans la colere.

Il vouloit dans ſes repas,
Des mets exquis & fort tendres,
Et faiſoit ſon Mardi gras,
Toûjours la veille des Cendres.

De

De l'inventeur du raiſin
Il révéroit la memoire,
Et pour bien gouter le vin,
Jugeoit qu'il en falloit boire.

Il diſoit que le nouveau
Avoit pour lui plus d'amorce,
Et moin il y mettoit d'eau,
Plus il y trouvoit de force.

Il conſultoit rarement
Hippocrate & ſa doctrine,
Et ſe purgeoit ſeulement,
Quand il prenoit medecine.

Au piquet par tout payis,
Il jouoit ſuivant ſa pante,
Et comptoit quatre-vingt dix,
Lorſqu'il marquoit un nonante.

Il ſavoit les autres jeux
Qu'on joue à l'Académie,
Et n'etoit pas malheureux,
Tant qu'il gagnoit la partie.

Il aimoit à prendre l'air,
Quand la ſaiſon étoit bonne,
Et n'attendoit pas l'hyver,
Pour vendanger en autonne.

Il épouſa, ce dit-on,
Une vertueuſe Dame.
S'il avoit vêcu garçon.
Il n'auroit point eu de femme.

Il en fut toûjours cheri,
Elle n'etoit point jalouſe;
Si tôt qu'il fut ſon mari,
Elle devint ſon épouſe.

Il paſſa près de huit ans
Avec elle, fort à l'aiſe,
En eut juſqu'à huit enfans,
C'étoit la moitié de ſeize.

On dit que dans ſes amours,
Il fut careſſé des belles,
Qui le ſuivirent toûjours,
Tant qu'il marcha devant elle.

D'un air galant & badin,
Il courtiſoit ſa Caliſte,
Sans jamais être chagrin,
Qu'au moment qu'il étoit triſte.

Il brilloit comme un Soleil,
chevelure étoit blonde:
Il n'eût pas eu ſon pareil,
S'il eût été ſeul au monde.

Il

Il eut des talens divers,
Même on aſſure une choſe,
Quand il écrivoit en vers,
Qu'il n'écrivoit pas en proſe.

En matiére de rebus
Il n'avoit pas ſon ſemblable :
S'il eût fait des impromtus,
Il en eut été capable.

Il ſavoit un triolet
Bien mieux que ſa patenôtre :
Quand il chantoit un couplet,
Il n'en chantoit pas un autre.

Il expliqua doctement
La phyſique & la morale,
Et ſoutint qu'une jument
Etoit toûjours une cavale.

Par un diſcours ſerieux
Il prouva que la berluë,
Et les autres maux des yeux,
Sont contraires à la vûe.

Chacun alors applaudit
A ſa ſcience inouïe,
Tout homme qui l'entendit,
N'avoit pas perdu l'ouïe.

Il prétendi en un mois
Lire toute l'ecriture,
Et l'auroit lue une fois,
S'il en eût fait la lecture.

Par ſon eſprit & ſon air
Il s'aquit le don de plaire :
Le Roi l'eût fait Duc & Pair,
S'il avoit voulu le faire.

Mieux que tout autre il ſavoit
A la cour jouer ſon role,
Et jamais lorſqu'il buvoit
Ne diſoit une parole.

Il choiſiſſoit prudement
De deux choſes la meilleure,
Et répetoit fréquement,
Ce qu'il diſoit à toute heure.

Il fut à la verité
Un danſeur aſſez vulgaire ;
Mais il n'eût pas mal chanté,
S'il avoit voulu ſe taire.

Il eut la goute à Paris,
Longtems cloué ſur ſa couche,
En y jettant les hauts cris,
Il ouvroit bien fort la bouche.

Lorſqu'en

Lorſqu'en ſa maiſon des champs
Il vivoit libre & tranquile,
On auroit perdu ſon tems
De le chercher à la ville.

On raconte, que jamais
Il ne pouvoit ſe réſoudre
A charger ſes piſtolets,
Quand il n'avoit pas de poudre.

Un jour il fut aſſiné
Devant ſon juge ordinaire :
S'il eût été condamné,
Il eût perdu ſon affaire.

On ne le vit jamais las,
Ni ſujet à la pareſſe.
Tandis qu'il ne dormoit pas,
On tient qu'il veilloit ſans ceſſe.

Il ſe plaiſoit en bateau,
Et ſoit en paix ſoit en guerre,
Il alloit toujours par eau,
A moins qu'il n'allat pas terre.

Une fois s'etant ſouré
Dans un profond marécage,
Il y ſeroit demeure,
S'il n'eût pu trouver paſſage.

Dans un ſuperbe tournoi
Prêt à fournir ſa carriere,
Il parut devant le Roi,
Il n'étoit donc pas derriere.

Monté ſur un cheval noir,
Les Dames le reconnurent,
Et c'eſt là qu'il ſe fit voir
A tout ceux qui l'apperçurent.

Mais bien qu'il fût vigoureux,
Bien qu'il fît de Diable à quatre,
Il ne renverſa que ceux
Qu'il eût l'adreſſe d'abattre.

C'étoit un homme de cœur
Inſatiable de gloire ;
Lorſqu'il étoit le vainqueur,
Il remportoit la victoire.

Les places qu'il attaquoit
A peine oſoient ſe defendre,
Et jamais il ne manquoit
Celles qu'on lui voioit prendre.

Un devin pour deux teſtons
Lui dit d'une voix hardie,
Qu'il mourroit de la les monts,
S'il mouroit en Lombardie.

Il y mourut ce Heros,
Perſonne aujourd'hui n'en doute ;
Si tôt qu'il eut les yeux clos,
Auſſitôt il ne vit goute.

Il fut par un triſte ſort,
Bleſſé d'une main cruelle ;
On croit, puiſqu'il en eſt mort,
Que la plaie étoit mortelle.

Regretté de ſes ſoldats,
Il mourut digne d'envie,
Et le jour de ſon trepas
Fut le dernier de ſa vie.

Inſtead of tranſlating this very long poem, the Editor annexes a Sonnet, which appeared in a collection of Eſſays, about thirty years ago, the thought of which is evidently borrowed from our "Chanſon "niais."

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaze,
Who never wanted a good word—
From thoſe who ſpoke her praiſe.

The

The needy ſeldom paſs'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent all to the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She ſtrove the neighbourhood to pleaſe,
With manners wond'rous winning,
And never follow'd wicked ways—
Unleſs when ſhe was ſinning.

At church, in ſilks and ſattins new,
With hoop of monſtrous ſize;
She never ſlumber'd in her pew—
But when ſhe ſhut her eyes.

Her love was ſought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The King himſelf, has followed her—
Whene'er ſhe walk'd before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut ſhort all;
The Doctors found, when ſhe was dead—
Her laſt diſorder, mortal.

Let us lament, in ſorrow ſore,
For Kent-ſtreet well may ſay,
That had ſhe liv'd a twelvemonth more—
She had not dy'd to-day!

THE

THE picturesque, elegiac composition which follows, was written by Mary, Queen of Scots, on the loss of her husband, Francis II. of France. A few of the stanzas have appeared in a periodical work, not long ago. This is a complete copy. It is so beautiful, so exquisitely plaintive throughout, that none of it should be lost.

En mon triste & doux chant,
D'un ton fort lamentable,
Je jette un œil tranchant
De perte incomparable,
Et en soupirs cuisans
Passe mes meilleurs ans.

In melting strains that sweetly flow,
Tun'd to the plaintive notes of woe;
My eyes survey with anguish'd sight,
A loss beyond the reach of thought;
While pass away life's fairest years
In hearing sighs and mournful tears.

Fut-il un tel malheur,
De dure Destinée,
Ny si triste douleur
De dame fortunée,
Qui mon cœur & mon oeil
Vois en bierre & cercueil?

Did cruel Destiny e'er shed
Such horror on a wretched head?
Did e'er once happy woman know
So sad a scene of heart-felt woe?
For ah! behold on yonder bier
All that my heart and eyes held dear.

Qui, en mon doux printems,
Et fleur de ma jeunesse,
Toutes les peines sens
D'une extrême tristesse,
Et en rien n'ay plaisir,
Qu'en regret & desir.

Alas! even in my blooming hours,
Mid opening youth's resplendent flowers,
I'm doom'd each cruel pang to share,
Th' extremest sorrows of despair,
Nor other joy nor bliss can prove
Than grief and disappointed love.

Ce

Ce qui m'eſtoit plaiſant,
Ores m'eſt peine dure,
Le jour le plus luiſant
M'eſt nuit noire & obſcure,
Et n'eſt rien ſi exquis,
Qui de moy ſoit requis.

The ſweet delights of happier days,
New anguiſh in my boſom raiſe,
Of ſhining day, the pureſt light
To me is drear and gloomy night;
Nor is there aught ſo good and fair,
As now to claim my ſlighteſt care.

J'ay au cœur, & à l'oeil,
Un portrait & image,
Qui figure mon deuil;
Et mon paſle viſage,
De violettes teint,
Qui eſt l'amoureux teint.

In my full heart and ſtreaming eyes,
Portray'd by woe, an image lies,
Which ſable robes but faintly ſpeak,
Or the pale languor of my cheek,
Pale as the vi'let's faded leaf,
The tint of love's deſpairing grief.

Pour mon mal eſtranger,
Je ne m'arreſte en place;
Mais, j'en ay beau changer,
Si ma douleur j'efface;
Car, mon pis & mon mieux,
Sont mes plus deſerts lieux.

Perplex'd by this unwonted pain,
No place my ſteps can long detain,
Yet change of ſcene no comfort gives,
Where ſorrow's form for ever lives.
My worſt, my happieſt, ſtate of mind,
In ſolitude alone, I find.

Si en quelque ſejour,
Soit en bois ou en prée,
Soit pour l'aube de jour;
Ou ſoit pour la veſprée,
Sans ceſſe mon cœur ſent
Le regret d'un abſent.

If chance my liſtleſs footſteps leads
Thro' ſhady groves, or flowery meads,
Whether at dawn of riſing day,
Or ſilent evening's ſetting ray;
Each grief that abſence can impart,
Inceſſant rends my tortur'd heart.

Si par fois vers ces lieux,
Viens a dreſſer ma veüe,
Le doux trait de ces yeux,
Je vois en une nüe;
Soudain je vois en l'eau,
Comme dans un tombeau.

If to the heavens, in rapturous trance,
I haply throw a wiſtful glance,
His viſionary form I ſee,
Pictur'd in orient clouds; to me,
Sudden it flies, and he appears,
Drown'd in a wat'ry tomb of tears.

Si

Si je ſuis en repos,
Sommeillant ſur ma couche,
J'oye qu'il me tient propos,
Je le ſens qu'il me touche :
Et labeur, en recoy *,
Il eſt toujours preſt de moy.

Awhile if balmy ſlumbers ſpread,
Their downy pinions o'er my head,
I touch his hand in ſhadowy dreams,
His voice to ſoothe my fancy ſeems.
When wak'd by toil, or lull'd by reſt,
His image ever fills my breaſt.

Je ne vois autre objet,
Pour beau qu'il ſe preſente,
A qui que ſoit ſubjet,
Oncques mon cœur conſente,
Exempt de perfection,
A cette affliction.

No other object meets my ſight,
However in robes of beauty dight,
Which to my ſad deſponding heart,
One tranſient wiſh will e'er impart,
Exempt from that unbleſs'd woe,
Which this ſad breaſt muſt ever know.

Mets, Chanſon, icy fin,
A ſi triſte complainte,
Dont ſera le refrein
Amour vraye & non feinte,
Pour la ſeparation,
N'aura diminution.

But ceaſe my ſong---Ceaſe to complain!
And cloſe the ſadly plaintive ſtrain,
To which, no artificial tears,
But love unfeigned, the burthen bears.
Nor can my ſorrows e'er decreaſe,
For ah! his abſence ne'er can ceaſe. P.

* Recoy. from Requies, Repoſe.

DURING the reign of James II. a very ludicrous poem was printed. It fills a thick quarto, has neither plan, connection, nor moral, neither meaſure nor rhyme, nor can the ſmalleſt conjecture be formed as to its meaning. Yet none can dip into it, (for probably none ever read it through) without convincing himſelf that the author (" R. D." in the title page ; ſuppoſed

to

to be a Dr. Dixon) is a good claſſical ſcholar, a maſter of ſeveral languages, and poſſeſſed of an uncommon degree of hiſtorical, geographical, and aſtronomical ſcience. The book is very little known, two or three ſpecimens of its contents are annexed.

Oportet imperatorem mori ſtantem;
Oportet oratorem mori orantem;
Sed melius eſt amare amantem.

Εισ Βασιλεὺς, εἰσ Κοίρανος ἔσω,
States or Commonwealths be gone, Præſto!
Monarchy is the beſt manifeſto.
" Oderint dum metuant," the tyrant roars,
Keep in ſubjection, not deſtroy the boors.

Thieves! Murtherers! Witches! Burn 'em! Stone 'em!
" De mortuis nil niſi bonum!"
Gavelkind, " de hæreditate dividendâ,"
To younger brothers, " Familia erciſcenda,
" Take your congé, make your leg,
" To them that have brought you to beg.
" If you be of a good conſtitution,
" Rob all you can, and make no reſtitution,
" Take all good turns, and make no retribution."

A:

At the North Pole 'twill be made to appear,
That whales are cheap, ſprats are dear;
Crabs, ſhrimps, cockles, oyſters,
Like friars and nuns, are ſhut up in cloyſters,
Till turn'd out by tyrannous royſters.
A diaphanous, obolous, globulous glaſs,
Repreſenting whatever was,
Hangs in the centre of the brain,
To which all ſpecies flock amain.

Tell me, or you ſhall be ſuſpended,
Whether ſpirits be extended?
How wiſe Apuleius was,
With his philoſophic aſs?
A dream put Ariſtotle out of breath,
A meteor, he ſaid, 'twixt life and death.
"An quid ſit fruſtra? An datur vacuum?
"Fill the pot, Edy! Supernaculum."
A blazing ſtar's a rare ſpectaculum!

Take off your cups, for ſo we read it,
"Os homini ſublime dedit."
"Anima tota in toto, ſed qua arte?
"Et tota in qualibet parte."
Cut off a leg, cut off an arm,
It does the ſoul no harm;
Becauſe it is ſuch an elf,
As can ſhrink into itſelf.

THE celebrated Latin epigram on the miracle at the marriage in Cana, which has been aſcribed to Dryden, is ſaid to be written by Craſhaw, (a Latin poet of the laſt century) in an anonymous collection of letters, publiſhed by Bell and Etherington, in the year 1773, where the whole is thus quoted.

Unde rubor veſtris, et non ſua purpura lymphis,
Quæ roſa mirantes tam nova mutat aquas?
Numen, convivæ! præſens agnoſcite numen,
Nympha pudica Deum vidit, & erubuit.

The uſe of the word "Nympha," for water, has been cenſured here, as well as in the beautiful fragment of Mr. Gray, and "lympha," purpoſed to be ſubſtituted for it, which ſeems to ſpoil the whole beauty of the line. The uſe of Nympha, for water, is juſtified by many claſſical paſſages, and particularly one in a Greek epigram on Bacchus, of which this is the literal tranſlation. "He delights in min-
"gling with three nymphs, making the
"fourth himſelf;" which alludes to the cuſtom

cuſtom of the ancients mixing three parts water with one of wine, a proof that their wine muſt have been nearly as ſtrong as our ſpirits.

If there is a fault in this epigram, it is the profaneneſs of the alluſion on ſo ſacred a ſubject. The laſt line is ſometimes written

Vidit et erubuit, Nympha pudica Deum.

Which gives a better accentual cadence. P.

THE following lines, tranſlated from a Greek epigram in the Anthologiæ, were written on the window of an inn.

* Paphos may now two goddeſſes adore,
Ten are the muſes, and the graces four;
For ſuch is Delia's wit, and mein, and face,
She's a new Muſe, a Venus, and a Grace. P.

There is ſome humour in the following French lines, which likewiſe were

* The original epigram, written by Ruphinus, is,

Τέσσαρες αἱ Χάριτες, Παφίαι δύο, καὶ δέκα Μοῦσαι·
Δεκτὰς ἐν πάσαις, Μοῦσα, Χαρις, Παφίη.

written on the window of an inn at Wickham, in Hampſhire.

Le monde des ſots eſt tout remplis,
Et pour ne les jamais voir,
Il faut ſe cacher cher lui,
Et caſſer ſon mirroir.

Which may be thus paraphraſed,

He that's determined ne'er to ſee an aſs,
Muſt bar his doors, and break his looking-glaſs. P.

Without entering into the controverſy about the ſuperior excellence of rhime, or blank verſe, the want of a ſufficient mark to the boundary of the line, is certainly a defect in the latter, that often occaſions *one* verſe to run into *another*, and which, from the ceſure, and final Adonic, can hardly ever happen in Latin hexameters. This will be beſt illuſtrated by a quotation from Milton.

——————— the happy ſeat
Of ſome new race, called man, about this time
To be created like to us, tho' leſs
In power and excellence, but favour'd more
Of him who rules above.

This

This may as well be read,

The happy ſeat of ſome new race, called man,
About this time to be created, like
To us, tho' leſs in power and excellence,
But favor'd more of him who rules above. P.

THE celebrated ſong of Dr. Percy's, which begins,

"Dear Nancy, wilt thou go with me."

appears to have a defect in the concluding verſe. It is very natural, and even amiable, for the indigent lover to place all the inconveniencies of his ſituation before the eyes of his miſtreſs; but there ſeems a want of propriety in aſking her how ſhe could bear his death, which muſt happen, let his rank in life have been the moſt exalted. It ſeems as if that painful queſtion would have better ſuited a conſumptive, than a poor, lover. It may be alleged, however, that the ſame objection might be made to that elegy of Tibullus, from which the ſubject of the

ſong is taken, as well as to Hammond's imitation of it.

The Lady, one may ſuppoſe, in the preſent caſe, might make ſomething like this anſwer to her admirer's diſcouraging picture of futurity.

Yes, Damon, yes, with thee I'll go
Thro' every hardſhip life diſplays;
With thee I'll tread December's ſnow,
Or brave the dog-ſtar's fierceſt blaze.
Diſtreſsful want and perils keen,
With thee I'll unrepining ſhare,
Nor e'er regret the courtly ſcene,
Where I was faireſt of the fair.

But wherefore ſhould thy plaintive breath,
The dreadful cloſe of life pourtray,
Or paint the ruthleſs arm of death,
Which ſpreads o'er *all*, deſpotic ſway;
The village maid, and ſcepter'd queen,
Alike his gloomy empire ſhare,
Nor will he, mid the courtly ſcene,
Regard the faireſt of the fair.

By danger, or by want, when preſs'd,
My heart thy love will ne'er forego,
But when thy verſe alarms my breaſt,
By evils, *all* are doom'd to know,

No more I hear that voice ſerene,
No more I ſee that anxious care,
Which woo'd me in the courtly ſcene,
Where I was faireſt of the fair.

Yes, Damon!—conſtant by thy ſide,
Thy faithful Nancy would remain,
The frowns of fortune would abide,
And ſoothe the languid couch of pain.
But do not deem my love ſo mean,
Unmov'd my Damon's death to bear,
Tho' many ſuch perhaps are ſeen,
Among the faireſt of the fair. P.

LET no young bard ever deſpair of arriving at the ſummit of Parnaſſus, be his beginnings ever ſo humble. The great Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, made his 'debut' in the literary world, by one of the wretchedeſt odes which ever diſgraced Grub-ſtreet. Stiff, uncouth, awkward as to *ſenſe*, and, as to *meaſure*, (even allowing for the alcaic irregularity,) inſufferable.

The ſubſequent extracts will prove what has been ſaid above.

"The firſt of plants after the thunder, ſtorm, and rain,
"And thence with joyful, nimble wing,
"Flew dutifully back again.

" Who by that, vainly talks of baffling death,
" And hopes to leſſen life, by a transfuſion of breath.

" And ſeem almoſt transform'd to water, flame and air,
" So well you anſwer all phænomenas there."

If any thing could add to the diſgrace of writing ſuch a poem, it is the folly of having addreſſed it, with a very ſilly introductory letter, to the writers of the Athenian Oracle, a ſet of people, whoſe conceit in offering to anſwer all queſtions, ignorance in giving ſolutions, and credulity, in liſtening to the groſſeſt falſehoods, are at a perpetual ſtrife, which ſhall be moſt noticed. Swift muſt have been by the date of his ode, 24 years of age, when he produced this choice morçeau.

An attempt to tranſlate the ſublime paſſage in the tragedy of Athalie.

Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des flots,
Sçai auſſi des mechants arrêter les complots,
Soumis avec reſpêt à ſa volonté ſainte,
Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, & je n'ai point d'autre crainte.

" He,

" He, whoſe commands the ſtormy billows rein,
" The wicked's wily councils can reſtrain;
" His holy will, ſubmiſſive I revere,
" And fearing God, diſclaim all other fear." P.

M. BOILEAU D'ESPREAUX uſed to ridiculeM. Dacier, for thinking the Naſidienus of Horace, a miſerly rich man. He looked upon it, (and probably rightly) that the poet meant to deſcribe a perſon of an exceeding bad taſte in choice of diſhes, but who, nevertheleſs, fancied himſelf a connoiſſeur, and thought that by counteracting the general ideas of his countrymen, in point of entertainment, he ſhould eſtabliſh his own reputation for delicacy of diſcernment. There is, indeed, nothing in Naſidienus's conduct, which points out the miſer, and his reaſons for diſliking hard drinkers, militate ſtrongly againſt that charge. Horace does not hint that he feared for his wines, but only * leſt hard-drinking ſhould encourage his gueſts to be

* —— Nil ſic metuentis, ut acres
' Potore, vel quod male dicunt liberius, vel
' Fervida quod ſubtile exſurdant vina palatum.'

far-

ſarcaſtical on their hoſt, or that the taſte of the wine ſhould blunt the edge of their palates, and render them leſs ſenſible of the dainties he had provided for them.

PRIDE.

It is a well-known, and a well-founded ſentiment, that, "Pride was not made for "man:" and the awkwardneſs of the hands, into which this unpleaſant quality generally falls, confirms the fact. A *cook-maid* has been known to die of actual pride; and the haughtieſt perſon the Editor ever met with, was the miſtreſs of a little inn-keeper at a country town. Her paramour did not honor her enough to permit her to aſſume his name, yet, poſſeſſed of as ſheer pride as ever actuated the boſom of a Semiramis, ſhe drove from the houſe many families, by treating their ſervants with an inſupportable degree of inſolence.

Sometimes, indeed, men of real birth and diſtinction, will meanly condeſcend to

fully their fingers with this dirty material, but it is a garment which fits well on *no* one's shoulders, since it is not possible to wear it with consistence. A fit of the tooth-ach, or the sting of a wasp, afford tolerable hints to the proud, but a British election * is the completest of all the admonitions that can be given to him, who thinks himself above the level of his fellow creatures, except indeed, the last great lesson, death, and its immediate and humiliating consequences.

As grotesque an incident as any of those which pride has ever given rise to, is reported of a Peer, who in his day had acquired the appellation of the *proud* Duke of Somerset. A lady whom he had taken in second nuptials, with a degree of good-humored ease, which *most* husbands would have cherished, seated herself, rather suddenly, on his knee, threw

* The humiliations to which an election obliges the most haughty to submit, are not limited to the commoner. Peers have their interest to keep up; and the higher the rank of the asker, the greater the submissions to which the blackguard voter expects he will descend.

her

her arm round his neck, and ſaluted him. "Madam," ſaid the unmanly formaliſt, "my firſt wife was a Piercy, and *ſhe* would "not have taken ſuch a liberty!"

It is ſaid too, of the ſame nobleman, that he never permitted any ſervant to turn his back, after he had delivered his meſſage, but ordered that he ſhould go out of the room backwards, with his face ſtill towards his maſter.

AMONG men of learning, the pride of the two Scaligers, father and ſon, have been ſcarcely ever equalled. A friend to the elder of that name, wrote to acquaint him that he ſhould make mention of him, in a work which he meant to publiſh, and wiſhed to know what he ſhould ſay of him. Were not the anſwer which the elder Scaliger made, actually extant, in the printed collection of his letters, it could not be credited. "Endeavor," ſaid he, "to "collect your beſt ideas of what Maſſiniſſa, "what Xenophon, and what Plato, were, "and your portrait will bear ſome, although "an imperfect, reſemblance of me."

THE vanity of the younger Scaliger, fully equalled that of his parent. Not to mention that fancied principality of Verona, from which he was dethroned, in conſequence of his quarrel with Scioppius, his exceſſive pride makes him perpetually complain, throughout his works, of the hardſhip of that deſtiny which had prevented his being born a ſovereign prince; and the inceſſant complaints which he makes concerning the blindneſs of the age he lived in, in not ſufficiently recognizing and rewarding his merit, are repeated ſo as to diſguſt every reader.

Notwithſtanding this odious foible, which ſhews itſelf in almoſt every page, written by either of the Scaligers, it was yet the opinion of Juſtus Lipſius, and that opinion was confirmed by the ſuffrage of the Biſhop of Avranches, that "if the father "and ſon were not princes, they deſerved "inconteſtibly, that high rank, from the "brightneſs of their genius, and the ex-"cellence of their knowledge."

A SPANIARD,

A SPANIARD, riſing from a fall, whereby his noſe had ſuffered conſiderably, exclaimed, "Voto á tal, eſto es caminar "por la tierra!" "This comes of walking "upon earth!"

M. DE NANTOUILLET, Prevot de Paris, during the reign of Henry III of France, poſſeſſed a moſt ſingular ſpecies of vanity. "I have the honor," he uſed to ſay, "to count among my enemies, all "the moſt powerful of my cotemporaries. "Elizabeth of England, I have noſed *— "in her very metropolis—I make no "ſcruple of abuſing the miſtreſſes of the "Duc D'Anjou, and the King of Na- "varre every day of my life—and as to "the Duc de Guiſe, to him I have had "the exquiſite pleaſure of breaking my "ſolemn word of honor."

THE Cardinal de Lorraine, the hardneſs of whoſe heart has been celebrated in a

* Nargué.

former

former part of this work, had pride equal to his inhumanity. He was introduced one day, as we are told by Brantome, to Donna Beatrice of Portugal, Dutchefs of Savoy, and as he approached to falute her face, the lady, who was at leaft as haughty as himfelf, drew back, with fome difdain, and offered him her *hand* to kifs. He, flighting that favor, ftill preffed forward towards her, and fhe ftill continuing to retire, the irritated Cardinal fpringing onwards, caught her by the neck, and faluted her, forcibly, three or four times. Aftonifhed at this treatment, fhe exclaimed bitterly againft the infolent prieft, both in the Spanifh and Portugueſe tongues, but gained very little by it. "Am *I*," faid he, "to be fubjected to your ca-"prices, Madam? *I*, who am ufed every "day to falute my miftrefs, the Queen "of France. And yet, forfooth, I am not "to touch the cheek of a little * dirty "Dutchefs like you!"

† "Une petite Ducheſſe crottée."

THAT

THAT kind of inſolence which is commonly denominated purſe-pride, is by much the moſt intolerable of every ſpecies of haughtineſs. The pride of *birth* is ſeldom unaccompanied by good-breeding, and knowledge of the world. The pride of *beauty* and *accompliſhments*, being chiefly confined to the fair ſex, is at worſt ridiculous, never odious. But the pride of *riches* goes always hand in hand with vulgarity. Men of wit, or literature, are very rarely in a condition to enjoy the ſenſations of this ſpecies of pride, for taſte and generoſity (thoſe two ruinous, but conſtant, attendants on genius) take eſpecial care that no opportunities to diſplay this low propenſity ſhall ever fall in the way of ſuch. The ſelf-ſufficiency with which the purſe-proud are inſpired, is of the moſt provoking ſort. Crumenas, wherever he goes, believes himſelf the only object of envy, be the company ever ſo ſuperior to him in rank or talents. If you praiſe the country ſeat of ſome friend, Crumenas joins in the praiſe, and avers

that

that "were it not ſo far from town, he would buy it." You reply, that you do not apprehend that your friend would ſell a place in which his anceſtors have been ſeated ſome hundred years, on *any* conſi- "deration. What, not if I were to offer him "twice the value of it, in caſh?" You reply, that you apprehend he would *not*. Crumenas burſts into a horſe laugh, and tells you that "your friend is not ſo great "a ſimpleton as you take him for." It is ten to one but that the party preſent join the man of money in his mirth; for wealth, although there be not the leaſt chance of the company's ever ſharing in it, yet commands univerſal reſpect; and its poſſeſſor ſeldom miſſes of applauſe, be his jokes ever ſo inſipid. It has, indeed, this advantage on its ſide, it may be *borrowed*, which neither birth, beauty, nor accompliſhments *can*, and it is this conſideration, perhaps, which inclines mankind to ſupport the inſolence of its owners, in the humble hope of profiting, ſome time or other, by this mean policy.

PROVERBS.

SENSIBLE and well-meaning as our Britiſh adages are juſtly reputed, yet the warmth of the ſouthern latitudes ſeems to ſometimes have given a ſtrength and flavor to the proverbs of their inhabitants, which ours have not.

With how much more force does the Spaniard expreſs our "Misfortunes ſeldom "come alone," when he ſays to ill-luck, "Ben vengas! Si vengas ſolo *."

There is a touching ſpecies of humility in another adage of the ſame nation, "Defienda mi, Dios! de mi †," to which we have no parallel.

THE Italian "Sempre il mal non vien "per nuocere," and "Paſſato il pericolo, "gabbato il Santo," ſeem, in their way,

* "Thou art *welcome*, if thou beeſt unaccompanied."

† Preſerve me, O God! from my own follies.

at leaſt equal to our "ill-wind," and "ſick "devil."

The Latin adage, "Incidit in Scyllam, "cupiens vitare Charybdim," although it be cited, and even differted upon by Eraſmus, yet he acknowleges that he is utterly ignorant of its author. However, Galleotus Martius de Narni (who died in 1476) acquaints us *, that this celebrated line is to be found in "Gualterus Gallus, "de geſtis Alexandri." A book almoſt utterly unknown, but ſaid, by the few who have peruſed it, to be a very indifferent verſion of Quintus Curtius into Latin verſe. The line in queſtion is thus introduced.

"——— Quo tendis inertem,
"Rex periture, fugam? Neſcis, Heu! Perdite, neſcis
"Quem fugias. Hoſtes incurris, dum fugis hoſtem.
"Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim."

Thus in Engliſh.

——— Whither flyeſt?
Poor ill-ſtarr'd King! Whilſt from preſſing foes
Thy rapid courſe thou urgeſt, others meet thee;
And Scylla waits for him who 'ſcapes Charybdis.

* In his work "de Doctrinâ promiſcua."

AFTER the fight at Bannockburn, ſo fatal to the Engliſh in the reign of Edward the Second, the Scots, by way of inſult, formed a proverb, which is valuable, as it points out the faſhion of the day.

"Long beards, heartleſs—painted hoods, witleſs—
"Gay coats, graceleſs—make England thriftleſs."

The hoods were, at that period, uſed as hats or caps, and were colored in a method between dying and painting, whence the old company of Painter-ſtayners derive their name.

BOURSAULT, in his Letters, relates an anecdote of Mademoiſelle D'Orleans, daughter to Gaſton, the brother of Louis XIII. to which he was an eye-witneſs. She was amuſing herſelf, by playing with her domeſtics, at the game of explaining proverbs by dumb ſhew, and had already found out ſeveral, by the geſtures of the parties: ſhe endeavored, however, in vain,

to

to comprehend the meaning of one of her gentlemen, who capered about, made faces, and played a thouſand antic tricks. Tired with attempting to diſcover this enigma, ſhe ordered him to explain himſelf. "Ma-" dam," ſaid he, "my proverb means, "*One fool makes many.*" The princeſs looked on this as a reflection on her imprudence, in being too familiar with her ſervants, and baniſhed the unlucky proverbialiſt from her preſence for ever.

RELIGION.

The fanciful ingenuity of mankind has ſhewn itſelf with its utmoſt variety in the article of a future ſtate. The followers of each religion have formed a Paradiſe to their liking; ſome of the plans laid down for the amuſement of the bleſſed were extraordinary. That of the Celtes was never adopted by any other religioniſts. After drinking beer moſt liberally, from the ſkulls of their foes, the ſaints were to riſe from

table, and hew one another to pieces with ſwords and battle-axes. There was to be afterwards, a ſpecies of reviviſcence, and then all hands to drinking beer again. The Puelches, a nation lately diſcovered in South-America, can have no objection to the former diviſion of the Celtic beatitudes, for they expect that good men will be indulged with a perpetual ſtate of drunkenneſs * in the next world, and they honor their Supreme Deity with the name of "Soucha," or, "The God of ſtrong "drink." The more temperate Greenlanders content themſelves with allowing to their bleſſed, plenty of the beſt of train-oil to drink, and abundance of ſeals to hunt.

THE Heathens treated their deities with marked diſreſpect. The characters indeed, and modes of life, attributed to

* Not very different from this idea of future bliſs, was that of a ſoldier, who was overheard by a friend of the Editor's, reprimanding his comrade for inordinately wiſhing for twelve-pennyworth of gin, two days running. "What, "you dog," ſaid he, "would you be drunk *every* day? "You'd be an angel, I ſuppoſe, would not you?" G.

thoſe

thoſe exalted beings, could not claim much of their regard; notwithſtanding this, it ſeems rather ſtrange, that mankind ſhould not be held in ſomewhat more awe, by thoſe whom they called Gods, and to whom they thought it neceſſary to offer ſacrifices. Yet we find in a Greek poet,

"Θεοὺ δ' ὀπιδὸς, τοὺς κακοὺς ἐνδαιμονεῖν."

In Engliſh:

"The Gods are diſgrac'd by the proſperity of the "wicked."

Seneca, ſpeaking of Sylla, ſays,

"Deorum crimen, Sylla tam felix."

"The Gods were criminal in allowing Sylla to be ſo "fortunate."

And Tully declares, "That the laſting "good fortune of Harpalus, a ſucceſsful "pirate, bore teſtimony againſt the Gods."

And laſtly, Lucan's celebrated compliment to Cato, lowers his creators and pro-

tectors to a ſtate, of which his fellow creatures would have been aſhamed:

"Victrix cauſa diis placuit, ſed victa Catoni."

THE character which Brantome gives of his great favorite, the Mareſchal Strozzi, is very curious, in point of religion. "Il "n'etoit pas certainement bigot, hypocrite, "mangeur d'images, ni grand auditeur de "meſſes, ni ſermons, mais il croyoit tres "bien d'ailleurs ce qu'il falloit croire tou-"chant ſa *grande creance* *."

There is ſomewhat exceedingly whimſical, in thus ſeparating the "Grande cre-"ance," from the "petite" The firſt ſpecies of belief was in Strozzi's age, remarkably commodious for general officers, partizans, court-ladies, and people of faſhion in general, ſince the "Grande "croyance," ſeems little more than believ-that *there is a God.*

* He was no bigot, nor hypocrite, nor did he pay great "regard to images, maſſes, nor ſermons; but then he was "an excellent believer as to the great ſyſtem of faith."

THE

The ſame bizarre theologiſt cannot conceal his partiality to beauty and elegance, even in his idea of a future ſtate. "Can one "imagine," ſays he, "that the ſoul of an "infant, of a blockhead, of a puppy, of "a brute, or of a ſcoundrel, can make as "good a figure as that of a worthy man, "or a man of honor? Or that the ſoul of "an ugly, croſs, awkward, ſtupid woman, "can bear the ſmalleſt reſemblance to that "of a lovely, amiable, agreeable lady*?"

The Tzeremiſch Tartars have very little notions of forms in religion. They have, as Bell in his travels acquaints us, a tradition among them, which is generally believed, that formerly the nation had been in poſſeſſion of a book of religion. But, they add, that as nobody took the pains to decypher it, a cow came and ſwallowed it.

* "Un belle, honnête & agreeable Dame." N. B. Brantome's "honnête" had no connection with our "honeſt." A circumſtance neceſſary to be obſerved by all his readers.

Another branch of the ſame people had waded much deeper in theology and coſmogony, for they reaſoned with our countryman upon earthquakes, and attributed them to the awkward attempts, which a golden frog, who ſupports the globe, is too apt to make, to ſcratch himſelf.

ONE would not naturally expect to find Tully writing againſt tranſubſtantiation, yet in his book on the Nature of the Gods, is this ſtriking paſſage: 'Quum fruges 'Cererem, vinum liberum dicimus, ge-'nere nos quidem utimur uſitato, ſed ec-'quem tam amentem eſſe putas, qui 'illud quo veſcatur Deum credat eſſe? Cic. de Nat. Deor. L. III. Cap. LIII.

SOME of the beſt French writers, acknowledge that good writing and preaching in France, took their riſe from the efforts of the Calviniſtical authors and declaimers, before whoſe time, their theological treatiſes were contemptible.—Oliver Maillard, a cordelier, was a celebrated preacher,

preacher, at the beginning of the ſixteenth century. He left two volumes of ſermons in Latin, and in the margin of ſome of them, have been obſerved marks, whereby it might be known, when ſome particular action would add a grace to the delivery, and here and there the words "Hem, Hem," to point out where a cough might come in as an ornament.

THERE is nothing more often complained of, than the manner in which the Liturgy is repeated by our clergy; and it ſeems ſtrange, that men, whoſe chief fame muſt ariſe from pronouncing well, and that attention confined to *one* compoſition, ſhould neglect the ſtudy of ſo eaſy taſk. But this taſk, on examination, will not be found quite ſo eaſy, as is at firſt imagined. Two requiſites, (as in muſical performances,) are to be attended to, judgment, and execution. The one, comprehending a clear knowledge of the preciſe meaning of every ſentence and word, and how to place the emphaſis, ſo as to convey that

that meaning to the hearers. The other, powers of *voice*, and accuracy of ear, ſo to modulate that voice, as to execute properly what the judgment directs. There is alſo another kind of judgment neceſſary. In reading the prayers and leſſons, the clergyman ſhould conſider when he repeats the words of the Almighty, he is not to uſe the ſame manner, as if he were ſpeaking in his own character, but, ſhould obſerve a medium between the coldneſs of unfeeling recitation, and the abſurd animation of enthuſiaſtic delivery. Sheridan ſeems to wonder why thoſe perſons who *ſpeak* naturally and properly in *ordinary* converſation, immediately aſſume an unnatural and awkward manner on *reading* only a ſingle paragraph; but ſurely the reaſon is ſufficiently obvious. The *ſpeaker*, only uſes his own words, and conſequently expreſſes the ſentiments thoſe words are intended to convey. But the *reader* is repeating the words of another, whoſe ſentiments ſhould only appear from thoſe words, without any addition of tone of

of voice, and geſture. To illuſtrate this by an example, how ridiculous would a perſon appear, if in reading an account of a battle, he were to recite in the ſame tone and manner, in which an eye witneſs would relate the ſtory. P.

There is alſo another difficulty which attends the proper enunciation of the liturgy; the conſtant practice of it, takes off that feeling for the ſolemn and pathetic parts of it, which one would think, would animate the expreſſion of the reader. There are many young clergymen that have read remarkably well on their firſt taking orders, who, (probably from this circumſtance) have gradually fallen into that cold, unintereſting method, which is ſo generally complained of, and which has driven many auditors to irregular, fanatical declaimers, in ſearch of that warm elocution, which they cannot meet with at their pariſh church. P.

RIDI-

RIDICULE.

WHETHER, or no, ridicule be the proper teſt of truth, is not, perhaps, fully decided, but it is moſt certain, that it might be uſed in many caſes, in the place of ſevere chaſtiſement, and ſometimes with a more laſting effect, eſpecially among young people. One ſcheme of this kind was tried with great ſucceſs, by the elder Dr. Newcome, who governed a ſchool at Hackney, about forty years ago. When any miſtake happened in the pronunciation of a Latin word, he uſed to make the faulty lad repeat, after him, before the whole ſchool, "Nos Germăni, non cură-mus, quantĭtătem, ſyllăbărum *." And this penalty was more dreaded by the boys, than the ferula or the rod.

Marville, in his Melange D'Hiſtoire, &c. produces two or three inſtances of

* An abſurd aſſertion, all in falſe quantity, ſuppoſed to be made by a Geman, importing that "His country-"men minded not how they pronounced Latin."

ridiculous

ridiculous ſituations, in which great men have been ſeen. One of them muſt have been ſingularly ſo. The celebrated Conſtable Anne de Montmorency, a man whoſe valor and military ſkill was only exceeded by his pride, his cruelty, and his bigotry, was ordered by Francis I. of France, to carry, on his ſhoulders, or any way that he could contrive it, his niece, the princeſs of Navarre, to the altar, where ſhe was, againſt her will, to be married to the "Duc de Cleves." This, Brantome obſerves, was a hard taſk, as the little lady was ſo loaded with jewels, and rich brocade of gold and ſilver, that ſhe could ſcarcely walk. The whole court were amazed at the King's command; the Queen of Navarre was pleaſed, as ſhe wiſhed her daughter to be humbled, on account of her having imbibed Lutheran principles; but the Conſtable was much hurt, at being expoſed to the ridicule of the whole world, and ſaid, "It is henceforward over with "me; my favor at court is paſſed away:" accordingly,

accordingly, he was diſmiſſed as ſoon as the wedding was over *.

MELANCTHON, is reported to have frequently ſtudied the graveſt points of theology, with his book in one hand, and in the other, the edge of a cradle, which he inceſſantly rocked: and "M. Eſprit," a celebrated author and ſcholar, "has been caught "by me," ſays M. Marville, "reading Plato "with great attention, conſidering the in-"terruptions which he met, from the ne-"ceſſity of frequently ſounding his little "child's whiſtle."

THE following anecdote is ſo perfectly ridiculous, that its being well known, is the only circumſtance which can render

* Of the ſanguinary character of Anne de Montmorency, ſome idea may be formed by the ſpecimen which Brantome has given of his favorite orders. "Go! Let "me ſee thoſe raſcals ſtabbed, or ſhot, directly! Hang me "that fellow on yonder tree! Hack me to pieces, thoſe "ſcoundrels, this moment, who dared to defend that church "againſt the King's forces! Set fire to that village, d'ye "hear! Burn me all the country for a mile round this "ſpot!"

it

it credible. Cardinal Richelieu, when at the height of his glory and power, *wrote a tragedy*, entitled, "Europe," and actually brought it on the French ſtage. As the piece was little more than a political dialogue between the European nations, in which the comparative ſtate of their revenues, forces, &c. were brought forward, it was barely *heard*, from reſpect to the writer; but when it was given out for *another* repreſentation, a murmur of diſapprobation aroſe, and the "Cid," of Corneille, was loudly demanded by the audience. This hurt the Right Reverend dramatiſt ſo much, that he actually contrived to have a long and regular critique, written by the academicians of Paris, on that ill-fated Cid, which had been ſet up as a rival to the progreſs of his tragedy.

THERE appears ſomewhat ridiculous in the wiſe reaſons ſuppoſed by Sir J. Rereſby, for the odd conduct of a whimſical nobleman, who probably had no deeper

ſcheme in his plan of his life, than to gratify his own unaccountable caprice.

" The Marquis of Wincheſter, had " by his conduct perſuaded ſome people " to think him mad, though he certainly " acted upon principles of great human " prudence. This gentleman paſſing " through Yorkſhire, in his way to Lon- " don, I went to pay him a viſit. He " had four coaches and an hundred horſes " in his retinue, and ſtaid ten days at a " houſe he borrowed in our parts. His " cuſtom was to dine at ſix or ſeven in the " evening, and his meal always laſted till " ſix or ſeven the next morning, during " which he ſometimes drank, ſometimes " he liſtened to muſic, ſometimes he fell " into diſcourſe, ſometimes he took to- " bacco, and ſometimes he ate his victuals, " while the company had free choice to " ſit or riſe, to go or come, to ſleep or " not. The diſhes and bottles were all " the time before them on the table: and " when it was morning, he would hunt or " hawk, if the weather was fair, if not,

" he

" he would dance, go to bed at eleven,
" and repoſe himſelf till the evening.
" Notwithſtanding this irregularity, he
" was a man of great ſenſe, and though,
" as I juſt now ſaid, ſome took him to be
" mad, it is certain, his meaning was to
" keep himſelf out of the way of more
" ſerious cenſure in theſe tickliſh days, and
" preſerve his eſtate, which he took great
" care of."

ROMANCES.

AMONG that claſs of romances, for the black-letter tranſlations of which we are chiefly indebted to 'Sir John Bourchier, 'Knight, Lord Berners,' are many which, in their line, have great merit. The 'Mort D'Arthur,' has ſome pictureſque ſcenes, particularly one, where the effect of the 'Stroke dolorous,' is deſcribed. 'Huon of Bourdeaux,' has conferred obligations on many modern writers, which they have not had the gratitude to ac-

knowledge. His wild, and picturesque stories of Judas, whirling about in the sea, and of Cain in the desert, with an attendant fiend, have supplied M. Petit de la Croix, with the most interesting parts of his Persian Tales; nor has Huon's "Castle "of Adamant," been spared by the same plagiarist.

There is a romance little known, intitled 'Galienus restored,' which, from the specimen which an ingenious French writer gives of it, must, probably, be very interesting. The account of a visit, which, the author says, Charlemagne and his twelve peers, paid to an Emperor Hugo, of Constantinople, and the reception which that prince gave to them, is, as the same writer expresses it, 'Une des plus 'grand naivetez qu'on ait jamais ecrites.' After a magnificent entertainment, these noble guests were conducted to a sumptuous bed-chamber, by the prince Tiberius and the beautiful princess Jacqueline. Thirteen pompous beds ornamented the vast apartment; that in the middle was for Char-

Charlemagne, who being in no humor for ſleeping, propoſed to amuſe himſelf and his twelve companions by a ſpecies of converſation, which the author of the romance "calls Gaber *," and which conſiſted in making the moſt ridiculous rhodomontades.

He began with vaunting, that with his good ſword Joyeuſe, he could cut a man in twain, although defended by the beſt tempered armour. Orlando, his nephew, profeſſed, that by one blaſt of his horn, he would level with the ground fifty fathom of the walls of Conſtantinople. Ogier, the Dane, undertook to overturn the edifice in which they had been entertained, merely by tying a cord round the center pillar of the hall, and exerting his force in pulling at it. In ſhort, every Peer had his peculiar boaſt, and that of the Marquis Oliver was the only one which diſtinguiſhed itſelf from the reſt; but, unluckily, from the lu-

* From "Gaber," it is ſuppoſed, is derived, "The "gift of the gab," which has much the ſame ſenſe as is mentioned above. Gab or Gob, is uſed in the North to ſignify mouth.

dicrouſneſs of its nature, it cannot be repeated. The "Gabs" being completed, the party compoſed themſelves to ſleep, with a calmneſs of mind which they would hardly have poſſeſſed, had they known what was to befal them the next morn. For it chanced, that the Emperor Hugo, who had expected that from the converſation of thirteen ſuch paragons of valor and wiſdom, he ſhould gain documents of importance towards the good government of his empire, had placed a ſpy, concealed in a hollow column, who was directed to note every word which paſſed, and to report it early in the morn. The perſon, appointed, executed his commiſſion faithfully, and having, by means of a private ſtair-caſe, acquainted Hugo with the whole converſation, he was ſo much diſappointed, to find in the room of the maxims which he expected, a pack of improbable lies, that, forgetful of the laws which hoſpitality enjoins, he ſent word to the whole party, by a herald, that unleſs they performed, each man, his "gab", completely and without deceit,

deceit, he had taken a ſolemn oath to hang up every one of them, not excepting the venerable Charlemagne himſelf. It is certain that nothing but a very bitter averſion to liars, could have driven the good prince to this haſty meaſure, ſince he was obliged, in the execution of it, to expoſe the honor of his family in a very delicate point. The remainder of the ſtory is ſomewhat too long, rather too profane, and much too free for this work, wherefore thoſe who wiſh to know how Charlemagne and his peers were extricated from the ſcrape, muſt conſult Menage, who will inform them of the unprecedented condeſcenſion, and humanity of the fair princeſs Jacqueline, and of the very indifferent figure which a celeſtial meſſenger made, by undertaking a buſineſs *quite out of his line.*

SAILORS.

THE race of ſailors are ſo truly eccentric, that notwithſtanding the numberleſs anecdotes with which they ſupply converſation, there are many intereſting circumſtances relative to their very peculiar character, yet left untold. Like other arts, that of navigation poſſeſſes a number of technical terms peculiar to itſelf. The ſailor forms theſe into a language, and introduces them, without heſitation, into all companies, on all occaſions, and, generally, with brilliant ſucceſs, as nautical expreſſions are pointed, humorous, and eaſily adapted to the ſituations of common life.

Inured to hardſhips, to dangers, and to a perpetual change of companions, the ſeaman contracts a ſpecies of Stoiciſm, which might raiſe the envy even of a Diogenes. "Avaſt there," cried a ſailor to

to his comrade, who was buſied in heaving overboard the lower diviſion of a meſſmate, juſt cut in halves by a chain-ſhot, "Avaſt! "let us, firſt, ſee if he have not the key "of our meſs-cheſt in his pocket!"

As their enjoyments are ſimple and few, ſailors are equally at home at Port Royal, Haliſax, Canton, Cape Coaſt Caſtle, or the Point at Portſmouth.

From the Admiral to the cabin-boy, their attachment to the fair-ſex is earneſt, laſting, and almoſt indiſcriminate. The wives of ſeafaring men, are far from being remarkable for beauty or youth, yet few women live happier in the conjugal ſtate, as the heartineſs, the ſincerity, and the general good humour, (not to mention the *frequent abſences*) of their mates, make ample amends for thoſe ſmall deficiencies, as to delicacy or politeſſe, which they ſometimes might complain of.

Except the momentary joy of receiving his money, a ſailor's happieſt time is, by no means, that period when he has his pockets well ſtored. He poſſeſſes, indeed,

indeed, an anxiety to get rid of his caſh, which amounts almoſt to actual diſtreſs. "Why do you not return and enter with "me again, as you promiſed?" ſaid a Captain to a valued ſeaman. "How can I, Cap-"tain? I have ſtill money in my pouch, "and yet I am never without a girl and "a fidler." "Try two girls and two "fidlers," ſaid the Captain. The tar thought the hint a good one, and by adopting it, ſoon obtained a ſtate of finance which put him in a humor to return to his occupation.

Two of the brighteſt points in the character of a ſeamen ſeem to be, intrepidity, and preſence of mind. Without partiality, we may ſay, that it is in the Britiſh mariner, particularly, that theſe qualities are to be obſerved. In the hour of extreme danger, he does not, like the Portugueſe, the Italian, or the Ruſs, either aſk aſſiſtance from, or denounce vengeance againſt, his patron ſaint. No, he truſts to his own agility and reſolution for ſafety; and if he imprecates curſes on *any* head,

it is on his own, or on that of ſome *lubber*, who is not as active as himſelf in the general work of preſervation.

Superſtition and prophaneneſs, thoſe extremes of human conduct, are too often found united in the ſailor; and the man who dreads the ſtormy effects of drowning a cat, or of whiſtling a country dance, while he leans over the gunwale, will, too often, wantonly defy his creator, by the moſt daring execrations, and the moſt licentious behaviour. But moſt aſſuredly, he is thoughtleſs of the fault he commits, and (like the poor * fellow who ſpied land, after many days intolerable ſufferings of hunger and thirſt, in the boat of the ſhip-wrecked Centaur) thinks that he is at liberty to expreſs his gratitude, or his diſtreſs, by the method which to him appears moſt apt, and moſt expreſſive.

A ſpecies of ready wit is often connected with the character of a ſailor; and as, whatever he conceives, he always

* See "Capt. Inglefield's Narrative."

thinks

thinks himſelf at liberty to expreſs, let the company, the place, the time be what it will, he has, of conſequence, vaſt advantages over the more baſhful belle eſprit. A couple of ſailors, ſome years ago, went aſhore at Charles-town in Carolina. They naturally advanced towards a crowd which had gathered round the celebrated Whitfield, who was preaching with infinite vehemence againſt the ſins of his audience. They arrived juſt time enough to hear him ſay, with his utmoſt exertion of voice and geſture, " and I, your *paſtor*, your " *teacher*, ſhall be forced to bear witneſs " againſt you, at the awful day of judg- " ment." " Hollo, Jack!" cried one of the tars, whom the crowd had divided from his comrade, " d— my eyes, if that is " not juſt as it goes at the Old Bailey. " The greateſt rogue always turns King's " evidence."

But the ſailor's character muſt not be diſmiſſed, without ſome notice being taken of that fraternal regard which reigns among them *all*, let the outſides of *ſome*

be ever ſo rugged. No tye of Free-Maſonry, no oath, no bond of ſociety, can unite any denomination of mankind together as *ſailors* are united. It is in the moſt trying ſituations of life that the effects of this union are moſt ſeen. If a ſea officer dies, leaving a family behind him unprovided for, his ſons become the children of his fraternity, and are handed up in life by their father's friends, from one ſtation to another in the ſervice, until they are enabled to provide for themſelves. As a proof of this emanation of genuine philanthropy, amongſt this gallant race of men, the following circumſtance may be properly brought forward. Not many years paſt, an unknown benefactor gave Three Hundred Pounds per annum, to be divided among thirty ſea-officers widows. In order to appreciate the merit of the competitors, each who applies, brings in a liſt of her children, and how they are provided for. And the Editor, who has the honor of being one of the diſtributors of this excellent donation, has with pleaſure

ſure remarked, that there is ſcarcely the name of one male, among the numerous offſpring of thirty mothers, but what has ſome proviſion in the navy, and is, at leaſt, in the right road to an honorable competence.

SCANDAL.

THOUGH ſome, (ſays Selden, referring to the ſtate of Britain in 1645) make ſlight of libels, yet you may ſee by them how the wind ſits. As, take a ſtraw, and throw it up in the air, and you ſhall ſee by that which way the wind is, which you ſhall not do, by caſting up a ſtone. More ſolid things do not ſhew the complexion of the times ſo well, as ballads and libels.

* A BLIND man of Paris, retiring in the duſk to his hovel, after having ſpent the day in begging, with little ſucceſs, was accoſted by a perſon, who told him, that if he

* Since theſe ſheets went to the preſs, the Editor has had the vexation of finding this anecdote inſerted in a public print.

would

would go home with him, he ſhould find his account in it. The blind man joyfully conſented to be conducted to his new friend's houſe, and was thus addreſſed by him: "I am not rich, and yet wiſh to ſhew "charity to the poor, which I have no "other poſſibility of doing, unleſs by giv-"ing them parcels of tales and novels, "which I compoſe, to ſell at a very mo-"derate price, for their own benefit. Here, "my friend, is a good parcel of them, "which you ſhall diſpoſe of at the rate "of two-pence each, although they are "intrinſically worth thrice the money." The poor fellow, after loudly expreſſing his gratitude, groped his way home, exulting, and ſallied out early the next morn, to enjoy the profits of his benefactor's productions. He cried his pamphlets by the title of a new novel, as he had been directed, and for ſome time, had no cuſtom; but one of his books having been purchaſed and examined, the reſt met with a moſt rapid ſale, and the blind man returned homewards with his pockets well loaded.

His

His pleaſant ideas were, however, ſoon checked, by his finding himſelf in the cuſtody of an officer of the Police, who told him that the book which he had ſold, was a moſt virulent, and impudent ſatire againſt a perſon of rank. The poor blind man proteſted his innocence, and told his tale, which, luckily for him, was believed; but he could give no information which could lead to the contriver of this very ingenious and new way of ſpreading abroad ſcandal with impunity.

A LADY, well known in the literary world, having aſked the elder Lord Lyttelton, "why he did not inſert in his "life of Henry the Second, the well-"ſupported tradition which makes that "Prince the offſpring of an amour be-"tween the Empreſs Matilda and her "competitor Stephen?" was anſwered by the noble biographer, "that *his* work "ſhould never become the vehicle of an-"tiquated ſcandal, againſt a lady of rank "and character."

The

The above delicacy might have had weight enough with the Editor to have prevented his telling the following anecdote, but the inhumanity of the lady, whoſe beauty and ingratitude it records, utterly deſtroys all her claims to forbearance.

The ſtory of Livia Gonzaga is well known. Her exquiſite and far-famed beauty tempted a corſair to fit out a ſmall ſquadron, and to land near her caſtle, in order to make himſelf maſter of ſo rich a prize. A domeſtic burſt into her room, while the pirates were actually ſcaling her walls, and ſnatching her, naked as ſhe was, from her bed, conveyed her, on horſeback out of the reach of the aſſailants. When they had gained a place of ſecurity, the lady's high ſenſe of modeſty, obliged her to cauſe her honeſt, although, perhaps indelicate preſerver, to be aſſaſſinated. Thus much is always told; but it is very little known, although certainly true, that during their flight from the caſtle, the fugitives fell in with one of

thoſe roving parties of banditti, which Italy, in thoſe days, abounded with. This paragon of beauty was, a full week, detained by the band of outlaws, before ſhe had leave to purſue her journey, and to execute her plan of vengeance on her deliverer. Had ſhe been honored by a La Fontaine for her hiſtorian, her adventures might perhaps have eclipſed thoſe of the Princeſs of Garbes. Poſſibly ſhe might not be ſorry to be rid of one who had been a witneſs to the hoſpitality of her late entertainers.

The preſent age, far from encouraging obſolete defamation, ſeems rather to indulge in the oppoſite extreme. Sir John Falſtaff has found an ingenious advocate, to affirm that cowardice never formed a part of his character. Richard the Third, tyrant as he was, has not been without a friend, who has exhauſted the powers of every engine, which wit and reading could ſupply, to ſet his character and his back ſtraight: and volumes upon volumes

are written, to prove the immaculate purity of *Mary, Queen of Scots.*

To thoſe who are well acquainted with the works of thoſe authors * who lived near that unfortunate lady's time, it muſt appear that one half of them would have laughed, and the other half have ſtarted, at the very name of ſuch an apology. It may be well-founded, nevertheleſs; but is it quite neceſſary that ſo great a rout ſhould be made "about Sir Archy's great grandmother;" eſpecially by *Southern* Britons, when her juſtification muſt include a ſtain on the memory of one whom Engliſhmen ought to value, and to cheriſh, as the protectreſs of their honor, the foundreſs of their commerce, and the ſupporter of their eſtabliſhed religion? If there be ſuch a thing as national gratitude, it ſeems to be here cruelly violated; and the maxim, "Fiat "Juſtitia, ruat Cœlum," will, hardly, afford a ſhield to the author, ſince the

* Pierre de l'Eſtoile. Gab. Naudé. Brantome, and his commentator, &c. &c.

object is by no means of importance enough to come within the circle of its defence. The lady herſelf, bred up in the gallant Court of Catharine Medicis, muſt have ſmiled at ſome part of the argument brought forward on her behalf.

SINGULARITIES.

The following deſcription of ſilk, by the celebrated Abbé Raynal, appears at firſt ſight one of the moſt affected, and far-fetched conceits, that ever flowed from the pen of a man of genius. 'Ouvrage de ce 'ver rampant, qui habille l'homme de 'feuilles d'arbres, élaborées dans ſon ſein;' but whatever may be the merit or demerit of the thought, it will not affect the Abbé, as in the Dictionaire d'Anecdotes we may find the following *Arabian* proverb: 'Avec 'le temps et la patience, la feuille du 'mûrier devient ſatin.' P.

When

When we conſider the nice diſtinctions in language, and the particular expreſſions appropriated to certain things, it will ſeem almoſt impoſſible to attain perfect accuracy in any tongue we have not been converſant with from our infancy. For example, what a variety of ways we have to ſignify impriſonment, each of which is particularly ſignificant of ſome peculiar mode of it, and would be a ſoleciſm if applied to any other. A criminal is *taken up*, or *apprehended*. If kept for *trial*, he is *committed*; if for *puniſhment*, he is *impriſoned*: a ſoldier is *confined*, an officer is *put under arreſt*, a debtor is *arreſted*: ſimilar as the two laſt expreſſions appear, what very different ideas are conveyed by ſaying, Captain *** is *arreſted*, or *put under an arreſt*? P.

The ſenſations of heat and cold by no means originate entirely from what we call difference of climate; innumerable other circumſtances contribute to excite them. Algarotti obſerves, that when the French King ſent ſome mathematicians to meaſure

a degree under the polar circle, and the King of Spain ſent others for the ſame purpoſe to the line, to aſcertain the true figure of the earth, who would have imagined, that thoſe under the equator would ſuffer moſt by cold, and thoſe under the arctic circle by heat; and yet this was actually the caſe. The cold on the ſummits of the Andes was intenſe, and the heat occaſioned by the length of the polar days, was hardly to be borne. P.

At the time of the gunpowder-plot, it was intended to extirpate the whole royal family, except the princeſs Elizabeth, who was to be bred a Papiſt, and the Roman Catholic religion eſtabliſhed under her. It is very remarkable that, the deſcendants of that very lady, (the preſent royal family) ſhould have been called to the throne, to the excluſion of thoſe of her brother, (among whom we may enumerate the preſent Kings of Sardinia, France, and Spain) for the direct contrary purpoſe, viz. the preſervation of the Proteſtant religion.

THERE are two extraordinary inſtances of predictions being fulfilled, where no ſupernatural means can poſſibly be ſuppoſed. The firſt is mentioned by the learned Biſhop of Worceſter, in the preface to his Sermons on Prophecy. It is part of a chorus in the Medea of Seneca.

Venient annis
Secula ſeris, quibus Oceanus
Vincula rerum laxet & ingens
Pateat tellus, Tiphyſque novos
Deteget orbes.

This is obviouſly fulfilled by the invention of the compaſs, and the diſcovery of America. The other is in the firſt book of Dante's Purgatorio.

I' mi volſi a man' deſtro, e poſi mente
All' altro polo, e vidi quatro ſtelle
Non viſte mai, fuor ch' alla prima gente.

Now this is an exact deſcription of the appearance of the four ſtars near the ſouth pole, and yet Dante is known to have

written before the diſcovery of the ſouthern hemiſphere. P.

SKETCHES.

EUPHEMIA poſſeſſes a mind, ſuperior to the ſenſation of poſſeſſing uncommon talents; ſhe would be famed for her wit, her knowledge, her accompliſhments, was it not for her philanthropy. She is ſo much with the wretched, that ſhe is forgotten by the learned, and unknown to the celebrated. In ſhort, ſhe is content with being approved, when every faculty ſhe has, entitles her to admiration. Amiable Euphemia! we muſt know *you* to believe ſuch excellence exiſts!

ARAMINTA, you miſtake your faſtidiouſneſs of humor, for delicacy of taſte, your extreme poſitiveneſs, for ſteady principle, and your irritable temper for exquiſite ſenſibility.

And what is it you feel? Not the diſtreſſes of the wretched—not the excellence

cellence of the deſerving—not the ſucceſs of the eminent—but—your own importance. You tell me no one regards their friends more tenderly; why? Not for any merits *they* poſſeſs, but becauſe you think them ſenſible of *your*'s; at the ſame time they applaud your wit, and fly at your command, gratify your vanity, and contribute to your eaſe. Talk not of ſenſibility, diſtinct from reaſon, virtue, and benevolence; it is the ſelfiſhneſs of a feeble mind, it is the tenderneſs of an unſound heart.

ASPASIA has generoſity, honor, truth, every thing excellent, excepting that diſpoſition of mind, which bears with people deſtitute of theſe qualities.

She is a very vixen for what is good—has neither love nor patience for the unworthy—loſes her charity in the cauſe of benevolence, and her juſtice in zeal for reformation. Aſpaſia! this violence of will belongs not to virtue!

Eu-

EUGENIO never performed a good action becauſe it was right; for him it was enough to feel it natural. Leſs generous than profuſe, he rather may be ſaid to fling away, than to give.

Though it is not probable he would revenge if he remembered an injury, he is placable more from a careleſs temper than a noble mind, and oftener forgets than forgives his enemies.

Charitable, not ſo much from philanthropy as intereſt, he relieves, rather than ſympathiſes.

Kind without ſenſibility, good-humored without affection, you love him, not for his merits, but his nature.

DORICOURT poſſeſſes that addreſs which only is acquired in the beſt company, and that kind of knowledge which particularly recommends one to it.

Speaks ingeniouſly on ſubjects of taſte; paſſes with all but critics as a wit; with all but artiſts as a connoiſſeur, with all but men of learning as a ſcholar.

To

To a diſcerning eye, indeed, it is very evident, that his talents are as ſuperficial, as his mind is vain, and his heart intereſted: that he is polite, and engaging, but that he attends to you, not becauſe he prizes your judgment, but loves your admiration—that he extols *your* virtues, to give you an opinion of *his own*; is good-natured, to be popular, and liberal, only that you may call him ſo.

Doricourt—'Tu recte vivis, ſi curas 'eſſe quod audis.'

ELVIRA may be claſſed amongſt the excellent, and the wife, rather than the amiable and accompliſhed.

She has more underſtanding than wit, learning than taſte, principle than ſentiment; and though by no means deficient in tenderneſs of heart, is better diſtinguiſhed by greatneſs of ſoul.

Her fate required all her fortitude: united to a man without mind, without merit, without morals, ſhe has ſpent her whole life in endeavoring to reclaim him from

from his vices, and to conceal them from the world.

Whilſt other women are ſinking under their petty diſappointments, and boaſting of their ſuperior ſenſibility, Elvira, with the higheſt ſenſe of honor, the niceſt diſcrimination of right and wrong, neglected, injured, neither complains of the bitterneſs of exiſtence, the fallacy of earthly proſpects, nor the ſtate of human things.

Miſanthropes! ſentimentaliſts! this ſketch is as deſerving your attention, as the Venus de Medicis is a virtuoſo's.

FLAVIA is a widow of large eſtate, and renowned for generoſity and good-nature; by her generoſity, her tenants are made drunk, and her ſervants waſteful; and her good-nature, gives to ſloth and vice what might relief diſtreſs, reward merit, and promote induſtry.

Priſcilla, her ſiſter, is a very different character; ſhrewd, acrimonious, vigilant, fearing her bounty ſhould be ill beſtowed, ſhe has not yet ventured to beſtow it;

and

and as it requires a life to know the real worth of an indigent object, she reserves liberality to the last day of her's, and in her will, has left a considerable legacy to some poor old women now turned of seventy.

MELISSA is one of those women who are distinguished by what they *have not*, rather than what they *possess*.

Her features are not devoid of regularity, but loveliness; her shape is not without proportion, but grace; nor her voice discordant, but unmelodious.

She may be called, in the most extensive sense of the word, accomplished; but the same low tone of color which characterises herself, is evident in all she does. Her drawings, exact and delicately finished, want effect; her translations, faithful, and not *in*-elegant, spirit; her remarks, formed as they are by good company and books, interest.

"With every prudent, every pleasing part,
"What lacks the fair Meliſſa?—All—a *heart!*

ANTONIO is the moſt credulous man in the world; if indeed, you relate to him a noble action, a tale of ſorrow, the ill-treatment you may have met with, or the humanity of the age we live in, he is as likely as any one to doubt it; but, there is no kind of flattery when addreſſed to himſelf, too contemptible for his acceptance, no degree of it, too groſs for his belief.

Admire his underſtanding (and never was a more confuſed one) tell him of his virtues, (and no perſon poſſeſſes fewer) extol his conduct, (and it has always been irregular and culpable) and, you are certain of———his *heart?*—his *purſe?*—his *intereſt?*—No; his EAR.

SUPERSTITION.

THE ancients adopted a very peculiar method of pacifying the wandering ſpirits of ſuch as had been ſlain by treachery. The murtherer never thought himſelf ſafe from being haunted by the ſpectre of the perſon

perſon whom he had killed, until he had cut off the feet, the hands, the noſe, and the ears, from the ſlaughtered corpſe, and hung them to his own neck, or under his armpits. This appears from the Greek Scholiaſts on Sophocles, Æſchylus, &c. Deiphobus, the huſband of Helena, was probably treated in this way, which accounts for the uncouth appearance which he made before Æneas, in the ſhades.

——— " Lacerum crudeliter ora,
" Ora, manuſque ambos, populataque tempora, raptis
" Auribus, & truncas, in honeſto vulnere nares *."

And this naturally introduces the Roman method of getting rid of thoſe troubleſome, nocturnal viſitors, the Lemures, ſo named from a tranſverſion of the word Remus, who was ſaid to have haunted his brother, and murtherer, Romulus.

* " Midſt other barbarous devices,
" The Greeks had cut his face in ſlices,
" Of cheeks, noſe, lips, they'd quite bereft him,
" And not an inch of ear had left him."

On

On this account the hag-ridden Prince inſtituted a feſtival, called Lemuria, to appeaſe the unquiet dead. The haunted perſon was to riſe at midnight, and to walk bare-footed, ſilently, only making a ſmall noiſe with his thumb and finger, to keep the diſturbed ſpirit at ſome diſtance. He then muſt waſh his hands, three times, in ſpring water, and fill his mouth with beans, which he was to throw behind him, for the ſpectre, who watched his motions, to pick up; he was at the ſame time to pronounce "With theſe beans I "redeem me and mine," without turning back his head. Then after one more ablution, after ſtriking a veſſel of braſs, and after adjuring the ghoſt, nine ſeveral times, by name, to depart, he might turn his head, and the ceremony was ended *.

In what manner are we to account for the difference between that noble wildneſs

* It ſhould ſeem that a perſon who had reſolution enough to paſs through a form ſo very alarming, muſt have too firm a mind to give any credit to ſuch childiſh, expiatory ceremonies.

found

found in the tales of ſuperſtition, handed down to us by our Celtic anceſtors, and the unintereſting inſipidity of all the ghoſt and witch ſtories, which the latter ages have produced? Perhaps the cauſe may be found in that univerſal allowance of præternatural viſitations, which, in former times, pervaded every rank of ſociety, and, of courſe, encouraged the greateſt and moſt fanciful wits of the time to buſy themſelves in inventing, and recounting, pictureſque relations, while, in modern days, ſince the belief of ſuch events has been confined wholly to the ignorant, the poor, and the ſuperannuated, neither genius nor imagination are at hand to raiſe the tale one degree above a white ſheet, or a pair of ſaucer-eyes, nor to ſupply the ſpectre with any language more expreſſive than that of ſcratching, knocking, or fluttering.

Let us, for example's ſake, recount one, out of a hundred ſtories, told by the ancient northern writers. Aſuithus and

Aſmundus were heroes and companions in arms. They had fought and conquered together, during many years, and their friendſhip was ſpoken of as a pattern to the warriors of the North. At length the one, after a deſperate conflict, was ſlain in battle. The ſurvivor, after cauſing a ſpacious vault to be conſtructed for his friend's body, and after having ſeen his arms, his horſe, and his favorite dog (as was the mode of the times) placed within his reach, beſides a large ſtore of proviſions, entered the cavern armed as he was, and, in conſequence of a mutual vow which had paſſed between them, inſiſted on being cloſed in with his deceaſed comrade. The orders of ſuch a man were not to be diſputed. The ſoldiers walled up the opening of the vault, heaped over the whole the uſual mound of earth, and departed, lamenting the loſs of two ſuch leaders. It chanced that, a century afterwards, Eric, a Swediſh Prince, marching with his army near the ſcene of this awful event, was incited by the hopes of finding ſome vaſt

vaſt treaſure, to violate this aſylum of the dead. His pioneers inſtantly levelled the hillock, and the arch of the vault ſoon gave way; when, inſtead of the expected, ſolemn ſtillneſs of a tomb, the ghaſtly figure of the ſurviving hero ruſhed forth, all covered with blood, and deprived of half his viſage.

The tale he told to the Norwegian was frightful as his own appearance. "As "ſoon," he ſaid, "as the tomb had been "cloſed, a hungry and cruel ſpirit had "taken poſſeſſion of the body of his "ſlaughtered friend, and had, without "ceaſing a moment, employed all the force "and arms of the deceaſed, in order to "conquer and devour the buried ſurvivor. "He added, that the ſpectre had ſo far "prevailed, as to have feaſted on the horſe, "the dog, and half the face of the wretched "narrator, but that he had at length, by the "exertion of his old proweſs, overpower-"ed the ſpectre, and beheaded and buried "the poſſeſſed carcaſe."

Here the ſtory ends, and perhaps one of the moſt ſingular parts of it is, that it was told to the Norwegian prince in extempore verſe *. A circumſtance, which, in the mouth of a man who had been one hundred years fighting with a goblin, and who had but half a face left, ſeems uncommon †.

But

* Quid ſtupetis, qui relictum me colore cernitis?
Obſoleſcit nempe vivus omnis inter mortuos.
Neſcio quo Stygii numinis auſu,
Miſſus ab inferis, ſpiritus Aſſuiti,
Sævis alipedem dentibus edit,
Infandoque canem præbuit ori.
Nec contentus equi nec canis eſſe,
Mox, in me, rapidos tranſtulit ungues,
Diſciſſâque genâ, ſuſtulit aurem.
Hinc, laceri vultus horret imago,
Emicat, inque fero vulnere ſanguis.
Haut impune tamen monſtrifer egit,
Nam ferro ſecui, mox, caput ejus,
Profodique nocens ſtipite corpus.

† A Mr. Child, of Plymſtock, in Devonſhire, was inſpired by the muſes, if we may believe tradition, on an occaſion almoſt as unpromiſing for a bard. He was benighted, half frozen, and on the point of periſhing, when with the point of his ſword he wrote, with his horſe's blood, this teſtamentary diſtich.

"Whoever

But ſuch effuſions of poetry were uſual, in former ages, in all remarkable occurrences. The modern vampire has ſtrong traces of deſcent from the above quoted gothic phantom.

THUS we are told by Mathew Paris, that as Gilbert Folliot (afterwards Biſhop of London) was one night revolving in his head certain points in politics, a ſcience to which he had a ſtronger turn than to divinity, he was moſt fearfully interrupted in his meditation by Satan, who, with an unpleaſant tone of voice, thus accoſted him in rhyme, "* O Gilberte Folliot!—Dum re-

" Whoever finds, and brings me to my tomb—
" The land of Plimſtock—that ſhall be his doom."

The Monks of Ford Abbey are ſaid to have gained the eſtate ſo bequeathed, by throwing a temporary bridge over a river which ſeparated the body from their burial ground; and a bridge near the ruins of that religious houſe, ſtill is reported to bear the name of Guile-Bridge. Dr. Fuller ſays he cannot tell the date of this tale.

* " While thus you're revolving on good and on evil,
" This world is your Heaven, your God is the Devil."

" volvis tot & tot—Deus tuus eſt Aſtarot." To whom the unterrified prieſt replied with greater preſence of mind than civility, " † Mentiris, Dæmon! Qui eſt Deus— " Sabbaoth, eſt *ille* meus."

NEAR the abbey of Clairvaux, in Swiſſerland, there is a tradition, that an evil ſpirit lies beneath a mountain, enchained by St. Bernard; and the ſmiths of that neighbourhood, when they go to work in the morning, always think it their duty to ſtrike three ſtrokes on their anvils, to rivet his fetters. This infernal being deſerves much leſs compaſſion than thoſe induſtrious phantoms, who, according to a reputable tradition, are ſtill to be heard, near a ſouthern cliff in Wales, conſtantly employed in hammering on the brazen wall, which Merlin intended for the defence of Britain. But the heedleſs enchanter, having, after he had ſet them to work, been

† " Satan, thou lieſt! The God who evermore,
" Both was and is, is him whom I adore."

decoyed

decoyed by the lady of the lake, into a perpetual confinement, the poor ſpirits ſtill continue their unavailing labor, and muſt hammer on till Merlin regains his freedom.

SHOULD a glaſs-houſe fire be kept up, without extinction, for a longer term than ſeven years, there is no doubt but that a Salamander would be generated in the cinders. This very rational idea is much more generally credited than wiſe men would readily believe.

In a folio book of ſome price, we meet the following receipt.

How to make a Baſiliſke.

"I deny not (quoth the author) but a "living creature may be generated, that "ſhall poiſon one by ſeeing and touching, "as if it were a Baſilick. But take heed, "you that try to produce this creature, that "you do not endanger yourſelf, which, I "think, may eaſily come to paſs. Infuſe "fruitful eggs, where you have a liquid

" moiſture of arſenic, or ſerpents poiſon,
" and other deadly things, and let the eggs
" lie therein for ſome days; ſet them
" under hens that do cluck, but ſhake them
" not in your hands, leſt you deſtroy the
" miſchief ſought for. There is no greater
" cauſe to be found to produce divers
" monſters, than by eggs."

No man ever gave into popular and ſuperſtitious prejudices, more readily than the (otherwiſe) ingenious and entertaining Antiquarian, John Aubrey. His method of relation was always quaint, and ſometimes too general, as in the following inſtance.

" Anno 1670, not far from Cirenceſter,
" was an apparition. Being demanded
" whether a good ſpirit or a bad? return-
" ed no anſwer, but diſappeared, with a
" curious perfume, and moſt melodious
" twang."

The following anecdote from the ſame writer is more particular.

" When

"When I (the writer, J. Aubrey) was a "freſhman at Oxford, 1642, I was wont "to go to Chriſt Church, to ſee King "Charles I. at ſupper; where I once "heard him ſay, that as he was hawking "in Scotland, he rode into the quarry, "and found the covey of partridges fall-"ing on the hawk. And I do remember "this expreſſion further, viz. *And I will "ſwear upon the book 'tis true.* When I "came to my chamber, I told this ſtory to "my tutor, ſaid he, "*That covey was "London.*"

THE annals of France report, that in 793, there fell out an uncommon ſcarcity; the ears of corn were all void of ſubſtance, and ſtrange præternatural beings were heard in the air, proclaiming themſelves to be dæmons, who had ravaged the harveſts, in order to revenge the clergy for the reluctance of the people as to the payment of tythes, which, in conſequence of this diabolical interference, were ordered to be regularly diſcharged. St. Foix, who relates

lates this ſtory, humorouſly aſks, "how "the devils came to intereſt themſelves ſo "warmly in behalf of the prieſthood?"

KING JAMES I. defines a necromancer, to be the Devil's maſter, and to command him, by art. A witch, his ſervant, for whom he works by compact.

ST. AUGUSTINE, treating of the reſurrection, introduces (as an inſtance of the unaccountableneſs of ſome among the the works of nature,) a peculiar property belonging to the fleſh of the peacock. This, he affirms, will never corrupt, although from its color and conſiſtence, and from the ſpecies of food by which it is generated, one would ſuppoſe it, at leaſt as liable to putrefaction, as any other kind of animal ſubſtance.

THE learned Godwin, in his antiquities of the Jewiſh Nation, favors us with the method of compoſing the Teraphim, which were a ſpecies of image enduced

duced by magic art, with the power of propheſying. "The Teraphim have "ſpoken vanity." Zach. 10. 2. Rabbi Eliezer is quoted as the author.

Receipt for making the Teraphim.

"They killed a man that was a firſt "born ſon, and wrung off his head, and "ſeaſoned it with ſalt and ſpices, and "wrote upon a plate of gold, the name "of an unclean ſpirit, and put it under "the head on a wall, and lighted candles "before it, and worſhipped it." With ſuch as theſe, the rabbis aſſert that Laban ſpake.

DR. FULLER, in his "Worthies of "England," after repeating the old pro-"phetic proverb,

"When our lady falls in our lord's lap,
"Then let England beware a miſhap."

and after bringing fifteen inſtances of ſingular misfortunes, which have happened

to England, when such a conjunction of feasts has occurred, warns the next generation to beware of what may fall out in the year 1722. Happily, that year is past, and probably another like æra, without any signal misfortune happening to the kingdom.

SUSPICION.

THE Cardinal de Richelieu was prone to suspicion. Every night he narrowly searched each corner of his room. It chanced one evening, that Desnoyers, his valet, who slept in his master's chamber, had deposited two bottles of wine under his bed, for his own use. These, the active jealousy of the minister discovered; nor could he be convinced that the contents were not poisonous, and intended for his destruction, until he saw them both drank off, by the suspected domestic.

CARDINAL DE PERRON professes himself suspicious, lest the Arians, in the

Northern part of Europe, ſhould, one time or other, embrace the principles of Mahometaniſm, to which, he thinks, by their attachment to the idea of Divine Unity, they cannot be totally averſe.

A WHIMSICAL adventure, which happened to an intimate friend of the Editor, may not appear unworthy of a place under the head of Suſpicion. It chanced ſeveral years ago, at a time when every corner of of every ſtreet, abounded with cautions againſt ring and money-droppers, that on a ſultry day, he had occaſion to go as far as Radcliff-highway, no inconſiderable diſtance from the weſtern extremity of the town. He had reached the top of Holbourn-hill, and began to wiſh himſelf at the end of his journey, when his attention was caught by a jolly, ſtout, figure, walking down the hill juſt before him, whoſe ruddy complexion, jockey whip, and dirty boots, proclaimed him an original country-ſquire, come to town on buſineſs, and probably pacing towards the Bank,

Bank, for a dividend. He had not long contemplated the ruſticity of this figure, before he obſerved him, on jerking out his pocket-handkerchief, to ſcatter ſix or ſeven ſhillings out of his coat-pocket. Some of theſe melodiouſly trilled on their edges down the pavement, ſome were ſtopped by poſts and ſtepping ſtones, while others took the country, and expatiated towards the kennel, which, in thoſe days, occupied the middle of the ſtreet. The Editor's friend, whoſe agility was ſuperior to every thing but his benevolence, purſued each fugitive ſhilling, one by one, recovered them all, (a work of no ſmall labor, and of ſome duration) and ran down the hill after their owner, who had by this time gained, what the ſeamen term, a great offing. Out of breath, and perſpiring at every pore, he ſtopped the 'Squire, and offering the ſhillings, began to tell his tale; but was unexpectedly interrupted by the perſon whom he addreſſed, who, freeing himſelf from his benefactor's graſp, exclaimed, with a menacing tone and geſture, "What, Sir!

"you

" you think you have got a prize in me, " Sir! becauſe you ſee me juſt out of " the country; but, Sir! I know the tricks " of London, Sir! and if you don't take " your ſhillings, and yourſelf away, Sir, " very ſpeedily, I ſhall call a conſtable, and " raiſe the mob upon you, Sir!" " By " no means in the world, Sir," replied the Editor's friend, " and rather than drive " you to ſuch extremities, your ſhillings " ſhall be employed in caſing my legs." After this explanation, he called a coach, and with the fruits of the ſtranger's abſurd over-caution, ſpared himſelf a tireſome and ſultry walk.

TALES.

Much has been written to explain and to teach the art of ſtory-telling; but no ſcience is more difficult to attain, nor can it be taught by any ſettled rules. If the teller can but contrive to keep the attention of his audience awake, to the end of his tale, he

he has certainly gained a great point, let the method he has taken be what it will; and if he can add to their attention ſome emotions of pleaſure, or of ſurpriſe, he may juſtly be deemed a good ſtory-teller. Seneca, who certainly may be cited as eminent in this art, will afford a beautiful example of this ſpecies of triumph over the expectations of his hearers. He tells us of the ſon of an eminent and opulent Roman knight, to whom the wretched Emperor Caligula took ſuch an averſion, merely from envy to the ſuperior graces of his perſon and dreſs, that he ordered him to be led to execution. Not contented with this, he had the wanton cruelty to inſiſt on the father's preſence at an entertainment, while he knew his ſon was ſuffering death. He did more; he drank to him in full bowls, having firſt placed a ſpy, who might watch and report every change of his countenance. The wretched parent commanded his features, and formed them to expreſs content, and even hilarity: nay, he entered into the ſpirit of the feaſt, wore the convivial chaplet,

let, and, though old and infirm, he vied with the moſt robuſt of the gueſts in every joyous exceſs. "You aſk me," here obſerves Seneca, "how and wherefore he "acted this ſtrange part. I anſwer, "*Habebat alterum.*" "*He had another ſon.*"

Here, by a ſingle, and very ſhort ſentence, the paſſions of the hearers, which muſt have been highly excited againſt the parent, for his mean and odious diſſimulation, are now as ſtrongly rouſed in his favor, whoſe care for the ſafety of the ſurviving ſon (the life of whom would have been forfeited by the leaſt cloud on the father's countenance) had forced him to ſtifle every feeling of nature, and to wear the maſk of joy, while his heart was agonized with every throb of parental wretchedneſs.

A SINGLE ill-choſen word is ſometimes fatal to the effect of a really pathetic tale. Dr. Cook, in his Travels through Ruſſia, (a valuable and entertaining work) affords more than one inſtance of this error, which,

however, in one who had reſided a long term of years out of his native country, is very pardonable. He deſcribes the cruelties exerciſed by the Ruſſian troops at the ſtorming Ockſakow, in 1737, and intereſts his reader ſtrenuouſly in favour of a gallant Scots lieutenant, a Mr. Innes, who flew from place to place, to check the barbarity of the private ſoldiers, and, at the extreme hazard of his life, put to death a grenadier, who, "in a *ridiculous* manner, was *baſely* "diverting himſelf with the agonies of a "poor little innocent, whom he had juſt "pierced with his bayonet."

SOMETIMES the diſtreſs of the tale will unfortunately chance to be of a ſpecies ſo awkward and ridiculous, that where the audience ought, by the laws of narration, to be moſt bitterly affected, the ſmile will unkindly ſupercede the tear. A refugee officer, who lived to a great age at Briſtol, under the title of Capitain Calamité, took great delight in recounting to his younger neighbours, the misfortunes of his early years.

years. His favorite tale was that of his captivity at Algiers. His ſtature, it muſt be obſerved, was moſt ſingularly diminutive, and his ſtrength of body ſmall in proportion. To ſuch a one, "Gracili tam, "atque puſillo," No ſevere taſks of labor could be aſſigned, even by the moſt barbarous taſk-maſter. What were then the cruelties he had to relate? "I was treated," he uſed to ſay to the Editor's friend, "like a "brute animal. They could not make me "tug at the oar; they could not make "me drag heavy ſtones; they made me, "then—they made me ſit, day after day, "and night after night, in one cruel "conſtrained poſture—to hatch young "turkeys!"

SOLOMON's apophthegm, "That there "is nothing new under the ſun," may be applied with ſingular propriety to tales. They deſcend from one another with gradual regularity; and the ſame adventures, with a little change as to manners, become the amuſement of ſucceſſive ages. A late

French collector of antient ſtories, has taken the pains to trace many of them down to the preſent time, through half a ſcore different titles, and twice as many books. The following apologue, which compoſes a chapter of the Edda, a mythological work of great antiquity, has given many a hint to the compoſers of Fairy Tales, &c. &c.

Thor and Loke, (the Alcides, and the Mercury of the Celts) ſet out with a comrade named Thialſe, in ſearch of adventures. They found in a deſert, a rock, hollowed into vaſt caverns, as they ſuppoſed, which, however, they afterwards were convinced was only the glove which a giant had dropped; after ſeveral ſuch ſtrange events, they entered a city, whoſe gates and edifices proved that it was inhabited by a race, immenſely gigantic. The King of the place propoſed, according to the cuſtom of thoſe days, that each of the three ſtrangers ſhould give a ſpecimen of his ſkill in ſome art, or exerciſe. Loke choſe to exert his powers in eating, but he

was

was foiled by an adverſary, who, not only conſumed the *meat*, which was provided for the conteſt, but alſo every *bone*. Thor, who affirmed his abilities as a drinker to be invincible, found himſelf unable to empty a horn of liquor which was provided for him; and Thialſe, an attendant on Thor, though celebrated for ſwiftneſs, was eaſily vanquiſhed by a puny antagoniſt. Thor met with two more uncommon humiliations, he was unable to liſt from the floor the King's favorite cat, and was brought, in a wreſtling match with a toothleſs old woman, to bend one knee to the ground. Theſe repeated foils to divinities of ſuch vaſt power, muſt have been utterly unaccountable without the help of magic; and magic, among the Celts, was allowed to rival the power of the deities. In conſequence, the King of the giants, after having amuſed himſelf by ridiculing the travellers unmercifully, treated them with a hoſpitable meal, and having, under pretence of doing them honor, accompanied them out of his city

gates, " Now," ſaid he, " it is time to " clear up all theſe myſteries. As to you, " Loke, you are not to wonder that you " were out-eaten by your antagoniſt. It " was *fire* which rivalled you in glut- " tony, therefore the *bones* were as eaſy " for him to deſtroy, as the *fleſh*. You, " Thialſe, could not be ſuppoſed capable " of outſtripping *thought*, for it was " *thought* that you had to contend with. " You, Thor, were ignorant that the " horn, at which you pulled ſo luſtily, " was ſupplied by the *ſea*, which actually " was much diminiſhed by your aſtoniſhing " draught. In your ſecond conteſt, what " your faſcinated eyes took for my cat was " the *world*, which, by your vaſt ſtrength, " you actually ſucceeded in moving. As " to the apparently decrepid old woman, " with whom you wreſtled to ſome diſad- " vantage, it was no other than *death*, who " never before met with a being which " could reſiſt her powers." After this denouement, the ſorcerer prudently thought proper to vaniſh, together with his ſuite,

his city, ſubjects, and all, being juſtly apprehenſive that Thor, who was not fond of being played upon, and who was celebrated for his averſion to the giant-tribe, might, by the help of his club, render the cataſtrophe too ſerious.

TASTE.

It has been ſaid, "De guſtibus nil diſputandum." We muſt not, according to that rule, cenſure the very extraordinary petition of Achmet Baſſa, who, as Buſbequius informs us, when condemned, in 1555, to be ſtrangled, by order of the Sultan, made it his particular requeſt to the executioner, that he would deprive him of life by degrees, and that after he had tightened the bow-ſtring, he would looſen it again, that ſo he might know minutely how the pangs of death made their approach.

THE taſte of Charlotte Elizabeth of Orleans was ſingular in point of diet We

will take her own words (plain as her favorite aliments) contained in her letters to our late Queen Caroline.

* " Je dejeune rarement, mais ſi je le fais, " c'eſt avec une beurrée ; toutes ces drogues " eſtrangeres, je ne puis ni les ſoufrir, ni " les ſupporter. Mon gout & mon tempe- " rament s'en accomodent auſſi peu l'un " que l'autre. Je ne prends jamais ni " chocolat, ni caffé, ni thé. Pour la table, " je ſuis toujours bonne Allemande, & de " la vieille roche, j'aime ce qui eſt ſimple " & ſain." 16 Juin, 1716."

" Je ne mange jamais de ſoupe, à " moins, que ce ne ſoit de la ſoupe au lait, " à la bierre, ou au vin. Je ne puis ſup- " porter le bouillon. Il me donne des " coliques, & me fait vomir. Le jambon

* " I ſeldom breakfaſt at all.—When I do, I eat a " toaſt and butter. I cannot endure all their drugs, and " ſlops. I neither like them, nor do they agree with me. " Neither chocolate, coffee, nor tea, do I meddle with. " As to meals, I am a German of the old ſtamp, and like " only what is plain and wholeſome."

" &

" & les ſauciſſes me raccommodent l'eſto-
" mac." Oct. 8, 1717 *.

How exactly did this blunt Princeſs, probably without knowing it, agree with Horace's Epicurean lecturer, Catius, who recommends to hard drinkers, nearly the ſame refreſhments as the good lady approved of, after her flip, and her negus.

——— " Pernâ magis, & magis hillis
" Flagitat, in morſus, refici: quin omnia malit
" Quæcunque immundis fervent allata popinis."

Which may be thus modernized.

No ſlops for her!—They'll but abaſh her,
The lady likes a bacon raſher,
And pines to have, within her call,
A taſteful morſel from Whitehall,
Where ſteams of ſauſage, ſavory cheer,
Regale each paſſing grenadier.

* " For my part, I never eat their ſoups, unleſs they
" are made of milk, of beer, or of wine. I hate their
" bouillons," they give me the cholic, and make me
" ſick. Good Weſtphalia hams, and ſauſages, are the beſt
" remedies that I can find for the diſorders of my ſto-
" mach."

THE

The Sieur de Brantome has ſupplied the Editor with ſo many anecdotes for this work, that it would be unjuſt to paſs by one, which does the higheſt credit to his taſte. He laments, with all the warmth of a feeling antiquarian, the demolition of the celebrated and beautiful Caſtle of Luſignan, which, the moſt cruel, the moſt deteſtably brutal of men, the Duc de Montpenſier *, cauſed to be levelled with the ground, out of a mean ſentiment of revenge, for its long and gallant reſiſtance againſt his army, during the civil wars of France. He calls it the glory of the kingdom, the nurſing place of princes and heroes, and brings in the Queen-Mother lamenting over its ruins. To crown all, Brantome introduces machinery. He relates the tales univerſally credited in France, of the ſupernatural protection which the foundreſs, Meluſina, afforded it for many years, and dwells with pleaſure on the terrors of the neighbors, at hearing the

* Brantome, vol. 8. p. 314.

ſhrieks

ſhrieks and wailings which attended its ruin. It ſeems that the awful ideas which the country people had formed of the Caſtle, and which had been ſtrengthened by the traditions of ages, had dazzled their eyes, and had produced the wilde viſions. Sometimes Meluſina was ſeen in the bloom of female beauty, but deformed by a dragon's tail,

——— " Ut turpiter atrum
" Deſinat in piſcem, mulier formoſa ſuperne."
HORAT.

hovering over the Caſtle. On particular days ſhe bathed in a rill which waſhed its walls, but never did ſhe omit to ſcream fearfully when any diſaſter was like to happen to any of her deſcendants. At the time of her caſtle's deſtruction, her cries were ſhriller, and louder, than ever, but they were vain, when oppoſed to the ſelf-intereſted views of M. de Chameraült, to whom the ruin of the fortreſs was intruſted, and who was determined with

with the ſtones, to build a houſe for himſelf, at a ſmall diſtance from Luſignan.

CONSIDERING our preſent taſte in gardening, there is ſomething very extraordinary in a paſſage in the Spectator, No. 414. "On this account, our Engliſh "gardens are not ſo entertaining to the "fancy as thoſe of France and Italy, where "we ſee a large extent of ground, co-"vered with an agreeable mixture of "garden and foreſt, which repreſents "every where an artificial rudeneſs, much "more charming than that neatneſs and "elegancy which we meet with in thoſe "of our own country." It proceeds to aſk, "Why may not a whole eſtate be "thrown into a kind of garden, by fre-"quent plantations, that may turn as "much to the profit, as the pleaſure of "the owner?" Perhaps Shenſtone took the hint from Addiſon, and, in conſequence of this queſtion, made, of his own eſtate, a model for that elegant ſtyle of laying

laying out grounds, which has rendered England's parks and gardens the admiration of all foreigners. P.

TRANSLATIONS.

A TRANSLATOR ſhould be cautious how he ſets out on his work, leſt an error in his title-page ſhould prejudice the literary reader, though perhaps unjuſtly, againſt his whole work.

A Mr. Thomas Cockman, who tranſlated a favourite work of Cicero, would ſurely have done better, had he rendered the word "Officia," *Duties*, rather than "*Offices*," as he *has* done. He proceeds to illuſtrate one of Tully's maxims, by the familiar and modern idea of "clapping "a piſtol, or the like, to ſuch a man's "breaſt." Yet in ſpite of this anachronic vulgariſm, and a general meanneſs of ſtyle, the work has ſeen ſeveral editions.

EVERY tranſlator of Marmontel's "Contes Moraux," has called them "Moral Tales," which ſurely was never the author's meaning. "Moraux" is *there* derived from "mœurs," and ſignifies "faſhionable," rather than "moral."

A late writer has rendered "Les Veillees du Chateau," "Tales of the Caſtle." Should he not rather have ſaid, "Rural Evenings "Amuſements?"

SCARRON'S "Roman Comique" has been as ill rendered into Engliſh, as far, at at leaſt, as the title. Inſtead of "*Comic*," it ſhould have been tranſlated "*Dramatic* "Romance," which is the idea that the author meant to convey.

CREECH, in his verſion of Theocritus, brings the names of 'Tom, Will, Dick,' and of one 'Wolf,' into the ſame Idyll, with Thynicus, Cuniſca, &c. &c.

When the above groſs miſtakes are conſidered, it cannot ſurely be thought too ſevere

vere to ſay that, inſtead of tranſlator, we in theſe caſes, at leaſt, ought to uſe the word "Traducer," from "Traducteur." And moſt aſſuredly we ought to reſume the old expreſſive ſtile of "Done * into Engliſh," and ſad doings too!

GREAT-BRITAIN, however, by no means monopolizes bad tranſlators. We read of a French ſtudent, who, tranſlating from the New-Teſtament, "Erat homo "qui habebat manum aridam," rendered it, "Il y eut un homme qui avoit une "mechante haridelle." "That *mechante* "*haridelle*," ſaid his tutor, "muſt ſerve "to carry you out of the regions of Latin "ſcience," and gave up his charge *.

* He, who in the year 1694, *did* (or rather *un*did) Buſbequius into Engliſh, has ſeveral peculiar merits of his own. He has enriched the language with many new words and expreſſions. "His misfortunes had *reduced* him to the *top* "of all miſeries," among his tropes, is one of the moſt *outre*.

† "Manum aridam," means "a withered hand," but may be tranſlated, "a worn out hackney," to which conſtruction the young gentleman choſe to adhere.

TY-

TYRANNY.

THE wantonneſs of cruelty, to which men of naturally bad diſpoſitions may be induced by the poſſeſſion of deſpotic power, was never more evident than in that law of Tiberius, which rendered the ſmalleſt deviation, from profound reſpect to the Emperor's ſtatue, picture, or reſemblance of any kind, a capital crime.

At a feaſt given by Paulus, a man of high rank, Seneca tells us, that when the bowls had gone cheerfully round, and continual repletion began to demand evacuation. The maſter of the houſe, on whoſe finger uſually ſhone a gem, engraved with the head of Tiberius, roſe more than once from his chair, to viſit the corner of the room. The ſeaſon of convivial feſtivity is, by no means, that of conſideration, and of conſequence, the ring accompanied Paulus on each neceſſary errand. Maro, an informer, ſate among the gueſts. A man,

man, who though noted for his crimes, was, through motives of perſonal fear, admitted to every table. This wretch was obſerved by an attendant ſlave, to mark down on his tablets, every time that the Emperor's head received diſhonour. Paulus had fortunately been a kind maſter, and the grateful ſervant rewarded that kindneſs, by privately ſlipping the ring from his maſter's finger, ſo that when Maro called on the company to witneſs the treaſon of their hoſt, the gem was found in the hand of the ſlave, and the accuſation, of conſequence, fell to the ground.

The obſervation of the narrator on this ſtory is too pithy and conciſe to be omitted.

" Si quis *hunc*, ſervum vocat, & *illum*, contivam
" vocabit."

" He who could look upon this man " as a *ſlave*, ought to invite Maro as a " *gueſt*."

Odious as this informer's conduct may appear, it has been paralleled at a neigh-

bouring court, within the preſent century. In 1743, a Lieutenant in the naval ſervice of Ruſſia, named Falkenberg, roſe, under pretence of ſickneſs, from the table of a Nobleman high in rank, (to which he had been introduced by an intimate friend) that he might repeat before the Czarina Elizabeth, a few raſh words, which, concern for the harſh treatment of the late Regent's exiled family, had drawn from the company, in an unhappy, thoughtleſs hour. This wretch's information involved in tortures, and in ſhameful deaths, no leſs than eight of the firſt people in his country, amongſt whom were numbered the friend who had introduced him, and Mad. Lepouchin, a lady of elegance, youth, and beauty, whoſe public and diſgraceful ſufferings are deſcribed by M. Le Chappe d'Auteroche *, in a manner that would chill the blood of a Stoic.

This opprobrium to the human race was infinitely more deteſtable than Maro, as

* Voyage de Siberie, &c.

he

he belonged to a profeſſion which demands and implies the higheſt ſentiments of honor, whereas Maro, being known as an informer, gave fair warning to thoſe who invited him, to beware of their viſitor.

The execrable Falkenberg, gained, indeed, a regiment by his treachery, but his enjoyments were very limited. None of his officers would exchange a word with him; every one's hand and voice was againſt him; he was perpetually haraſſed by fallacious accuſations; he was ſometimes impriſoned for faults which he did not commit; a wife, whom he loved fondly, pined to death for the wretched, diſhonored, condition of her huſband; and ſo far did the abhorrence of his very *name* operate, that a phyſician could not be found to viſit the innocent, unhappy woman, until one belonging to the army was forced to attend on her, by orders from a field marſhal.

A THIRD anecdote, without the burleſque indelicacy of the firſt, or the complicated horrors of the ſecond, will be at the ſame

time, at leaſt, equally intereſting, and equally declamatory againſt deſpotic ordinances, with either. A young lady of high birth and faſhion at Rome, but, unfortunately engaged in the number of Veſtal Virgins, became involved in a fatal ſnare, by a line which dropt careleſsly from her pen. The Veſtals were allowed great honors and great liberty; and this lady had, probably, been pleaſantly entertained by ſome married friend, from whoſe demeanor ſhe had formed a very favorable idea of wedlock. Actuated by ſome ſuch motive, ſhe wrote on a ſcroll, in the ecſtacy of her ſpirits—

"Felices nuptæ! Moriar ni nubere dulce eſt *."

The verſe was, unhappily, found, and her hand-writing being known, ſhe was accuſed as having incurred the puniſhment due to thoſe who diſgraced the temple of Veſta, that of burying alive. Seneca re-

* Hail happy brides!—I would I were beheaded—
But it were monſtrous clever to be wedded!

ports the arguments on both ſides, but does not give us the reſult.

When Britons are recalling to their grateful memory, the bleſſings which they owe to the glorious Revolution in 1688, they ſhould be told to what provoking degrees of meanneſs, deſpotiſm could ſtoop, when unchecked by a ſteady ſyſtem of conſtitutional law.

In 1675, *Coffee houſes were ſuppreſſed by Proclamation of King Charles II.* as being "places, where the diſaffected meet, and "ſpread ſcandalous reports concerning the "conduct of his Majeſty and his miniſ-"ters." This prohibition was in a very ſhort time after repealed, not as inimical to the *liberty of the ſubject*, but as prejudicial to the *revenue*. Surely the John Bull of that period, was a different ſpecies of animal from the ſpecimens which we now ſee of the breed.

VANITY.

That ſpecies of vanity which relates to the perſon, has ſometimes been very difficultly extinguiſhed, even at the point of death. The mouſtache (or whiſker) was an ornament highly in faſhion, towards the beginning of the 17th century. The Comte de Bouteville, who was condemned to die, for a duel, was remarkable for the beauty and fullneſs of his "mouſtache;" and while the executioner was cutting his hair, that it might not be in his way, the Comte haſtily raiſed his hand to guard thoſe favorite locks; but the Biſhop of Nantes, who attended on him, thus reprehended his attachment to ſuch mundane follies *. "Mon fils, il ne faut plus "penſe au monde. Quoi! vous y pen-"ſez encore †."

* Mercure Francois. 1627.

† "What, my ſon, ſtill thinking of the world!"

If,

If, however, any human being was free from perſonal vanity, it muſt have been the ſecond Dutcheſs d'Orleans, Charlotte-Eliſabeth of Bavaria. Let us hear her own words. "I muſt certainly be monſtrouſly ugly ‡. I never had a good "feature. My eyes are ſmall, my noſe "ſhort and thick, my lips broad and thin. "Theſe are not materials to form a beautiful face. Then, I have flabby, lank "cheeks, and long features, which ſuit ill "with my low ſtature. My waiſt and my "legs are equally clumſy. Undoubtedly, "I muſt appear to be an odious little "wretch; and had I not a tolerably good "character, no creature could endure me. "I am ſure a perſon muſt be a conjuror "to judge by my eyes, that I have a grain "of wit."

‡ "Cruellement laide." Lettre 9. Aout, 1718.

VIRTUE AND VICE.

CASUISTRY is not a favorite ſcience in the preſent age, elſe the following queſtions, reſpecting the exact limits of Virtue and Vice, might be ſubmitted to a modern Suarez, or a Bellarmine, without impropriety.

In what conſiſts preciſely the virtue of humanity? There are many perſons exiſting, who, ſetting aſide every precept of religion, would actually and literally ſuffer more pain, by refuſing to relieve a wretch in actual diſtreſs, than by depriving themſelves of the ſum of money neceſſary for that relief. Do theſe perſons acquire any additional merit in the ſight of Heaven, by luxurioufly indulging their own inclinations?

Where ſhall we fix the exact point of vice in the article of intemperance? Shall the puling ſinner, who grows confuſed and ridiculous, after three glaſſes of port, be liable to a more ſevere cenſure hereafter, than that jolly

jolly fellow, who ſwallows bottle after bottle, and bowl after bowl; who ſees his convivial friends totter and ſink from their chairs; who, in fine, after drinking a triumphant farewel bumper, over the fallen around him, can walk coolly home, and caſt up the week's account of his houſe-keeping, without an error, before he goes to bed? Such variation may be found between one drinker and another. But who ſhall ſettle whether the ſin be actually conſtituted by deprivation of reaſon, or by indulgence of appetite?

THE caſuiſts might alſo amuſe themſelves with ſettling whether the following action ſhould be ranged under the banners of juſtice or inhumanity. The Editor had a friend, who ſtudied at a celebrated univerſity, and having a ſtrong predilection for anatomy, took great pleaſure in attending on diſſections. One evening he, with many others, were anxiouſly attending the commencement of that operation, on the body of a notorious malefactor, which lay

ſtretched

ſtretched out on the table before them: the ſurgeon, who had been placing it in a proper poſition, turning to the company, addreſſed them thus: "I am pretty certain, "Gentlemen, from the warmth of the ſub-"ject, and the flexibility of the limbs, "that by a proper degree of attention and "care, the vital heat would return, and "life, in conſequence, take place. But "then, when it is conſidered what a raſcal "we ſhould again have among us; that he "was executed for having murthered a girl "who was with child by him; and that, "were he to be reſtored to life, he would "probably murther ſomebody elſe: when "all theſe things are coolly conſidered, I "own, it is *my* opinion, that we had better "proceed with the diſſection." With theſe words, he plunged the knife into the breaſt of the carcaſe, and precluded at once all dread of future aſſaſſinations, or hopes of future repentance.

WAGERS.

OUR novel and eſſay writers are in general very ſevere on the cuſtom of deciding diſputes in converſation by a bet. Undoubtedly, this practice, when it tends to ſupercede argument, is very abſurd; but a perſon who will aſſert a fact, yet when that fact is controverted, refuſe to ſtake ſome trifling ſum on the truth of it, ſeems to expect the company ſhould put a greater confidence in his judgment or memory than he does himſelf. There is a ſtory told of a man, who, on perſiſting in aſſerting the veracity of ſome improbable adventure he was relating, was aſked by one of the company if he would bet any thing on the truth of it; No, he replied, I will not bet upon it, but I'll ſwear to it *. P.

* More *conſiſtent*, as it proceeded from conviction, but not much more *rational*, was the anſwer of good old Biſhop Latimer, who had, at a controverſial conference, been out-talked by younger divines, and out-argued by thoſe who were more ſtudied in the fathers; "I cannot talk for "my religion, but I am ready to die for it."

WEALTH.

WEALTH.

All people want to be extremely rich, and few, very few in proportion, can have that wiſh gratified; now as authors are, by preſcription, excluded from receiving any conſiderable benefits from Plutus, it ſeems to be a duty incumbent on that literary branch of the diſappointed, to preſent as many motives for conſolation as poſſible to their anxious brethren.

Extreme wealth is generally accompanied either by a profuſion, which ſoon annihilates the treaſure it preys upon, or a ſuſpicion, which renders all its enjoyments taſteleſs.

Wit very ſeldom honors the *exceeding* rich man with a viſit. The firſt Lord Halifax, although by poetic licenſe, characterized as being

"Himſelf as rich as fifty Jews,"

was

was no Crœſus, or, were he ſo, he was the only one. None but himſelf, of all the followers of Apollo, ſeem to have riſen above mediocrity in point of fortune, and very few have even attained to that humble ſtate.

In our own time, a little obſervation will convince us that few bright productions have flowed from the pens of *enormouſly* wealthy writers. Some degree of indigence, indeed, ſeems neceſſary, as a ſpur to genius.

We are told that Petrarch would not eſpouſe his Laura, when a widow, leſt poſſeſſion of the object of his verſe might damp his poetic fire. Moſt aſſuredly this conſideration ought to prevent ſome of the brighteſt of our modern writers from wiſhing for 20,000l. prizes in the lottery.

Poverty is longer lived than wealth. For one ſuicide, who from "embar-" raſſed circumſtances," plunges into the Thames, how many hundreds periſh by the pleaſant and tardy, but ſure and certain, poiſon of exquiſite cookery.

It

It was the obſervation of a phyſician, who was remarkable for his practice in caſes of inſanity, that the South-Sea year had ſupplied him with an amazing increaſe of patients, but that among them all, there was *not one* whoſe delirium was brought on by the *loſs* of his money. They were all to be numbered among the fortunate ſtock-ſellers.

THE purſes of the apparently wealthy, are frequently as ill-provided as thoſe among the loweſt of their inferiors. In ſhort, as the following tale will prove, a man may be actually too great to have a penny in his pocket. About thirty years ago, ſome alterations were making in a part of Kenſington gardens, and the good old George the Second uſed to take pleaſure, at times, in overlooking the workmen. Among theſe, there chanced to be an half-witted fellow, who never could be brought to comprehend why he might not be as free with the King, as with any other perſon for whom he had been uſed

to

to work. One day, finding what he thought a proper opportunity, he grinned in the face of his Sovereign, and with great earneſtneſs, demanded "ſomething "to drink." Diſpleaſed at the boldneſs of the requeſt, yet aſhamed to deny it, the King mechanically employed both his hands in ſearch of coin, and finding none, replied, with dignity, and his uſual German accent, "I have no money in my "pockets." "Nor I neither," returned the ideot, "I can't think where it is all "gone, for my part!" The Sovereign frowned at the repartee, which like many an other joke, was prejudicial to its maker, and the fool was employed no longer near the palace. Had he lived a couple of centuries earlier, his buffoonery might have gained him a place about Court.

ALMOST all the wealth of Geneva goes to buy annuities, in the French funds; and the ſums annually due to thoſe republicans from France, riſe to the vaſt amount of thirty millions of livres, or 1,200,000 l. Sterling.

The

The way this is managed, is as follows. The whole of the annuity due to the Genevois, is placed in equal diviſions, upon the heads of thirty young women of the city, who are choſen out of the moſt healthy, long-lived families. *Every* man who has any annuity, therefore, has a concern in the life of *every one* of theſe; and ſhould any one of them die, he loſes a thirtieth part of his income; on the other hand, from the very good chances on their ſide, he has a moral certainty that he ſhall leave a good part of his annuity to his children, nay, to his grand-children.

WHIMS.

THE groteſque method in which Sir Philip Calthrope, a Knight, (who lived in Norfolk during the reign of Henry the Seventh) checked the ambition of an aſpiring ſhoemaker, ſeems to deſerve inſertion in the exact words of the ſtill quaint, but entertaining writer. Fuller.

"He

"He ſent as much cloth, of fine French-
" Tauney, as would make him a gown, to
" a taylor in Norwich. It happened one
" John Drakes, a ſhoe-maker, coming
" into the ſhop, liked it ſo well, that he
" went and bought of the ſame, as much,
" for himſelf, enjoyning the taylor to
" make it of the ſame faſhion. The
" Knight, being informed thereof, com-
" manded the taylor to cut his gown as
" full of holes as his ſheers could make,
" which purged J. Drakes of his proud
" humor, that he never would be of the
" *gentleman*'s faſhion again."

We are indebted to the ſame author for an anecdote of Dr. Soams, Maſter of Peterhouſe, Cambridge, towards the cloſe of the ſixteenth century, whoſe whimſical perverſeneſs deprived the College, over which he preſided, of a handſome eſtate. It ſeems that Mary, the widow of Thomas Ramſey, Lord Mayor of London, in 1577, after conferring ſeveral favors on that

foundation, actually proffered to ſettle five hundred pounds a year, (a very large income at that period) upon the houſe, provided that it might be called "The College "of Peter and Mary." "No!" ſaid the capricious maſter; "Peter, who has lived "ſo long ſingle, is too old, now, for a "female partner." "A dear jeſt," ſays Fuller, "to loſe ſo good a benefactreſs." For the lady, diſguſted at the Doctor's fantaſtic ſcruple, turned the ſtream of her benevolence to the benefit of other public foundations.

In 1585, Henry the Third of France, took it in his head to divert himſelf, when paſſing through the ſtreets of Paris, (as we are told by l'Eſtoile) by playing with a "Bilbocquet." The Dukes d'Epernon and De Joyeuſe, accompanied him in his childiſh frolic, which, by this example, became ſo general, that gentlemen, pages, lacqueys, and all ſorts of people, great and ſmall, made the management of the "bil-

" bilbocquet" a ſerious and perpetual ſtudy *.

AMONG the whims of great men, may be reckoned the reaſon which Philip the Second gave for not eating fiſh. " They " are," ſaid he, " nothing but element " congealed, or a jelly of water." The value of that ſpecies of food had, however, been fully known by a Queen Aterbatis, who is ſaid to have forbidden her ſubjects ever to touch fiſh, " leſt," ſaid ſhe, with an uncommon degree of calculating foreſight, " there ſhould not be enough left to " regale their Sovereign." It is pity that

* L'Eſtoille, in his "Journal de Henri III." relates other ſtrange fancies of that wretched imitator of Heliogabalus in his *vices*, as well as his *follies*. Sometimes he would traverſe his capital, with a baſket hanging by a girdle from his neck, out of which peeped the heads of half a dozen puppies. But here the Editor muſt ſay with Perſius, " Ah! " Si fas dicere!" For the ſtory of the " Sarbacane," and other adventures, with which the annals of that reign abound, as reported in the " Confeſſion de Sancy," " The " Iſle des Hermaphrodites," " Le Baron de Fœneſte," &c. would furniſh another Procopius with an ample magazine of ſcandalous anecdotes.

this cautious epicure had not viſited ſome of thoſe inlets from the ſea, in Scotland, where the piles of fiſh obſtruct the tide's return; it might have ſet her royal mind at eaſe, and might have afforded her ſubjects many a pleaſant meal.

AMONG the moſt eccentric whims of the laſt age, we may reckon that of one of Queen Ann of Denmark's maids of honor, which is recorded by the following patent, which paſſed the Great Seal in the 15th year of James the Firſt, and is to be found in Rymer, "to allow to Mary Middlemore, one of the Maydes of Honor to "our deereſt Conſort Queen Anne, and "her deputies, power and authority, to "enter into the Abbies of Saint Albans, "Glaſſenbury, Saint Edmundſbury, and "Ramſay, and into all lands, houſes and "places, within a mile, belonging to ſaid "Abbies;" there to dig, and ſearch after treaſure, ſuppoſed to be hidden in ſuch places.

NOTHING

NOTHING can exceed the followers of cabaliſtical myſteries, in point of fantaſtical conceits. The learned Godwin recounts ſome of them. "Abraham," they ſay, "wept but *little* for Sarah, probably be-"cauſe ſhe was old." They prove this by producing the letter "Caph," which being a remarkably *ſmall* letter, and being made uſe of in the Hebrew word, which deſcribes Abraham's tears, evinces, they affirm, that his grief alſo was *ſmall*.

The Cabaliſts have diſcovered likewiſe, that in the two Hebrew words, ſignifying "man" and "woman," are contained two letters, which, together, form one of the names of "God." But if theſe letters be taken away, there remain letters which ſignify "fire," "Hence," argue the Cabaliſts, "we may find that when "man and wife agree together, and live "in union, God is with them, but when "they ſeparate themſelves from God, "fire attends their footſteps." Such are the whimſical dogmas of the Jewiſh Cabala.

In the Thuana we read of a whimſical, paſſionate, old Judge, who was ſent into Gaſcony, with very conſiderable powers, to examine into many abuſes which had crept into the adminiſtration of juſtice in that part of France. Arriving late at Port St. Mary, he aſked "how near he was to "the city of Agen?" They told him "Two leagues." He then determined to proceed that ſame evening, although they told him that the leagues were long, and the roads very bad. In conſequence of his obſtinacy, the Judge was bemired, benighted, and almoſt ſhaken to pieces. He reached Agen, however, by midnight, with tired horſes, and haraſſed ſpirits, and went to bed in a very ill humour. The next morn he ſummoned the Court of Juſtice to meet, and after having opened his commiſſion in due form, his firſt decree was "That for the future, the diſtance "from Agen to Port St. Mary ſhould be "reckoned *ſix leagues*." And this decree he ordered to be regiſtered in the records of

of the Province, before he would proceed to any other buſineſs whatever.

SIR KENELM DIGBY, in a diſcourſe delivered by him at Montpellier, on Sympathy, (which, by the way, ſwarms with whimſical poſitions,) affirms, that the veniſon which is in July and Auguſt put into earthen pots, to laſt the whole year, is very difficult to be preſerved during the ſpace of thoſe particular months which are called the fence-months, but that, when that period is paſſed, nothing is ſo eaſy as to keep it *guſtful* (as he words it,) during the whole year after. This the eccentric diſcourſer reaſons on, as a fact, and endeavours to find a cauſe for it from the ſympathy between the potted meat, and its friends and relations, who are courting and capering about in its native park.

"I HAVE read of a bird," ſays Dr. Fuller, in his Worthies of England, "which hath a "face *like*, and yet will prey *upon*, a man, "who coming to the water to drink, and

" finding, there, by reflexion, that he had " killed one like himſelf, pineth away by de- " grees, and never afterwards enjoyeth " itſelf."

THE Editor has in his poſſeſſion a whimſical inſtance of a literary caprice. It is a parody (as the author terms it) of Horace, by a German, David Hoppius, who had intereſt enough to have his book printed at Brunſwic, in 1568, under the particular protection of the Elector of Saxony. He has, with infinite labor, transformed the Odes and Epodes of Horace, into pious hymns, preſerving the original meaſure, and, as far as poſſible, the words of the Roman poet. The claſſical reader will, at one glance, comprehend the amazing difficulties which ſuch a parodiſt muſt undergo, and will be ſurprized to find theſe heterodox productions not wanting in pure Latinity; however, that he may judge for himſelf, a ſpecimen or two are annexed *. Ad

* The Editor has given no tranſlation of the above Odes and Parodies, ſince, notwithſtanding the pious intention of

Ad Pyrrham. Ode V. Lib. 1.

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
Perfuſus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, ſub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam
Simplex munditiis? &c. &c.

Ad Mariam Deiparam. Parodia V. Lib. 1.

Quis fœno recubans, in gracili tenes
Innexus teneris te, pia, faſciis
Blandus, Virgo, puellus?
Cui primos adhibes cibos.
Dives munditiis? &c. &c.

In Juliam Barinen. Ode 8. Lib. 2.

Ulla ſi juris tibi pejerati
Pœna, Barine, nocuiſſet unquam,
Dente ſi nigro fieres, vel uno
Turpior unqui.
Crederem—Sed tu ſimul obligaſti
Perfidum votis caput, enitescis
Pulchrior multo, juvenumque prodis
Publica cura, &c. &c. &c.

of the good Hoppius, (which he copiouſly ſets forth in his preface) the appearance of the verſions in Engliſh, anſwering to each other, would be apt to convey irreverend ideas.

Προσφωνησις

Προσφωνησις Chriſti ad Peccatorem. Parodia 9. Lib. 2.

Ulla ſi juris tibi pejerati
Culpa, peccator, doluiſſet unquam
Mente, ſi tantum fieres vel unâ
Triſtior hora
Plauderem—Sed tu, ſimul obligaſti
Perfidum votis caput, ingemiſcis
Ob ſcelus nunquam, ſcelerumque prodis
Publicus autor, &c. &c. &c.

In Bacchum. Ode 23. Lib. 3.

Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui
Plenum, Quæ in nemora, aut quod agor in ſpecus,
Velox mente novâ; quibus
Antris, egregie Cæſaris audiar
Æternum meditans decus
Stellis inſerere & conſilio Jovis, &c. &c. &c.

Parodia 23. Lib. 3. Ad Chriſtum.

Quo me, Chriſte, feram mali
Plenum, Quæ in nemora, aut quos fugiam in ſpecus,
Preſſus mole gravi? Quibus
Antris ob maculam criminis occultar
Æternam meditans facem
Infernum effugere, et ſimplicium Stygis? &c. &c. &c.

WOMEN.

The ladies were no great favorites of the Greek comic poets. Will they pardon an extract from a Comedy of Eubulus, not very remarkable for its gallantry!

Ω Ζευ πολυτιμητ', ἐι κακως ἐγω ποτε
Ερω γυναικας, νη Δί' απολοιμην ἀρα
Παντων ἀριστον κτηματων. ἐιδ' ἐγενετο
Κακη γυνη Μηδεια, Πηνελοπεια δε
Μεγα πραγμ'.—ἐρει τις Κλυταιμνηστρα κακη;—
Αλκηστην ἀντιθηκα χρηστην.—ἀλλ' ἰσως
Φαιδραν ἐρει κακως τις.—ἀλλα νη Δια
Χρηστη τις ἠν μεντοι—τις;—οἰμοι δειλαιος—
Ταχεως γε μ' ἀι χρησται γυναικες ἐπελιπον,
Τωνδ' ἀυ πονηρων ἐτι λεγειν πολλας ἐχω.

May Jove confound me if my mind
Is prone to rail on woman-kind,
Supreme of good to mortals given,
The beſt, the faireſt boon of heaven.
If you Medea bring to view,
Penelope was chaſte and true.
The virtues by Alceſtis ſhewn,
For Clytemneſtra's crimes atone;

Monſtrous

Monſtrous if Phædra's vice appear,
I'll bring her oppoſite, don't fear.—
Bleſs me, what ails my ſtupid head?
My good examples all are fled.
Soon themes of *panegyric* fail,
I've thouſands, when I went to rail. P.

It appears from Seneca, that the antient Egyptians, in the diſpoſition which they allotted to the genders of their nouns, paid a ſingular and delicate compliment to the fair ſex. In the four elements, beginning with water: they appointed the ocean as a rough, boiſterous exiſtence to the male ſex, but ſtreams and fountains they left to the more gentle females. As to earth, they made rocks and ſtones, male, but arable and meadow lands, female. Air they divided thus. To the maſculine gender, rough winds, and hurricanes of every kind. To the female, the ſky, and the zephyrs. Fire, when of a conſuming nature, they made male, but artificial and harmleſs flames, they conſigned to the feminine claſs. Not ſo the Romans. They made a moſt awkward, and in ſome inſtances, *peculiarly*

liarly ridiculous, diſtribution of genders. Indeed, even the poets of that celebrated nation, ſeem to have been little diſpoſed to ſhew any ſpecies of gallantry to a ſex, an attachment to which, probably cauſed the riſe and exiſtence of their art.

The women of Plautus are almoſt uniformly bad. Thoſe in Terence are little better, and the only one among them who had done a good action, begs pardon of her huſband, as being convinced of her own criminality, in doing it.

"Mi Chreme, peccavi! Fateor. Vincor *."
TERENT. HEAUT.

Virgil, far from ſhewing the leaſt reſpect to the female ſex, has treated them, (even

* It will hardly be believed by the unclaſſical reader, that the fault for which the good lady begs pardon in theſe humble ſtrains,

—— "I was wrong, My Chremes, I own it. I am convinced of it,"

was neither more nor leſs, than the ſaving her child from being murthered, as *her* huſband and *its* father, had ordered.

according

according to his panegyriſt Dryden), in an unjuſt, unmanly ſtile. He has falſified both the æra, and the character of Dido, in order to render her odious and contemptible. He makes Queen Amata turbulent and tipling, and the Princeſs Lavinia undutiful and unbelieving. Dryden adds, "that ſhe looks a little flickering after "Turnus." His goddeſſes are no better than his mortals. Juno is always in a paſſion, and ſurely, (as Dryden obſerves) Venus is too impudently preſuming, in expecting that her huſband ſhould make armour for his wife's baſtard.

Camilla is the only female of whom the poet begins to ſpeak well, but ſoon daſhes down her character, by calling her—

"Aſpera and Horrenda Virgo."

which, like Bojardo's "Gatta, fiera, cruda, "diſpietata," applied to Marfiſa, conveys a meaning as diſtant from any thing amiable, as words can paint.

As

As to Horace, it would puzzle any one to find one woman of character * ſpoken of in any part of his poems. His ladies are all Chloes, Lydes, Lydias and Cynăras. Their characters appear to have been equally light, and moſt of them ſeem to have added the worſhip of Bacchus to that of Cupid. He treats them accordingly, and recommends it to one of them to take care, leſt her keeper, in a fit of jealouſy, ſhould ſpoil her faſhionable cap.

One tolerably modeſt woman, indeed, Neobule, he ſeems to have known; but his idea of her delicacy does not prevent him from condoling with her on the ſeverity of her uncle, who will neither permit her to entertain a lover, nor to waſh away her cares with roſy wine.

* The compliment paid to Livia, the wife of Auguſtus, excepted, whom he calls

"Unico, gaudens mulier, marito."

"The lady contented with one huſband."

Juvenal

Juvenal need not be mentioned; he avows himſelf ſcarcely to have even heard of a modeſt woman ſince the golden age.

The proſe writers of the Auguſtan æra, ſeem to have favored the ſex no more than the poets; and Seneca's account of the ladies of his time is at leaſt as bitter as the ſixth ſatyr of Juvenal.

THERE was publiſhed at Leiden, (about the year 1754,) a Syriac tranſlation, with a Latin verſion of two epiſtles, ſaid to be written by St. Clement, of Rome, the diſciple of St. Peter the Apoſtle, but much more probably, the production of ſome bigoted monk of the early ages, than of an almoſt immediate ſucceſſor of Jeſus Chriſt. As a ſpecimen of his work, the following extract will probably be thought ſufficient. He ſpeaks to his brethren, as to the proper conduct to be obſerved concerning women. "Let us neither eat, nor "drink, nor inhabit, nor have any thing "in common with them, If we are be-"nighted at a diſtance from home, and

are

" are invited by any of our friends, let us, " if poſſible, lodge with a ſingle man. But " at any rate let us admit no woman into " our company, but let man aſſociate only " with man. If it happens that there are " only women in the place, let us convene " them together, and after having addreſſed " to them an edifying diſcourſe, let us re- " queſt the oldeſt and moſt reſerved, to give " us a lodging where there is no woman, and " after having brought us a lamp, and other " neceſſaries, to leave us to ourſelves *."

ANOTHER recluſe myſogyniſt, J. Rawlin, a monk of Cluni, who died in 1514, and who left behind him four volumes of ſermons, expreſſes himſelf thus, in his third diſcourſe. " Si quæritur quare angelus " mulieribus, & non viris, arcanum reſur- " rectionis committit prædicandum. Poteſt " dici hoc, duplici de cauſa factum. Pri- " mo, quia mulieres bonam habent lin- " guam, & vix ſciunt retinere ſecreta ſed

* V. the original work, or a letter in the Gent. Mag. 1764.

" ea cito revelant. Unde cum quæreretur
" à quodam philoſopho, quare linguam
" loquacem magis habent quam viri? re-
" ſpondit, hoc ideo eſſe, quia homo ex
" limo factus eſt, mulier ex oſſe, ſcilicet, ex
" coſta Adæ—Si quis autem commoverit
" ſaccum plenum limo, non inde ſonabit,
" ſi vero ſaccum plenum oſſibus, tunc va-
" rium & grandem ſonum emittet."

A THIRD writer, who might have found better employment for his muſe, attempts alſo to ſneer at the fair ſex, for their exerciſe of the moſt pleaſant of all talents, that of converſation.

Quem bene proſpiciens generi, natura, loquaci
Cavit ut imberbis fœmina quæque foret!
Nimirum linguam compeſcere neſcia, radi
Illæſis poſſet fœmina nulla genis.

The taſk of tranſlating theſe two ſarcaſtical pieces of Latin, is too unpleaſant to be attempted. The Editor will not be concerned in diſſeminating ill-natured reflexions

ſlexions on a ſex which may juſtly expect to be honored, and not vilified, by any male being, except by thoſe four recluſes, who may plead ignorance in excuſe for their folly.

ANTIQUARIANS are, by no means apt to pay great attention to the fair ſex;

"Their Venus muſt be old, and want a noſe."
FOOTE.

And among thoſe who have ſet themſelves moſt warmly againſt that elegant part of the creation, muſt be reckoned Antony á Wood, whoſe diary affords ſome inſtances of his diſlike, ſo groteſque, that they claim attention.

Page 167. "He," (Sir Thomas Clayton) "and his family, moſt of them *womankind*, "(which before were looked upon, if re- "ſident in the college, a ſcandal and abo- "mination thereunto,) being no ſooner "ſettled," &c. &c. "The Warden's "garden muſt be altered, new trees "planted, &c. &c. All which, though

" unneceſſary, yet the poor College muſt " pay for them, and all this to pleaſe a " woman !"

P. 168. " Frivolous expences to plea- " ſure his proud lady."

P. 173. " Yet the Warden, by the mo- " tion of his Lady, did put the College to " unneceſſary charges, and very frivolous " expences. Among which were a very " large looking-glaſs, for her to ſee her " ugly face and body to the middle, and " perhaps lower."

P. 252. " Cold entertainment, cold re- " ception, cold, clowniſh, woman."

P. 257. " Dr. Bathurſt took his place " of Vice-Chancellor, a man of good parts, " and able to do good things, but he has a " wife that ſcorns that he ſhould be in " print. A ſcornful woman ! Scorns that " he was Dean of Wells ! No need of " marrying ſuch a woman, who is ſo con- " ceited that ſhe thinks herſelf fit to govern " a college or a univerſity."

P. 270. " Charles Lord Herbert, eldeſt " ſon of Henry, Marquis of Worceſter,

" was

" was matriculated as a member of Ch.
" Ch. Ætat. 16. natus Lond. I ſet this
" down here, becauſe the Father and an-
" ceſtors were all Catholics, but becauſe
" the mother is a Preſbyterian, a Capel,
" ſhe (againſt the father's will, as it is ſaid)
" will have him bred a Proteſtant, ſo that
" by this change, the Catholics will loſe
" the conſiderableſt family in England, and
" the richeſt ſubject the King has *."

THE learned Selden had left no good example to Antiquarians in the point of gallantry.

" It is reaſon," ſays he, " a man that
" *will* have a wife, ſhould be at the charge
" of her trinkets, and pay all the ſcores ſhe
" ſets on him. He that *will* keep a mon-

* One cannot help remarking here, that the violent diſlike which old Antony à Wood had conceived to the idea of a lady's doing *any* thing, whether good or bad, has drawn him into the abſurdity of blaming the Marchioneſs of Worceſter for an act, which, at that very critical period (1677) was, moſt certainly, a ſervice of conſequence to the religion, and conſtitution, of her country.

" key, it is fit he ſhould pay for the glaſſes
" he breaks."

THE ladies can, if they pleaſe, retaliate ſeverely on thoſe who treat them not with that reſpect which they merit. A gentleman who had married a ſecond wife, indulged himſelf in recurring too often in converſation, to the beauty and virtues of his firſt conſort. He had, however, barely diſcernment enough to diſcover that the ſubject was not an agreeable one to his preſent lady. " Excuſe me, Ma-
" dam," ſaid he, " I cannot help ex-
" preſſing my regrets for the dear de-
" ceaſed." " Upon my honor," ſaid the lady, " I can moſt heartily affirm that I
" am as ſincere a mourner for her, as you
" can be."

WONDER.

It ſeems the peculiar property of weak underſtandings to wonder at what they ſee, and to ſpend that time in being ſurprized, which men of ſenſe would employ in diſcovering the meaning of that which cauſed ſuch ſurprize. Pere Schiner, a Jeſuit of peculiarly ſlow talents, although a good mathematician, was ſent, well penſioned, from Vienna to Rome, in order probably to write ſome account of that celebrated place, for the entertainment of his benefactor, the Emperor. He wondered at every thing he ſaw in his paſſage through Italy, exclaiming, as we are told by Naudé, "* How I do *wonder* at theſe people! "They pay one with fine ſpeeches; they "live upon ſallads, and they pelt one an- "other with pebbles!" The wonderer

* "Profecto, ſunt homines iſti mirabiles! Solvunt "verbis, veſcuntur herbis, & pugnant lapidibus!"

finiſhed his tour juſt as one would expect, and carried home to his Imperial Maſter, a large flint ſtone, which he had been taught to *wonder* at, and to purchaſe at a high rate, as genuine Oriental Bezoar. Naudé tells this ſtory, as of his own knowledge, but does not name the Emperor who made ſo ſagacious a choice.

But ſince, in ſpite of all ſarcaſms, all admonitions, *wonderers* there will be, let us, in charity, endeavour to ſupply them with a few remarkably well-atteſted hiſtories of events, ſo very ſurprizing, and ſo ſtrangely unaccountable, that gaping and ſtaring at them may be allowed, even to perſons of common ſenſe. The following tale, which exactly ſuits the purpoſe, would not deſerve a place in any book, except the Adventures of Baron Munchauſen †, had it not been told in a public company by no leſs reſpectable a man than Dr.

† A book written to amuſe ſuch as can be amuſed with improbable, though ingenious lies.

Henry

Henry Seabury, now an American Biſhop. He mentioned, as an inſtance of the long retention of life in ſome animals, that he was preſent at Weſt-cheſter, in the Province of New-York, when the body of a turtle, intended for dinner (its head having been previouſly cut off) was unaccountably miſſing. In ſpite of a long ſearch, it was not found till the next day, and then it was diſcovered in a field, near two miles from the houſe, to which it was believed to have found its own way, although two or three low fences muſt have been, ſome how or other, paſſed by it. To add to the wonder, it was ſo full of life, after it was brought home, that while the maſter was chiding his ſervant for his negligence, the headleſs trunk had actually found its way out of doors, and was returning to its old haunt. G.

WONDERERS may, if they pleaſe, exert their amazement at the aſtoniſhing longgevity of a tortoiſe, who was ſeen in good health, at Bombay, on the Malabar Coaſt,

by Captain Sutherland, who commanded an Indiaman in or about the year 1762. This venerable animal had been left by the Portugueſe, as an heir-loom when they delivered up the fortreſs to the Engliſh, as part of the portion of Princeſs Katherine in 1662. The ſtrength of this creature's ſhell enabled him to bear the weight of three ſoldiers at a time; and old as he was, he would make a very conſiderable circuit, daily, to collect his common provender.

And that the Editor may contribute his own particular ſhare towards the amuſement of the wonderers, with whom he has made ſo free, he begs leave to tell them of a Yew-Tree, at Perrone, in Picardy, which, in his earlier years, affected him with more aſtoniſhment than any object he ever ſaw. It grew in the center of the Cloyſter, near the Great Church; and before it was lopped, it had darkened the whole building, and completely covered the cloyſter. Its trunk was pro-

digiouſly large, more ſo than that of any tree he had ever ſeen before, or has ſeen ſince. But the more than traditional hiſtory of the tree is a genuine ſubject for wonder. The monk, who with great politeneſs, did the honors of the place, affirmed, that in the Treſor, there was ſtill exiſting the grant of thoſe lands, being then a wood of yew trees, on which the church is built, dated in the year 660. That, in the ſaid grant, the preſent yew-tree is particularly directed to remain (the reſt of the wood being rooted out) as a center to the building, and is pointed out by the name of *The Old Yew Tree.* No tree, perhaps, had ever its antiquity carried up quite ſo high before, and upon ſuch very plauſible authority.

NAUDE' gives great food for wonderers, when he ſpeaks of a ſpecies of ſcorpions in Italy, which are not only innocent, but ſo domeſtic, as to be put between ſheets, to cool the beds during the heat of the ſummer.

THE

THE following artleſs narrative, may alſo aſſuredly be wondered at, without juſtly drawing any charge of folly on the wonderers. It is an extract from a memorandum book, in the hand-writing of Paul Bowes, Eſq; ſon of Sir Thomas Bowes, of London, and of Bromley-Hall, Eſſex, Knight, and dated 1673. The memorandum-book is now in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Broke, of Nacton, in Suffolk, who is a deſcendant from the family, and who had in his poſſeſſion, in 1783, when the extract was made, two or three of the pieces of money referred to in the ſtory.

" About the year 1658, after I had " been ſome years ſettled in the Middle " Temple, in a chamber in Elm-court, up " three pair of ſtairs, one night as I came " into my chamber, in the dark, I went " into my ſtudy, in the dark, to lay down " my gloves, upon the table in my ſtudy, " for I then, being my own man, placed " my things in their certain places, that I " could go to them in the dark; and as

" I layed

" I layed my gloves down, I felt under
" my hand a piece of money, which I
" then ſuppoſed, by feeling, to be a ſhil-
" ling; but when I had light, I found it
" a twenty-ſhilling piece of gold: I did
" a little reflect how it might come there,
" yet could not ſatisfye my own thoughts,
" for I had no clyent then, it being ſeve-
" ral years before I was called to the
" bar, and I had few viſitors that might
" by accident drop it there, and no friends
" in town that might deſignedly lay it
" there as a bate, to encourage me at my
" ſtudy; and, although I was the maſter
" of ſome gold, yet I had ſo few pieces,
" I well knew it was none of my number;
" but, however, this being the firſt time
" I found gold, I ſuppoſed it left there by
" ſome means which I could not gueſs at.
" About three weeks after, coming again
" into my chamber in the dark, and laying
" down my gloves at the ſame place in
" my ſtudy, I felt under my hand a piece
" of money, which alſo proved a twenty-
" ſhilling piece of gold; this moved me

" to

" to further conſideration; but, after all " my thoughtfulneſs, I could not imagine " any probable way how the gold could " come there, and thereupon I was " tempted to feel oftentimes, in the dark, " in that place for more gold there, but " I don't remember that I ever found " any when I went with thoſe expecta- " tions and deſires. About a month after " the ſecond time, coming into my cham- " ber in the dark, and laying down my " gloves upon the ſame place, on the " table in my ſtudy, as I uſed to do, I " felt two pieces of money under my " hand, which, after I had lighted my " candle, I found to be two twenty-ſhilling " pieces; and, about the diſtance of ſix " weeks after, in the ſame place, and in " the dark, I found another piece of gold, " and this about the diſtance of a month, " or five or ſix weeks. I ſeveral times " after, at the ſame place, and always in " the dark, found twenty-ſhilling pieces " of gold; at length, being with my " couſin Langton, grandmother to my

" couſin

" couſin Suſan Skipwith, lately married " to Sir John Williams, I told her this " ſtory, and I don't remember that I ever " found any gold there after, although " I kept that chamber above two years " longer, before I ſold it to Mr. Anthony " Weldon, who now hath it, (this being " 23d Sept. 1673.) Thus I have, to the " beſt of my remembrance, truly ſtated " this fact, but could never know, or have " any probable conjecture, how that gold " was laid there."

THE Editor flatters himſelf that he ſhall have completely made his peace with the race of wonderers, when he has preſented them with the ſtrange ſtory which follows: Captain Allen, the writer of it,. was well known as a man of character and honor. After his death, a number of diaries, which he regularly kept, were ſold by auction; and it is from one of them that this extract is taken; the affair was, doubtleſsly, a groſs impoſture; but why ſo many perſons ſhould have joined in ſuch a conſpiracy,

is

is a myſtery; and yet it ſeems that the maſter of the houſe muſt have had all, or moſt of his ſervants as partakers of the plot. Perhaps the ſtory may, now it is made public, fall into the hands of ſome perſon, who, living near the ſpot, may be able to cut this Gordian knot.

" Extract from a Manuſcript Diary of
" Capt. Allen, (ſince Gentleman Uſher
" to her preſent Majeſty) A. D. 1751.

" Friday, Oct. 4. at eleven, ſet out
" from Yarum for Skinningrave, the houſe
" of one Mr. Appleby, of which Mr.
" Jackſon was giving a very odd account
" he had from the Rev. Mr. Midgeley,
" of an apparition which haunted the
" houſe in a very remarkable manner.
" As I am very incredulous in theſe no-
" tions of ſpirits, I was determined to take
" a journey thither to know the truth, and,
" if poſſible, to have all conviction, ei-
" ther by ocular, or auricular proof. Ac-
" cordingly, I arrived there about eight at
" night,

" night, and aſking for Mr. Appleby,
" (whom I found a ſenſible man, with
" a great gentility of behaviour for a
" tanner) I told him I had taken the li-
" berty, after hearing ſuch and ſuch re-
" ports, to come and aſk a few queſtions
" relating to a ſpirit that was ſaid to
" trouble his houſe; and that if it would
" not be inconvenient, I ſhould be obliged
" to him if he would accommodate me
" with a room all night. He told me I
" was extremely welcome, and that he
" was obliged to any gentlemen that
" would give theinſelves the trouble to
" come; and did not doubt but that he
" ſhould ſatisfy them, by the account he
" would give them, which he declared, as
" he ſhould anſwer at the great tribunal,
" ſhould be true, ſincere, and undiſguiſed,
" and ſhould contain no incident but
" what had happened, and been tranſacted
" in his houſe, (at firſt to the grief and
" amazement of himſelf, his wife, and
" four ſervants,) by this inviſible and un-
" accountable agent. He ſaid that it was

" five weeks ſince it had left them, and " that once before they were quiet of it " for three weeks, and then it returned, " with double the noiſe and confuſion " they had before.

" In the firſt place he aſſured me they " had never ſeen any thing, but that the " noiſe and havock which they had in the " houſe was amazing; that they all were " ſo frightened, that one night, about one " o'clock, they thought to quit the houſe, " and retire to a neighbour; that they " could get no ſleep, by reaſon of their " beds being ſtript of the clothes, and " thrown upon the ground; that the " women were thrown into fits, by being " oppreſſed with a weight upon their ſto- " machs, equal to an hundred weight; " upon this they moved all their beds into " one room, determined to ſhare an equal " fate; ſo that two men laid in one bed, " two women in another, and the man " and his wife in the third; no ſooner " were they in bed, but the ſpirit viſited " them, the door being locked and barred.

" It firſt walked along the room, ſome-
" thing like a man, but with an uncom-
" mon ſtep; immediately the maids cried
" out they were next to death, by a
" monſtrous weight upon them; on
" which Mr. Appleby immediately came
" to their relief; that upon his approach-
" ing the beds, ſomething leapt off, walked
" round him, which he, being a man of
" courage, followed, and endeavoured
" to take hold of, but in vain. Upon
" this he retired to his bed, and imme-
" diately the maids called out, they were
" loſing the clothes off the bed; he told
" them to pull hard, which they did,
" but they * were immediately taken
" with a violent force, and thrown upon
" the men: after this it rattled a chain,
" with a great noiſe, round the room,
" and inſtantaneouſly they were alarmed
" with a noiſe over their heads, of a man
" threſhing, as it were, threſhing corn
" with a flail, and in a minute was an-

* Probably the *clothes*, not the *maids*.

" ſwered by another, and this continued
" for fifteen minutes in a very regular
" way, ſtroke for ſtroke, as if two men
" were threſhing; then it deſcended into
" the room where they were in bed, and
" acted the ſame. Another night it came
" grunting like a hog, and after, imitated
" the noiſe of a ſwine eating its food;
" ſometimes it would, in the middle of
" the room, make a noiſe like the pen-
" dulum of a clock, only much faſter;
" and they aſſured me that it continued
" in their room one morning in June
" till paſt five o'clock, and Mrs. Appleby,
" and all of them, ſaw the clothes taken
" off them, and flung with violence upon
" the maid ſervants; but nothing could
" they diſcover, neither conceive how
" they were thus ſtrangely conveyed.
" Upon theſe ſurpriſing things being
" done, it was rumoured abroad that the
" houſe was ſtrongly haunted; and Mr.
" Moore, the landlord, and Juſtice Beck-
" with went to Appleby, and often talking
" with him, and examining the ſervants,

" and

" and telling them this was a concerted
" ſcheme among them for ſome purpoſe,
" they agreed to ſit up all night. As they
" were putting the glaſs about, ſome-
" thing entered the room, accompanied
" with a noiſe like ſquirting water
" out of a ſquirt, upon which they,
" with a change of countenance, aſked
" him what that was?" Appleby an-
" ſwered, ' It was only a taſte of what he
" every night had a ſufficiency of.' " Mr.
" Moore adviſed him to keep a gun laden,
" and when he heard it in the room, to
" diſcharge the piece. The night follow-
" ing, the family being in bed as uſual,
" it came, and making a ſudden ſtand,
" threw ſomething upon the ground,
" which ſeemed to them as if ſome ſort
" of ſeed had fallen out of a paper. In
" the morning, Mrs. Appleby, looking
" about the room, wondering what it
" could be that had been caſt upon the
" ground, gathered up a conſiderable
" quantity of gunpowder in corns, which
" greatly ſurpriſed her. The next night it

" came in the ſame manner, but what it
" let fall made a greater noiſe, like ſhot,
" and in the morning, they, to their real
" aſtoniſhment, found a great many ſhots.
" This afforded room for ſtrange conjec-
" tures; and accordingly ſhe told me ſhe
" then did not know what to think, whe-
" ther it was really an apparition or not:
" for that the ſcattering of this powder
" and ſhot the very two ſucceeding nights
" after Mr. Moore adviſed them to ſhoot,
" greatly diſconcerted them, though again,
" upon reflexion, they had had ſo many
" proofs of ſomething more than it was
" poſſible for any human creature to per-
" form, that ſhe was again led to believe it
" muſt be ſomething not of this world,
" and that in the throwing down the pow-
" der and ſhot, it might be done in con-
" tempt, and was as much as to ſay,
" 'What, you would ſhoot me?' Once,
" when it was in the midſt of its career,
" one of the men, after compoſing him-
" ſelf for the purpoſe, addreſſed it in theſe
" words: In the name of God the Father,

Son,

" Son, and Holy Ghoſt, what art thou,
" and what doſt thou want? if any perſon
" here can contribute to thy eaſe, ſpeak,
" and nothing ſhall be omitted that can
" procure it. During the time he was ſpeak-
" ing it was ſilent, but immediately upon
" his ceaſing it began its uſual noiſe;
" when he ſpoke again the ſame words,
" but no anſwer followed. Mr. Appleby
" declared, that one night, when his ſer-
" vants were very merry, dancing and
" making a conſiderable noiſe, that this
" goblin made ſo much greater diſ-
" turbance over their heads, as one would
" have thought that twenty people were
" dancing there; upon which, he went
" up then with a light, but nothing could
" he diſcover. When he told me this
" ſurprizing narration, which he delivered
" with ſo much plainneſs and ſincerity, free
" from embarraſſment, I own I was ſome-
" thing ſtaggered, for he gave not the leaſt
" cauſe to ſuſpect his veracity. And, upon
" my examining all his ſervants, they, with
" out any heſitation, confirmed what their

" maſter had advanced: ſo that my ex-
" pectation of hearing the reports (which
" I had heard) refuted, was intirely fruſ-
" trated, and I no little ſurprized to hear
" them ſo ſtrongly vouched. I deſired to
" lay in the room which this troubleſome
" gueſt the moſt frequented; but they told
" me it occupied the whole houſe, and
" no room eſcaped; ſo I retired to my
" apartment at eleven, and read Milton till
" about one, then went to bed, not with-
" out wiſhing (yet not preſumptuouſly)
" that I might have ſome ſtrange convic-
" tion before morning, but met with none;
" and after a good night's ſleep, aroſe at
" ſeven. One cannot help obſerving upon
" this affair, that as the man could have
" no advantage or end, to anſwer in pro-
" pagating this ſtory, but, on the contrary,
" is known to be a perſon of veracity, and
" not addicted to lying, it would almoſt
" incline one to believe it: I ſay *almoſt*,
" for I own I ſhould give more credit to
" the thing if I had conviction either ocu-
" lar or auricular, and that one cannot

" think the man ſo baſe as to aſſert, ſo " ſtrongly as he does, a falſity, and know " it to be ſuch, for if it is a colluſion, it " cannot be carried on without his pri- " vity ; ſo that upon the whole this is my " opinion, I believe, and don't believe."

The Editor cannot help obſerving that the very circumſtance of the powder and ſhot ought to have opened the eyes of Capt. Allen. Could the moſt credulous liſtener to a ghoſt-ſtory, believe that a ſpirit could buy, or ſteal, ſuch groſs ſubſtances? Another remark naturally occurs, wherever country-folks hear præter-natural noiſes, they are always noiſes connected with ruſtic occupations and ideas. Thus, Mr. Appleby's ſpirit, ſometimes thraſhed like a labourer, and ſometimes grunted like a hog. Similar to this, is the behavior of a brother-ſpectre, at F. in Berks, who has kept, and ſtill keeps, poſſeſſion of the ſtaircaſe belonging to an antique manſion, for many years. This truly ruſticated being entertains himſelf very often, in the dead of the night, in carrying

carrying ſacks of inviſible corn from the bottom, to the landing-place on the top of the great ſtairs, which he there empties. Of this, Farmer W. (a man of an excellent character) and his wife and family, are as fully perſuaded, as of their exiſtence!!! Milton's "lubbar-fiend," was formed from the ghoſts which haunt farm-houſes, not from the ſpectre which ſtalks through knightly halls.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

AS the foregoing work owes many obligations to thoſe performances which go under the name of Ana, it is by way of acknowlegement for their aſſiſtance, that the following odd poem is introduced. Little as is its merit, it may ſerve as a catalogue to thoſe who are anxious in collecting that ſpecies of amuſing literature.

Fortunius un jour dina
Chez un grand, ou on raiſonna
Bien fort, ſur Perroniana
Thuana, Valeſiana,
Apres quoi, on examina
Lequel de Patiniana

Vaut

Vaut moins, ou de Naudæana ?
S'il falloit a Chevræana
Preferer Parrhaſiana ?
Et priſer Menagiana
Plus que les Scaligerana ?
En liberté chacun prona,
Ou ſuivant ſon gout condamna,
L'un, St. Evremoniana,
L'autre, Fureteriana,
Un tiers, l'avantage donna
Sur eux, a Sorbieriana,
Tel contre Anonymiana
Contre les Vaſconiana,
Et contre l'Arlequiniana,
Tint bon pour Santoliana.
Au deſert, on queſtionna
Si le nom Bourſaultiana,
Celui d'Ancilloniana,
De Vigneul-Marvilliana,
Et de Colomeſiana,
Jamais des auteurs emana ?
Si l'on verroit Pithæana,
Et d'autres que promis-on-a,
Tels que ſont, Baluziana,
De Selden, Seldeniana,
De Daumus, Daumiana,
De Calvin, Calviniana,
De Bourbon, Bourboniana,
De Grotius, Grotiana,
De Bignon, Bignonana,
De Sallot, Sallotiana,

De

De Segrais, Segraiſiana,
Commire, Commiriana,
Enfin Caſauboniana,
Et le Bourdelotiana,
Meme, Furſtenbergiana!
Fortunius lors opina
Et d'un ton qui predomina,
La diſpute, ainſi, termina:
" Meſſieurs—nul de tous ces Ana
" Ne vaut l'Ypecacuanha."

It would not be worth while to tranſlate a piece which conſiſts almoſt entirely of untranſlateable words, and the whole ſting of which, (ſuch as it is) may be found in the laſt ſix lines, which may be thus imitated in Engliſh.

They now had reckon'd all the *Ana*,
And even Furſtenburghiana
Had had their turn—when, well-nigh doz'd,
Fortunio thus the conteſt cios'd,
" Good folks, one grain of Ypecacuanha,
" Is more than worth your catalogue of Ana."

No.

No. II.

UNDER the article Alchymy, the ſubſequent piece of biography, and the myſterious extracts which follow it, ſhould have had their place.

Nicolas Flamel, the apoſtle of French alchymiſts, was a native of Pontoiſe, and towards the cloſe of the fourteenth century, exerciſed the profeſſion of a notary at Paris. He began life without any fortune, but all at once, he became rich, and employed his wealth in a way that did him honor, for he relieved the diſtreſſed, founded hoſpitals, and repaired places of divine worſhip. Naudé attributes this ſudden riſe of circumſtances to his connection with the affairs of the Jews, who in 1394 were expelled from France, and whoſe mortgages, &c. &c. he ſuppoſes, Flamel purchaſed of them, to his own great advantage. Other writers have completely refuted this ſtory. It is eaſier, and much

much more picturesque, to attribute his mysterious prosperity to that great secret which has been sought for through ages, and which, *to this day*, has its believers. Accordingly, Paul Lucas, the most lying of travellers, *(who, yet, travelled by command of Louis XIV. and XV. successively)* affirms, that a Dervis had assured him that Nicolas Flamel was living, in the present century, somewhere in India, and that his death and burial had been an imposture, a faggot having been interred in his room!

The curiosity of some persons has gone so far as to excite them to search the cellars of the house in which this supposed adept resided, and which is still existing at the corner of the streets "Des Ecri-"vains" and "Marivault," at Paris; they dug in every probable place, and did actually discover earthen vases, recipients, and pots, half filled with a mineral substance. What food for a sanguine imagination!

There

There were once to be ſeen, on an old beam in the ſame houſe, rude repreſentations of Nicolas, and of his wife Pernelle, and ſeveral odd, and apparently hieroglyphical figures, engraved on ſtones in the wall. But in 1756, ſome incognitos, pretending to be influenced by religious motives to repair the houſe, as belonging to the church, got poſſeſſion of theſe precious 'morceaux,' and carried them away privately, neglecting to pay for the repairs they had ordered, or perhaps only delaying the payment, until they ſhould be enriched by Flamel's reliques.

No. III.

Extracts from a ſcarce collection of Hermetic Poetry, by Elias Aſhmole. Printed 1652. It has a ſingular engraving on the title-page, with this inſcription,

"Serpens & bufo gradiens ſuper terram, Aquila vo-
"lans, eſt noſtrum Magiſterium."

The

The book abounds with other myſtical prints, not ill executed. Theſe extracts are given as a ſpecimen of the ſtrange method in which Alchymiſtic writers affect to explain their arcana.

The Bird of Hermes, by G. Ripley.

In the ſea, withouten leſſe *,
Stands the bird of Hermes,
Eating his wings, variable,
And thereby makes himſelf more ſtable.
When all his feathers be agone,
He ſtandeth ſtill there, like a ſtone.
Here is now both white and red,
And alſo the ſtone, to quicken the dead.
All and ſume, withouten fable,
Both hard and neſh †, and malleable.
Underſtand now well aright,
And thank God of this ſight.

Hints, by Thomas Charnock, as to bringing the great work to bear.

We work this work of wonder
By meaſure, weight, and number.

* Leſſe for leaſing, lying.

† Quære, as to the meaning of this word?

When he is full black, then take ſome payne
To waſh him ſeven times, in th' water of Jourdayne.

Fro the tyme that he be black and ded,
Waſh him ſeven times, or he be perfect red.

And when you ſee him perfect red,
Then—take a ſtone and knock him o' th' head.

Id eſt *

When this woman is brought to bed,
Take the chyld, and knock him o' th' head.

Nonſenſical and puerile, as the preceding verſes appear to be, yet too truly it may be ſaid,

" —— Hæ nugæ ſeria ducent
" In mala ——— "

for theſe, and ſuch as theſe, have had the almoſt incredible effect of overpowering the ſenſes and faculties of many rational beings, and have, (in ſpite of innumerable,

* The foregoing diſtich certainly needed explanation, but, unluckily, none but adepts can comprehend that ſolution which is here given.

wretched examples) tempted them to the chaſe of a ſuppoſed ſecret, which, when believed to be nearly diſcovered, has always diſappeared, " and left the wretch to " weep."

No. IV.

Extract from a letter to the Editor, in conſequence of an enquiry which he wiſhed to be made after a book written by Sir Robert Dudley, which was mentioned under the article " Books."

" —— According to your deſire, I " have ſent you a ſhort account of Sir " Robert Dudley's book, ' Del Arcano " del mare.'—It is a large well printed " folio, ' Nel primo del quali ſi tratta " della longitudine praticabile in diverſi " modi, d'invenzione dell' autore—(ſays " the title-page)—Nel ſecondo delle carte " ſue generali, e di Portolani rettificati " in longitudine, e latitudine.—Nel terzo,

" della disciplina sua maritima e mili-
" tare.—Nel quarto, dell' architettura sua
" nautica, di vascelli da guerra.—Nel
" quinto, della navigazione scientifica, e
" perfetta, cioe Spirale, o di gran Circoli.
" —Nel sesto, delle carte sue geografiche
" e particulari.

" In Firenze nella stamperia di Fran-
" cesco Onofri. 1646.—I took no ex-
" tracts from it. It seems to be filled
" with mathematical explanations of dia-
" grams, extremely well engraved, many
" of different shapes with moveable hands.
" He has invented an 'Orivolo Mercu-
" riale, e sifone per misurare il tempo—
" much in the manner of our hour-glasses,
" but more complex. The book is kept
" with great care."

No. V.

THE following singular relation, which may be found in Bell's Travels, ought to have appeared under the article of Books.

It ſeems ſurpriſing that as it has been near thirty years in print, it has not tempted ſome virtuoſo to take a trip as far as Siberia, in ſearch of the uncommon library therein deſcribed.

" After the Irtiſh has run many miles " through a hilly country covered with " wood, it paſſes through a fine fruitful " plain, inhabited by the Kalmucs, till it " comes to a houſe called " Sedmy-Palaty," " or the Seven Rooms, ſituated to the " right, in coming down the river. It is " very ſurprizing to find ſuch a regular pa- " lace in the midſt of a deſert. Some of the " Tartars ſay it was built by Tamerlane, " (called by the Tartars, Temyr Ack Sack, " or Lame Temyr) others, by Gingeez Chan.

" The building, according to the beſt " information which I could obtain, is of " brick or ſtone, well finiſhed, and con- " tinues ſtill entire. It conſiſts of ſeven " apartments, under one roof, from " whence it has the name of the ſeven

" palaces. Several of theſe rooms are
" filled with ſcrolls of glazed paper, fairly
" wrote, and many of them in gilt cha-
" racters. Some of the ſcrolls are black,
" but the greateſt part white. The lan-
" guage in which they are written is that
" of the Tonguſts, or Calmucs. While I
" was at Tobolſky, I met with a ſoldier
" in the ſtreet with a bundle of theſe pa-
" pers in his hand. He aſked me to buy
" them, which I did for a ſmall ſum. I
" kept them till my arrival in England,
" when I diſtributed them among my
" friends, and particularly to that learned
" antiquarian Sir Hans Sloane, who va-
" lued them at a high rate, and gave them
" a place in his celebrated muſeum. Two
" of theſe ſcrolls were ſent by order of the
" Emperor Peter the Firſt, to the Royal
" Academy at Paris. The Academy re-
" turned a tranſlation, which I ſaw in the
" Rarity Chamber at St. Peterſburg. One
" of them contained a commiſſion for a
" Lama, or Prieſt, and the other a form
" of prayer to the Deity. Whether this

" interpreta-

" interpretation may be depended on or " not, I ſhall not determine. The Tartars " eſteem them all, ſacred writings, as appears " from the care they take to preſerve them. " Perhaps they may contain ſome valuable " pieces of antiquity, particularly, antient " hiſtory."

Should a wiſh to diſcover the treaſure which this ſtrange edifice probably contains, excite ſome enterpriſing ſpirit to viſit the ſpot, it is humbly hoped that he would, in his way home, make a little circuit, and, by falling down the Don, and croſſing the Black Sea, reach Mount Athos, where travellers agree, are ſeveral monaſteries, with libraries *full of books*, which are illegible to thoſe holy brotherhoods, but whoſe contents are probly well worth inſpection.

No. VI.

THE curious anecdote which follows was taken from " Nouvelle Deſcription

" des Environs de Paris," a book of credit, publiſhed at Paris, in 1786. It gives a frightful inſtance of the licentiouſneſs of what the French probably ſtyle, " Le bon, vieux, temps de Henri de " Bourbon," and proves, at the ſame time, that the " Populace, furieuſe, & ſourde," of France, are, at leaſt, as noxious as the worſt Engliſh mob. No tranſlation is given, as an intimation that it need not be peruſed by thoſe who do not love painful ſtories.

Lagny, petite ville de la Brie, ſituée ſur les bords de la Marne, à quatre lieues de Meaux & a ſix de Paris, fameuſe dans l'Hiſtoire par ſon commerce conſiderable, par les guerres dont elle a été le theatre, & par un uſage auſſi barbare qu'il eſt etonnant de le voir en vigueur, dans ce ſiecle de lumiere.

Sous Charles VII. les habitans de cette ville s'opposèrent aux Anglois avec tant de fermeté, que ce Roi loua leur grande & vertueuſe réſiſtance.

Sous

Sous Henri IV. cette ville ne se montra pas aussi fidele à son legitime Roi. En 1544 elle se revolta. Le Maréchal de Lorges qui se trouvoit dans le canton avec ses troupes, fut chargé de soumettre ces rebelles ; la ville fut assiégée & prise d'assaut ; pour se conformer aux bonnes intentions de son Maître, ce général n'usa point du droit de la victoire ; ainsi au lieu de passer tous les habitans au fil de l'épée, comme cela pratique après un assaut, il proposa, pour le soir même, une fête, où il invita toutes les dames de la ville, mais cette conduite pacifique, en apparence, cachoit de projets de violence & de perfidie.

Au milieu de la fête, tandis que la joie & les plaisirs sembloient bannir la méfiance & les inimities, le Marechal de Lorges fait fermer les portes, éteindre les lumiéres, & dans l'instant toutes les Bourgeoises de Lagny sont livrées sans distinction, à l'impétueuse luxure des soldats. La tradition du pays témoigne que ces dames, quoique très sensibles à cet affront, en furent encore moins

moins irritées que leurs maris. Les ſuites de cette action infâme repandoient une fecondité général, qui produiſit une nouvelle génération, dont on aſſure que ſont iſſus tous le habitans de Lagny ; mais ceux-ci rougiſſent de cette ſource irrégulière, & ſe regardent comme vivement inſultés lorſqu'on leur en rappelle le ſouvenir.

Les plaiſans qui, pour faire alluſion au Capitaine de Lorges, leurs demandent " Combien vaut l'orge ?" ſont très-mal accueillis. On les ſaiſit, on les emporte, & ſans miſericorde on les plonge dans la fontaine ſituée au milieu de la ville. " J'ai " moi-même été témoin," dit M. de Saint-Foix, " de cette vengeance populaire, ex- " ercée ſur un jeune Pariſien, qui ne ſachant " pas les conſequences de cette queſtion, " la fit de la meilleur foi du monde." Cependant, comme on vend de l'orge à Lagny, & que l'acheteur ne peut ſe diſpenſer de s'informer du prix, il doit prendre garde de tenir ſa main dans le ſac en faiſant la dangereuſe queſtion.

L'aventure

L'aventure ſuivante, plus récemment arrivée, prouve juſqu'à quel point une populace ignorante & livrée à elle même, peut porter la cruauté dans ſes caprices.

Au moi de Septembre 1766, une Dame aſſez jolie paſſant à Lagny dans la voiture publique, fut portée par ſes compagnons de voyage à demander " Combient vaut " l'orge ?" Elle fit cette queſtion ſans en connoître ni la cauſe ni les ſuites. Le peuple irrité s'emeute, ſuit le carroſſe à l'auberge, & demande cette femme à grands cris. Les voyageurs ne pouvant réſiſter aux clameurs & aux menaces du peuple, manageront adroitement l'évaſion de cette dame, qui ſe retira dans l'egliſe. Cette populace n'oſa pas violer cet aſile, mais une partie ſe détacha vers le curé, & exigea que cette inſolente leur fut livrée. Le curé ayant en vain voulu défendre l'etrangere, prit le parti d'aller la trouver, & de l'exhorter à ne pas réſiſter plus long-tems à la ſatisfaction qu'on exigeoit ; elle répondit qu'elle étoit dans un tems critique, & qu'elle mourroit, ſi on lui faiſoit ſubir un

châtiment

châtiment qu'elle n'avoit pas mérité, puiſqu'elle ignoroit que ſa queſtion fût une inſulte. Dans la crainte que la populace ne s'accrût juſqu'à ne plus rien reſpecter, le paſteur fit fermer les portes de l'egliſe, retira chez lui cette malheureuſe, & repréſenta aux mutins la bonne foi de la dame, & l'état où elle ſe trouvoit, bien propre à les deſarmer. Mais ces furieux, ſourds aux meilleurs raiſonnemens, furent demander juſtice au Seigneur, qui jugeant la fermentation trop grande, crut devoir les ſatisfaire, en ordonnant à la marechauſſée de leur livrer cette femme, qui, malgré ſes prieres & ſes larmes, fut inhumainement plongée dans l'eau froide de la fontaine. Elle en ſortit avec des convulſions affreuſes, & quelques minutes après elle expira.

Je n'ajouterai point les réflexions un peu hardies du temoin oculaire de qui j'ai emprunté la relation de cet événement atroce. Mai jé perſiſterai à dire qu'il eſt bien affligeant d'apprendre que dans le dix-huitième ſiecle, à ſix lieues de la capitale de la France, un uſage digne des tems d'igno-

rance

rance & d'anarchie, un uſage auſſi barbare ſoit aujourd'hui en vigueur, & puiſſe ſe renouveller impunement. Lumieres, politeſſe, philoſophie, quelle diſtance vous ſépare de la populace!

No. VII.

THE mention which has been made of that very extraordinary character, the Rev. Mr. Patten, may probably have raiſed ſome curioſity concerning him, and the reader may not diſlike to hear a few genuine particulars of his life and converſation. He had been chaplain to a man of war, and had contracted a kind of marine roughneſs from his voyages; he was of an athletic make, and had a conſiderable ſhare of wit and humor, not reſtrained by any ſtrict ideas of profeſſional propriety. He was, during many years, curate of Whitſtable, at a very ſmall ſtipend, and uſed every Sunday to travel, in a butcher's cart, to do duty

duty at another church. Whitſtable, lying cloſe to the ſea, is very aguiſh, ſo that had he been diſmiſſed, it would have been very difficult for the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, to whom the living belonged, to have provided another curate at the ſame low rate: this he well knew, and preſuming upon it, was a great plague to every new primate. He kept a miſtreſs publicly, and had that eſteem for punch, that when his ſermons were too long, ſome one ſhewing him a lemon, might at any time cauſe him to bring his diſcourſe to an abrupt concluſion, that he might be at liberty to adjourn to the public houſe.

When Dr. Wake was Archbiſhop, ſome tale-bearer informed his Grace, that Mr. Patten had given a marriage-certificate, which he had ſigned by the title of Biſhop of Whitſtable. At the next viſitation, the Archbiſhop ſternly aſked Mr. P. whether the report was true? To which Patten replied, "I ſhall anſwer your Grace's "queſtion by another.----Are you fool "enough

" enough to take notice of it, if it be " true?"

When Dr. Secker was enthroned, or ſoon after, he gave a charge to his clergy, and, among other articles, found great fault with the ſcanty allowance often paid to curates. Mr. Patten, who was there, (though not ſummoned, as his uſual boldneſs at theſe meetings, occaſioned an order for him to be left out of the liſt) aroſe from his ſeat, and bowing to the Archbiſhop, ſaid with a loud voice, " I thank your " Grace." After the charge was over, this troubleſome ſubaltern, buſtling through the croud, came up to the metropolitan, who ſeeing that he could not avoid him, began with the uſual queſtion, " You are, " Sir, I apprehend, curate of Whitſtable?" " I am ſo," returned Mr. Patten, " and " have received the paltry ſum of thirty " pounds per annum from your Grace's " predeceſſors, for doing the duty of a " living which brings in full three hundred." " Don't enlarge, Mr. Patten," ſaid the Arch-

Archbiſhop; "No, but I hope your Grace "*will*," rejoined the curate.

It chanced that a ſubſtantial farmer in Whitſtable, who had frequently promiſed his ſon to take him in as partner in his farm, or to leave it him at his death, died, without performing either of his promiſes. His widow, a ſecond wife, took poſſeſſion of the premiſes, without regarding the repreſentations of the ſon, who in vain pleaded his pretenſions to the partnerſhip, at leaſt. Not long after, the widow came to Patten, with a deplorable tale of a ghoſt, which haunted her houſe, out-houſes, &c. dragging chains, and rattling fetters. The curate, who, though no believer in ſpirits, was yet ſenſible that at any rate, the affair muſt turn to his pecuniary advantage, put on his graveſt air, and told the woman "that what ſhe aſked was no trivial mat-"ter; that beſides a conſiderable ſtock of "courage, the enterprize demanded deep "learning, as the whole form of exorciſm "ought to be ſpoken in Latin. That in-"deed

" deed he was fully maſter of theſe requi-
" ſites, but that he could not give himſelf
" the trouble of exerting them, under the
" ſum of a guinea." To this demand, the woman conſented, after ſome demur, and the beſt parlor was fitted up for the curate's reception, according to his directions, with a large fire, two candles, and a bowl of punch. He then took his poſt, and waited for the apparition, who, unluckily, not knowing the ſort of man he had to deal with, and thinking to terrify him, as he had done by others, began his perambulations as uſual, around the premiſes; but no ſooner did the prieſt hear the chain, and the groans, than he ſallied forth, and without delay ſeized the poor ghoſt by the collar, belabouring him at the ſame time ſeverely with an oaken ſapling. The young farmer finding himſelf by no means a match for his opponent, fell on his knees, and owned the whole contrivance, conjuring the exorciſt, at the ſame time, not to expoſe him, nor to reveal the ſecret to his mother-in-law, who would be glad of the

opportunity to turn him out of the houſe, with ſome degree of pretence. His intreaties were heard, and he was diſmiſſed, on a ſolemn promiſe not to diſturb the houſe again; on this condition, hopes were given to him of a comfortable ſettlement with his ſtep-mother.

Early in the morn, ſhe came down, anxious to know what had paſſed the preceding night, when ſhe was informed by the prieſt, that he had had a terrible conflict with the deceaſed, who was one of moſt fierce, obſtinate ſpirits he had ever met with. That, at length, he had laid him, at the expence of much Latin. "Poor wicked ſoul," continued he, "I "forgive him, although great part of his "diſquiet is owing to thirty ſhillings, of "which he defrauded me, but which he "deſired, nay, commanded, you to pay. On "this condition only, and on your allowing "his ſon a ſhare in the farm, has he "agreed to trouble your houſe no more, "but to retire to his old quarters, the Red "Sea."

To

To this the woman aſſented—ſhe paid the money, took her ſon-in-law into the farming buſineſs, and the parſon had the comfort of having done a good action, and, at the ſame time, picked up a little money by it.

He was once at the houſe of a brother clergyman, who, having ſhewn him a very numerous collection of books, in various languages, Patten aſked him whether he underſtood them all? The anſwer being affirmative, he rejoined, "Surely, ſurely, "Brother, you muſt have had your head "broken with a brick from the Tower of "Babel."

In his illneſs, being in extreme diſtreſs, Archbiſhop Secker ſent him ten guineas by the Archdeacon. The dying humoriſt thanked him ſincerely, and, in the ſtyle of the age of James I. "Tell the Primate," ſaid he "that now I own him to be a "man of God, for I have ſeen his "angels." G.

No. VIII.

SHOULD any ſportſman honor this work with a peruſal, he may perhaps find ſome entertainment in looking over the names belonging to a pack of hounds of the laſt century. The Editor has, on that account, inſerted the following liſt, from a very old hunting ballad.

Juno and Jupiter, Tinker and Troller,
Singwell and Merryboy, Captain and Cryer,
Gangwell and Ginglebell, Fairmaid and Fryer,
Beauty and Bonnylaſs, Tanner and Trouncer,
Foamer and Forreſter, Bonner and Bouncer,
Gander and Gundamore, Jowler and Jumper,
Tarquin and Tamberlane, Thunder and Thumper.

Out of all theſe appellations, only *two* ſeem to commemorate the party diſputes of the age—" Bonner," might refer to the Marian perſecution, and " Gunda- " more," certainly meant the celebrated Spaniard

niard who hood-winked our Britiſh Solomon.

In a play of Mrs. Behn, we find a Whig Knight calling his houſe-dog "Tory."

No. IX.

UNDER the article 'National Character,' the anecdote beneath ſhould have been introduced in a note.

The following couplet was made by a Mr. Canfield, who was employed in rendering the Highlands of Scotland paſſable, by means of the fineſt military roads which ever were made in ſo wild a country. He muſt have felt the true "fine phrenſy" of which Shakeſpeare ſings, before he could have taken ſo auſpicious a flight from Parnaſſus.

Had you but ſeen theſe roads—*before they were made*,
You'd lift up your hands, and bleſs Marſhal Wade!

This name, Canfield, points out no particular country, and if he was a native of *this* iſland, he affords ſtrength to the arguments already adduced, to prove that the Iriſh have, by no means, a right to the *monopoly* of bulls. G.

FINIS.

NEW BOOKS

Printed for JOHN STOCKDALE, oppoſite Burlington-Houſe, Piccadilly.

		l.	s.	d.
1.	The Hiſtory and Proceedings of the Lords and Commons of Great-Britain and Ireland in Parliament, with regard to the Regency, 8vo. (containing near 1000 Pages) price —	0	10	6
2.	A Collection of Tracts on the propoſed Regency, 2 vols. 8vo. — — —	1	10	0
3.	Pye's Poems, 2 vols. 8vo. — —	0	12	0
4.	—— Poetic of Ariſtotle, with Notes —	0	4	0
5	—— Spectre, 2 vols. — — —	0	6	0
6.	Blane and Somervile's Obſervations on Hunting, 8vo. — — — —	0	5	0
7.	Dr. Johnſon's Debates, 2 vols. 8vo. —	0	12	0
8	———— Works, Vol. XII. XIII. and XIV. 8vo. — — — —	0	19	0
9.	Shakeſpeare in one Volume, 8vo. —	0	15	0
10.	Hiſtory of New Holland, 8vo. —	0	6	0
11.	Promley's Royal Original Letters, 8vo.	0	10	6
12.	Jefferſon's Hiſtory of Virginia, 8vo. —	0	7	0
13.	Dr. Ramſay's Hiſtory of the Revolution in South Carolina, 2 vols. 8vo. — —	0	12	0
14.	Latrobe's Anecdotes of the King of Pruſſia, 8vo.	0	6	0
15.	—— Hiſtory of Counts Struenſee and Brandt	0	4	0
16.	Hawkins's Hiſtory of the Ottoman Empire, 4 vols. 8vo. — — —	1	6	0
17.	The Alliance of Muſic, Poetry, and Oratory, by Arſelm Bayley, LL. D. 8vo. —	0	6	0
18.	The Univerſal Gardener's Kalendar, and Syſtem of Practical Gardening, &c. by John Abercrombie, 12mo. — — —	0	4	0
19.	The Complete Kitchen Gardener, and Hot-bed Forcer, by John Abercrombie, 12mo.	0	4	0
20.	The Garden Vade Mecum; or, Compendium of General Gardening, &c. by John Abercrombie, 12mo. — — — —	0	2	6
21.	Boulay's Philoſophical Inquiries on Chriſtianity. Tranſlated by J. L. Poirier, Eſq. 8vo.	0	6	0
22.	Jackſon's Conſtitutions of America, 8vo.	0	6	0
23.	Stockdale's Sermons, 8vo. — —	0	6	0
24.	Chalmers's Eſtimates, 8vo. — —	0	6	0

		l.	s.	d.
25.	De Foe's Hiſtory of the Union, with De Lolme's Introduction, 4to. — — —	1	10	0
26.	Scally's Geographical Dictionary, 2 vols. 4to.	1	11	6
27.	Sir John Davies's Hiſtorical Tracts, 8vo.	0	5	0
28.	Beauties of the Britiſh Senate, 2 vols. 8vo.	0	10	6
29.	Day's Tracts, 8vo. — —	0	9	0
30.	Captain Price's Eaſt India Tracts, 4 vols. 8vo.	1	8	0
31.	Indian Vocabulary, Fool's-cap, 8vo. —	0	3	6
32.	Barlow's Viſion of Columbus, 12mo. —	0	2	6
33.	Numa Pompilius, 2 vols. Crown 8vo.	0	6	0
34.	Parliamentary Guide, 8vo. — —	0	7	0
35.	Champion on Commerce, 8vo. —	0	5	0
36.	Sir Cecil Wray's Reſolves of the Glouceſterſhire Committee, 8vo. — — —	0	4	0
37.	Goodwin's Lives of the Biſhops, by Richardſon, folio — — — —	0	8	6
38.	Parry's Eden Vale, a Novel, 2 vols. 12mo.	0	5	0
39.	The Ring, a Novel, 3 vols. 12mo. —	0	7	6
40.	Cook's Voyage, 4 vols. 8vo. with 59 Plates	1	7	0
41.	Hunter's Geographical Eſſays, 8vo. —	0	7	0
42.	Burke's Charges againſt Haſtings, and Haſtings's Defence, 8vo. — — —	0	10	6
43.	Articles againſt Haſtings, and his Anſwer, 8vo.	0	6	6
44.	Minutes of the Evidence, 8vo. —	0	7	6
45.	Sir Elijah Impey's Defence, 8vo. —	0	6	0
46.	Debates in Parliament, 3 vols. 8vo. 1784	1	1	0
47.	——— ——— 3 vols. 8vo. 1785	1	1	0
48.	——— ——— 3 vols. 8vo. 1786	1	1	0
49.	——— ——— 3 vols. 8vo. 1787	1	1	0
50.	——— ——— 3 vols. 8vo. 1788	1	1	0
51.	The Hiſtory and Practice of Aeroſtation. By T. Cavallo, Eſq. F. R. S. — —	0	6	0
52.	The Hiſtory of Greenland. By David Crantz. 2 vols. — — — —	0	10	0
53.	The Hiſtory of the Brethren. By D. Crantz. Tranſlated by the Rev. B. Latrobe —	0	6	6
54.	Spangenberg's Chriſtian Doctrine. Tranſlated by B. Latrobe — — —	0	5	0
55.	Natural Curioſities of Malham, in Craven, Yorkſhire. By Thomas Hurtley —	0	5	0
56.	The Works of the late Dr. John Jebb. By John Diſney, D. D. F. S. A. 3 vols. 8vo. —	1	1	0
57.	The London Calendar for 1789, 2s. With an Almanack, 2. 9d. Or, complete, including the Bengal Calendar — — —	0	5	6